

The World's Great Events

An Indexed History of the World
from Earliest Times to the Present Day

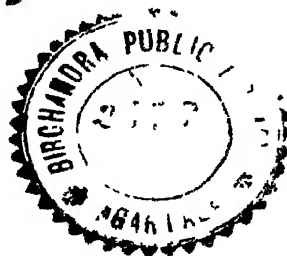


ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME TWO

From B.C. 207 to A.D. 1190

REFERENCE



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THE BATTLE OF THE METAURUS

(B.C. 207)

E. S. CREASY

SCIPIO at Zama trampled in the dust the power of Carthage, but that power had been already irreparably shattered in another field, where neither Scipio nor Hannibal commanded. When the Metaurus witnessed the defeat and death of Hasdrubal, it witnessed the ruin of the scheme by which alone Carthage could hope to organize decisive success—the scheme of enveloping Rome at once from the north and the south of Italy by two chosen armies, led by two sons of Hamilcar. That battle was the determining crisis of the contest, not merely between Rome and Carthage, but between the two great families of the world, which then made Italy the arena of their oft-renewed contest for pre-eminence. *Effect of this battle.*

Carthage was originally neither the most ancient nor the most powerful of the numerous colonies which the Phenicians planted on the coast of Northern Africa. But her advantageous position, the excellence of her consti-

Importance of Carthage.

tution (of which, though ill informed as to its details, we know that it commanded the admiration of Aristotle), and the commercial and political energy of her citizens, gave her the ascendancy over Hippo, Utica, Leptis, and her other sister Phenician cities in those regions; and she finally reduced them to a condition of dependency, similar to that which the subject allies of Athens occupied relatively to that once imperial city. When Tyre and Sidon, and the other cities of Phenicia itself, sank from independent republics into mere vassal states of the great Asiatic monarchies, and obeyed by turns a Babylonian, a Persian, and a Macedonian master, their power and their traffic rapidly declined, and Carthage succeeded to the important maritime and commercial character which they had previously maintained. The Carthaginians did not seek to compete with the Greeks on the northeastern shores of the Mediterranean, or in the three inland seas which are connected with it; but they maintained an active intercourse with the Phenicians, and through them with Lower and Central Asia; and they, and they alone, after the decline and fall of Tyre, navigated the waters of the Atlantic. They had the monopoly of all the commerce of the world that was carried on beyond the Straits of Gibraltar.

Trade of Carthage.

In their Atlantic voyages along the African shores, the Carthaginians followed the double object of traffic and colonization. The numerous settlements that were planted by them along the coast from Morocco to Sene-

gal provided for the needy members of the constantly increasing population of a great commercial capital, and also strengthened the influence which Carthage exercised among the tribes of the African coast. Besides her fleets, her caravans gave her a large and lucrative trade with the native Africans; nor must we limit our belief of the extent of the Carthaginian trade with the tribes of Central and Western Africa by the narrowness of the commercial intercourse which civilized nations of modern times have been able to create in those regions.

Her colonies.

Commerce.

Although essentially a mercantile and seafaring people, the Carthaginians by no means neglected agriculture. On the contrary, the whole of their territory was cultivated like a garden. The fertility of the soil repaid the skill and toil bestowed on it; and every invader, from Agathocles to Scipio Emilianus, was struck with admiration at the rich pasture lands carefully irrigated, the abundant harvests, the luxuriant vineyards, the plantations of fig and olive trees, the thriving villages, the populous towns, and the splendid villas of the wealthy Carthaginians, through which his march lay, as long as he was on Carthaginian ground.

Agriculture.

Although the Carthaginians abandoned the Egean and the Pontus to the Greek, they were by no means disposed to relinquish to those rivals the commerce and the dominion of the coasts of the Mediterranean westward of Italy. For centuries the Carthaginians strove to make themselves masters of the islands that lie between

Islands subject to Carthage.

Italy and Spain. They acquired the Balearic Islands, where the principal harbor, Port Mahon, still bears the name of a Carthaginian admiral. They succeeded in reducing the greater part of Sardinia; but Sicily could never be brought into their power. They repeatedly invaded that island, and nearly overran it: but the resistance which was opposed to them by the Syracusans under Gelon, Dionysius, Timoleon, and Agathocles, preserved the island from becoming Punic, though many of its cities remained under the Carthaginian rule until Rome finally settled the question to whom Sicily was to belong by conquering it for herself.

*The Carthaginians
not warlike.*

With respect to the composition of their armies, it is observable that, though thirsting for extended empire, and though some of her leading men became generals of the highest order, the Carthaginians, as a people, were anything but personally warlike. As long as they could hire mercenaries to fight for them, they had little appetite for the irksome training and the loss of valuable time which military service would have entailed on themselves.

*War a
business.*

As Michelet remarks, "The life of an industrious merchant, of a Carthaginian, was too precious to be risked, as long as it was possible to substitute advantageously for it that of a barbarian from Spain or Gaul. Carthage knew, and could tell to a drachma, what the life of a man of each nation came to. A Greek was worth more than a Campanian, a Campanian worth more than a

Gaul or a Spaniard. When once this tariff of blood was correctly made out, Carthage began a war as a mercantile speculation. She tried to make conquests in the hope of getting new mines to work, or to open fresh markets for her exports. In one venture she could afford to spend fifty thousand mercenaries, in another rather more. If the returns were good, there was no regret felt for the capital that had been sunk in the investment; more money got more men, and all went on well."

And this shows, also, the transcendency of the genius of Hannibal, which could form such discordant materials into a compact organized force, and inspire them with the spirit of patient discipline and loyalty to their chief, so that they were true to him in his adverse as well as his prosperous fortunes; and throughout the checkered series of his campaigns, no panic rout ever disgraced a division under his command, no mutiny, or even attempt at mutiny, was ever known in his camp; and finally, after fifteen years of Italian warfare, his men followed their old leader to Zama, "with no fear and little hope," and there, on that disastrous field, stood firm around him, his Old Guard, till Scipio's Numidian allies came up on their flank, when at last, surrounded and overpowered, the veteran battalions sealed their devotion to their general by their blood!

Genius of Hannibal.

It was in the spring of B.C. 207 that Hasdrubal, after skilfully disentangling himself from the Roman forces in Spain, and after a march concluded with great judg-

Hasdrubal's expedition.

ment and little loss through the interior of Gaul and the passes of the Alps, appeared in the country that now is the north of Lombardy at the head of troops which he had partly brought out of Spain and partly levied among the Gauls and Ligurians on his way. At this time Hannibal, with his unconquered and seemingly unconquerable army, had been eight years in Italy executing with strenuous ferocity the vow of hatred to Rome which had been sworn by him while yet a child at the bidding of his father, Hamilcar; who, as he boasted, had trained up his three sons, Hannibal, Hasdrubal, and Mago, like three lion's whelps, to prey upon the Romans. But Hannibal's latter campaigns had not been signalized by any such great victories as marked the first years of his invasion of Italy. The stern spirit of Roman resolution, ever highest in disaster and danger, had neither bent nor despaired beneath the merciless blows which "the dire African" dealt her in rapid succession at Trebia, at Thrasymene, and at Cannæ. Her population was thinned by repeated slaughter in the field, poverty and actual scarcity ground down the survivors, through the fearful ravages which Hannibal's cavalry spread through their cornfields, their pasture-lands, and their vineyards; many of her allies went over to the invader's side; and new clouds of foreign war threatened her from Macedonia and Gaul. But Rome receded not. Rich and poor among her citizens vied with each other in devotion to their country. The wealthy placed their stores, and all

*Roman
fortitude.*

placed their lives, at the state's disposal. And though Hannibal could not be driven out of Italy, though every year brought its sufferings and sacrifices, Rome felt that her constancy had not been exerted in vain. If she was weakened by the continual strife, so was Hannibal also; and it was clear that the unaided resources of his army were unequal to the task of her destruction.

Hasdrubal had commanded the Carthaginian armies in Spain for some time with varying but generally unfavorable fortune. He had not the full authority over the Punic forces in that country which his brother and his father had previously exercised. The faction at Carthage which was at feud with his family, succeeded in fettering and interfering with his power, and other generals were from time to time sent into Spain, whose errors and misconduct caused the reverses that Hasdrubal met with.

It is clear that, in the year B.C. 208, at least, Hasdrubal outmanœuvred Publius Scipio, who held the command of the Roman forces in Spain, and whose object was to prevent him from passing the Pyrenees and marching upon Italy. Scipio expected that Hasdrubal would attempt the nearest route along the coast of the Mediterranean, and he therefore carefully fortified and guarded the passes of the eastern Pyrenees. But Hasdrubal passed these mountains near their western extremity; and then, with a considerable force of Spanish infantry, with a small number of African troops, with some elephants and much treasure, he marched, not directly toward the

Hasdrubal's troubles.

*Hasdrubal
crosses the
Pyrenees.*

coast of the Mediterranean, but in a northeastern line toward the centre of Gaul. He halted for the winter in the territory of the Arverni, the modern Auvergne, and conciliated or purchased the good will of the Gauls in that region so far that he not only found friendly winter quarters among them, but great numbers of them enlisted under him and, on the approach of spring, marched with him to invade Italy.

By thus entering Gaul at the southwest, and avoiding its southern maritime districts, Hasdrubal kept the Romans in complete ignorance of his precise operations and movements in that country; all that they knew was that Hasdrubal had baffled Scipio's attempt to detain him in Spain; that he had crossed the Pyrenees with soldiers, elephants and money, and that he was raising fresh forces among the Gauls. The spring was sure to bring him into Italy, and then would come the real tempest of the war, when from the north and from the south the two Carthaginian armies, each under a son of the Thunderbolt, were to gather together around the seven hills of Rome.

In this emergency the Romans looked among themselves earnestly and anxiously for leaders fit to meet the perils of the coming campaign.

*The
Romans
select a
leader.*

The Senate recommended the people to elect, as one of their consuls, Caius Claudius Nero, a patrician of one of the families of the great Claudian house. Nero had served during the preceding years of the war both against

Hannibal in Italy and against Hasdrubal in Spain; but it is remarkable that the histories which we possess record no successes as having been achieved by him either before or after his great campaign of the Metaurus. It proves much for the sagacity of the leading men of the Senate that they recognized in Nero the energy and spirit which were required at this crisis, and it is equally creditable to the patriotism of the people that they followed the advice of the Senate by electing a general who had no showy exploits to recommend him to their choice.

*Character
of Nero.*

As soon as the winter snows were thawed, Hasdrubal commenced his march from Auvergne to the Alps. He experienced none of the difficulties which his brother had met with from the mountain tribes. Hannibal's army had been the first body of regular troops that had ever traversed their region; and, as wild animals assail a traveller, the natives rose against it instinctively, in imagined defence of their own habitations which they supposed to be the objects of Carthaginian ambition. But the fame of the war, with which Italy had now been convulsed for twelve years, had penetrated into the Alpine passes, and the mountaineers now understood that a mighty city southward of the Alps was to be attacked by the troops whom they saw marching among them. They now not only opposed no resistance to the passage of Hasdrubal, but many of them, out of the love of enterprise and plunder, or allured by the high pay that he offered, took service with him; and thus he advanced

*Hasdrubal
in the
Alps.*

*Hasdrubal
enters
Italy*

upon Italy with an army that gathered strength at every league. It is said, also, that some of the most important engineering works which Hannibal had constructed were found by Hasdrubal still in existence, and materially favored the speed of his advance. He thus emerged into Italy from the Alpine valleys much sooner than had been anticipated. Many warriors of the Ligurian tribes joined him; and, crossing the river Po, he marched down its southern bank to the city of Placentia, which he wished to secure as a base for his future operations. Placentia resisted him as bravely as it had resisted Hannibal twelve years before, and for some time Hasdrubal was occupied with a fruitless siege before its walls.

*Extreme
peril of
Rome.*

Six armies were levied for the defence of Italy when the long dreaded approach of Hasdrubal was announced. Seventy thousand Romans served in the fifteen legions, of which, with an equal number of Italian allies, those armies and garrisons were composed. Upward of thirty thousand more Romans were serving in Sicily, Sardinia, and Spain. The whole number of Roman citizens of an age fit for military duty scarcely exceeded a hundred and thirty thousand. The census taken before the commencement of the war had shown a total of two hundred and seventy thousand, which had been diminished by more than half during twelve years. These numbers are fearfully emphatic of the extremity to which Rome was reduced, and of her gigantic efforts in that great agony of her fate. Not merely men, but money and military

stores, were drained to the utmost; and if the armies of that year should be swept off by a repetition of the slaughters of Thrasymene and Cannæ, all felt that Rome would cease to exist. Even if the campaign were to be marked by no decisive success on either side, her ruin seemed certain. In South Italy, Hannibal had either detached Rome's allies from her, or had impoverished them by the ravages of his army. If Hasdrubal could have done the same in Upper Italy; if Etruria, Umbria, and Northern Latium had either revolted or been laid waste, Rome must have sunk beneath sheer starvation, for the hostile or desolated territory would have yielded no supplies of corn for her population, and money to purchase it from abroad there was none. Instant victory was a matter of life or death. Three of her six armies were ordered to the north, but the first of these was required to overawe the disaffected Etruscans. The second army of the north was pushed forward, under Porcius, the pretor, to meet and keep in check the advanced troops of Hasdrubal; while the third, the grand army of the north, which was to be under the immediate command of the consul Livius, who had the chief command in all North Italy, advanced more slowly in its support. There were similarly three armies in the south, under the orders of the other consul, Claudius Nero.

*Disposition
of the
forces.*

Hannibal at this period occupied with his veteran but much reduced forces the extreme south of Italy. It had not been expected either by friend or foe that Hasdrubal

would effect his passage of the Alps, so early in the year as actually occurred. And even when Hannibal learned that his brother was in Italy, and had advanced as far as Placentia, he was obliged to pause for further intelligence before he himself commenced active operations, as he could not tell whether his brother might not be invited into Etruria, to aid the party there that was disaffected to Rome, or whether he would march down by the Adriatic Sea. Hannibal led his troops out of their winter quarters in Bruttium and marched northward as far as Canusium. In the hope, probably, of inducing Nero to follow him, and of gaining an opportunity of outmanœuvring the Roman consul and attacking him on his march, Hannibal moved into Lucania, and then back into Apulia; he again marched down into Bruttium, and strengthened his army by a levy of recruits in that district. Nero followed him, but gave him no chance of assaulting him at a disadvantage. Some partial encounters seem to have taken place; but the consul could not prevent Hannibal's junction with his Bruttian levies, nor could Hannibal gain an opportunity of surprising and crushing the consul. Hannibal returned to his former headquarters at Canusium, and halted there in expectation of further tidings of his brother's movements. Nero also resumed his former position in observation of the Carthaginian army.

Meanwhile, Hasdrubal had raised the siege of Placentia, and was advancing toward Ariminum on the

Hasdrubal's movements.

Adriatic, and driving before him the Roman army under Porcius. Nor when the consul Livius had come up, and united the second and third armies of the north, could he make head against the invaders. The Romans still fell back before Hasdrubal, beyond Ariminum, beyond the Metaurus, and as far as the little town of Sena, to the southeast of that river. Hasdrubal was not unmindful of the necessity of acting in concert with his brother. He sent messengers to Hannibal to announce his own line of march, and to propose that they should unite their armies in South Umbria, and then wheel round against Rome. Those messengers traversed the greater part of Italy in safety, but, when close to the object of their mission, were captured by a Roman detachment, and Hasdrubal's letter, detailing his whole plan of the campaign, was laid, not in his brother's hands, but in those of the commander of the Roman armies of the south. Nero saw at once the full importance of the crisis. The two sons of Hamilcar were now within two hundred miles of each other, and if Rome were to be saved, the brothers must never meet alive. Nero instantly ordered seven thousand picked men, a thousand being cavalry, to hold themselves in readiness for a secret expedition against one of Hannibal's garrisons, and as soon as night had set in, he hurried forward on his bold enterprise; but he quickly left the southern road toward Lucania, and, wheeling round, pressing northward with the utmost rapidity toward Picenum. He had, during

The Romans learn of Hasdrubal's plans.

*Nero's bold
action.*

the preceding afternoon, sent messengers to Rome, who were to lay Hasdrubal's letter before the Senate. There was a law forbidding a consul to make war or march his army beyond the limits of the province assigned to him; but in such an emergency Nero did not wait for the permission of the Senate to execute his project, but informed them that he was already on his march to join Livius against Hasdrubal. He advised them to send the two legions which formed the home garrison on to Narnia, so as to defend that pass of the Flaminian road against Hasdrubal, in case he should march upon Rome before the consular armies could attack him. They were to supply the place of these two legions at Rome by a levy *en masse* in the city and by ordering up the reserve legion from Capua. These were his communications to the Senate. He also sent horsemen forward along his line of march, with orders to the local authorities to bring stores of provisions and refreshments of every kind to the roadside, and to have relays of carriages ready for the conveyance of the wearied soldiers.

*Care of the
soldiers.*

Fortunately for Rome, while she was a prey to terror and anxiety, her consul's nerves were stout and strong, and he resolutely urged on his march toward Sena, where his colleague Livius and the pretor Porcius were encamped, Hasdrubal's army being in position about half a mile to their north. Nero had sent couriers forward to apprise his colleague of his project and of his approach; and by the advice of Livius, Nero so timed

his final march as to reach the camp at Sena by night. *Nero joins his colleague*
According to a previous arrangement, Nero's men were received silently into the tents of their comrades, each according to his rank. By these means there was no enlargement of the camp that could betray to Hasdrubal the accession of force which the Romans had received. This was considerable, as Nero's numbers had been increased on the march by the volunteers, who offered themselves in crowds, and from whom he selected the most promising men, and especially the veterans of former campaigns. A council of war was held on the morning after his arrival, in which some advised that time should be given for Nero's men to refresh themselves after the fatigue of such a march. But he vehemently opposed all delay. Nero's advice prevailed. It was resolved to fight directly, and before the consul and pretor left the tent of Livius, the red ensign, which was the signal to prepare for immediate action, was hoisted, and the Romans forthwith drew up in battle array outside the camp.

Hasdrubal had been anxious to bring Livius and Porcius to battle, though he had not judged it expedient to attack them in their lines. And now, on hearing that the Romans offered battle, he also drew up his men and advanced toward them. No spy or deserter had informed him of Nero's arrival, nor had he received any direct information that he had more than his old enemies to deal with. But as he rode forward to reconnoitre the

Hasdrubal's suspicions aroused.

Roman line, he thought that their numbers seemed to have increased, and that the armor of some of them was unusually dull and stained. He noticed, also, that the horses of some of the cavalry appeared to be rough and out of condition, as if they had just come from a succession of forced marches. So also, though, owing to the precaution of Livius, the Roman camp showed no change of size, it had not escaped the quick ear of the Carthaginian general that the trumpet which gave the signal to the Roman legions sounded that morning once oftener than usual, as if directing the troops of some additional superior officer. Hasdrubal, from his Spanish campaigns, was well acquainted with all the sounds and signals of Roman war, and from all that he heard and saw he felt convinced that both the Roman consuls were before him. In doubt and difficulty as to what might have taken place between the armies of the south, and probably hoping that Hannibal was also approaching, Hasdrubal determined to avoid an encounter with the combined Roman forces, and to endeavor to retreat upon Insubrian Gaul, where he would be in a friendly country, and could endeavor to reopen his communication with his brother. He therefore led his troops back into their camp; and as the Romans did not venture on an assault upon his intrenchments, and Hasdrubal did not choose to commence his retreat in their sight, the day passed away in inaction. At the first watch of the night, Hasdrubal led his men silently out of their camp, and

Hasdrubal retreats.

moved northward toward the Metaurus, in the hope of placing that river between himself and the Romans before his retreat was discovered. His guides betrayed him; *Is betrayed.* and having purposely led him away from the part of the river that was fordable, they made their escape in the dark, and left Hasdrubal and his army wandering in confusion along the steep bank, and seeking in vain for a spot where the stream could be safely crossed. At last they halted; and when day dawned upon them, Hasdrubal found that great numbers of his men, in their fatigue and impatience, had lost all discipline and subordination, and that many of his Gallic auxiliaries had got drunk, and were lying helpless in their quarters. The Roman cavalry were soon seen coming up in pursuit, followed at no great distance by the legions, which marched in readiness for an instant engagement. It was hopeless for Hasdrubal to think of continuing his retreat before them. The prospect of immediate battle might recall the disordered part of his troops to a sense of duty, and revive the instinct of discipline. He therefore ordered his men to prepare for action instantly, and made the best arrangement of them that the nature of the ground would permit. *Hasdrubal prepares for battle.*

His veteran Spanish infantry, armed with helmets and shields, and short cut-and-thrust swords, were the best part of his army. These, and his few Africans, he drew up on his right wing, under his own personal command. In the centre he placed his Ligurian infantry, and on

the left wing he placed or retained the Gauls, who were armed with long javelins and with huge broadswords and targets. The rugged nature of the ground in front and on the flank of this part of his line made him hope that the Roman right wing would be unable to come to close quarters with these unserviceable barbarians before he could make some impression with his Spanish veterans on the Roman left. This was the only chance that he had of victory or safety, and he seems to have done everything that good generalship could do to secure it. He placed his elephants in advance of his centre and right wing. He had caused the driver of each of them to be provided with a sharp iron spike and a mallet, and had given orders that every beast that became unmanageable, and ran back upon his own ranks, should be instantly killed, by driving the spike into the vertebra at the junction of the head and the spine. Hasdrubal's elephants were ten in number. We have no trustworthy information as to the amount of his infantry, but it is quite clear that he was greatly outnumbered by the combined Roman forces.

*Importance
of the
crisis.*

Nero commanded the right wing, Livius the left, and the pretor Porcius had the command of the centre. "Both Romans and Carthaginians well understood how much depended upon the fortune of this day, and how little hope of safety there was for the vanquished. Only the Romans herein seemed to have had the better in conceit and opinion that they were to fight with men desirous

to have fled from them; and according to this presumption came Livius the consul, with a proud bravery, to give charge on the Spaniards and Africans, by whom he was so sharply entertained that the victory seemed very doubtful. The Africans and Spaniards were stout soldiers, and well acquainted with the manner of the Roman fight. The Ligurians, also, were a hardy nation, and not accustomed to give ground, which they needed the less, or were able now to do, being placed in the midst. Livius, therefore, and Porcius found great opposition; and with great slaughter on both sides prevailed little or nothing. Besides other difficulties, they were exceedingly troubled by the elephants, that brake their first ranks, and put them in such disorder as the Roman ensigns were driven to fall back; all this while Claudius Nero, laboring in vain against a steep hill, was unable to come to blows with the Gauls that stood opposite him, but out of danger. This made Hasdrubal the more confident, who, seeing his own left wing safe, did the more boldly and fiercely make impression on the other side upon the left side of the Romans.”¹ *The battle.*

But at last Nero, who found that Hasdrubal refused his left wing, and who could not overcome the difficulties of the ground in the quarter assigned to him, decided the battle by another stroke of that military genius which had inspired his march. Wheeling a brigade of his best men round the rear of the rest of the Roman

¹ Sir Walter Raleigh, *Historie of the World*.

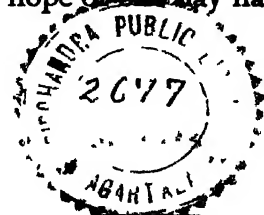
*Nero
decides
the day.*

army, Nero fiercely charged the flank of the Spaniards and Africans. The charge was as successful as it was sudden. Rolled back in disorder upon each other, and overwhelmed by numbers, the Spaniards and Ligurians died, fighting gallantly to the last. The Gauls, who had taken little or no part in the strife of the day, were then surrounded, and butchered almost without resistance. Hasdrubal, after having, by the confession of his enemies, done all that a general could do, when he saw that the victory was irreparably lost, scorning to survive the gallant host which he had led, and to gratify, as a captive, Roman cruelty and pride, spurred his horse into the midst of a Roman cohort, and, sword in hand, met the death that was worthy of the son of Hamilcar and the brother of Hannibal.

*Hasdrubal's heroic
death.*

*Hannibal
learns of his
brother's
death.*

Success the most complete had crowned Nero's enterprise. Returning as rapidly as he had advanced, he was again facing the inactive enemies in the south before they even knew of his march. But he brought with him a ghastly trophy of what he had done. In the true spirit of that savage brutality which deformed the Roman national character, Nero ordered Hasdrubal's head to be flung into his brother's camp. Ten years had passed since Hannibal had gazed on those features. The sons of Hamilcar had then planned their system of warfare against Rome, which they had so nearly brought to successful accomplishment. Year after year had Hannibal been struggling in Italy, in the hope of one day hail-



ing the arrival of him whom he had left in Spain, and of seeing his brother's eye flash with affection and pride at the junction of their irresistible hosts. He now saw that eye glazed in death, and in the agony of his heart the great Carthaginian groaned aloud that he recognized his country's destiny.

Meanwhile, at the tidings of the great battle, Rome at once rose from the thrill of anxiety and terror to the full confidence of triumph. Hannibal might retain his hold on Southern Italy for a few years longer, but the imperial city and her allies were no longer in danger from his arms; and, after Hannibal's downfall, the great military republic of the ancient world met in her career of conquest no other worthy competitor. Byron has termed Nero's march "unequalled," and, in the magnitude of its consequences, it is so.

*Rome
triumphant.*

[In 206, Scipio captured Cadiz (Gades) and expelled the Carthaginians from Spain. The First Macedonian War was concluded in the same year, the Romans having formed a league of Greek States against the King of Macedon, who had promised to help Hannibal with troops. In 204, Scipio landed in Africa. In 203, he defeated the Carthaginians and Hannibal was recalled from Italy. The latter was decisively defeated at Zama in 202; and, in 201, peace was concluded on terms exceedingly humiliating to Carthage. The Second Macedonian War began in 200, and lasted three years. The

First Macedonian war.

Second Macedonian war.

Romans were joined in 199 by the Etolians, and later by the Acheans. Epirus was conquered and Philip V. was defeated at Cynoscephalæ. The Roman Senate decreed freedom and independence for the Greek States.

Antiochus III., of Syria, had interfered in Greek affairs and the Romans took advantage of the pretext to make war. The King of Syria landed in Thessaly, but was totally defeated by the Romans, who afterward crossed the Hellespont and won the battle of Magnesia in 190. Rome divided the conquered country among her allies. Constant quarrels continued among the Greek States, among whom the Roman Senate was called upon to arbitrate. In 183, Hannibal died from poison. The Macedonian monarchy was finally destroyed by Rome in the Third Macedonian War (171-168). In 166, war broke out between Syria and Egypt, and Rome again acted as arbitrator. The Third Punic War began in 149, the Romans having decided finally to destroy Carthage. Scipio captured and destroyed the city in 146, and the coastline became a Roman province.]

*Third
Macedo-
nian war.*

THE FALL OF CARTHAGE

(B.C. 150-146)

HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL

BEFORE Corinth fell, Carthage also had ceased to exist. We saw Hannibal reform the corrupt administration of his native city, and put her in the way of recovering even from the heavy blow which she had suffered after the defeat of Zama. We saw him compelled to leave Africa at the instance of the Roman Senate. But his acts lived after him. The trade of Carthage revived rapidly, and the disturbed condition of the East threw a large commerce into the hands of her merchants. *Flourishing Carthage*

The Senate could not look with equanimity on this state of affairs; and Masinissa was given to understand that he would not be prevented from enriching himself at the expense of his neighbors. The unscrupulous Numidian did not require a second hint. He overran and plundered the most fertile provinces dependent upon Carthage; and the Carthaginians, finding the Senate deaf to all complaints, at last prayed to be allowed

to plead their cause before some fair tribunal, or, if not, to use arms in self-defence. "The Carthaginians," they said, "would rather be the slaves of Rome than subject to the depredations of Masinissa. Better die at once than live at the mercy of that Numidian robber!" Nevertheless, they were again put off with promises and delays.

Cato demands the destruction of Carthage.

It appears that at this time parties ran high at Carthage. The old oligarchical party, which had expelled Hannibal, was disposed to maintain peace at any price. But about the year B.C. 151, the popular party got the upper hand, and the new Government resolved openly to oppose the encroachments of Masinissa. It was at this time that Cato, now eighty-four years of age, was seized by a sort of fanatic desire for the destruction of Carthage. So long as the hateful rival flourished, he contended there could be no safety for Rome. Scipio Nasica, who for his prudence and sagacity had received the name of Corculum, opposed this opinion with all his eloquence, and so far prevailed that before declaring war a Commission was sent to Africa, headed by Cato himself, with full powers to settle all disputes between Carthage and Masinissa. The Commissioners began by requiring that both parties should enter into a bond to submit absolutely to their decisions. Masinissa of course consented; but the Carthaginians naturally demurred to throw themselves on the mercy of Cato, and the Commissioners returned to Rome. Once more Cato rose in the Senate,

and gave a glowing description of the power and wealth of Carthage.

Unfolding his gown, he produced some giant figs, which he held up, and said, "These figs grow but three days' sail from Rome. Every speech," he added, "which I make in this house shall finish with the words—'my opinion is, that *Carthage must be destroyed—delenda est Carthago.*'" From that day the doom of Carthage was fixed.

An opportunity soon offered for interference (B.C. *Rome's opportunity.* 150). The banished oligarchy sought the aid of Masinissa, and the old Chief promptly led a large army into the territory of Carthage. The new Government had levied a considerable force, which they put under the command of an officer named Hasdrubal. It was not long before a battle was fought, in which the Numidians won the day. It happened that young Scipio had just then been sent by Lucullus from Spain to obtain a supply of elephants from Masinissa; and he was a spectator of the battle from a neighboring eminence—"a sight," as he told Polybius, "that no one had enjoyed since the time when Jupiter looked down from Ida upon the battle of the Greeks and Trojans." It must have been a remarkable sight to behold old Masinissa, then past ninety years of age, charge like a boy of nineteen at the head of his wild Numidian horse.

Masinissa soon reduced the army of the enemy to such straits that the Government of Carthage was compelled

*Carthage
submits.*

to yield. The popular party was once more deprived of power; and the wealthy merchants, who now recovered the Government, prepared to make submission to the Senate. They proclaimed Hasdrubal and the leaders of the war party guilty of high treason, and sent envoys to Rome with humble apologies; but they were too late. The Consuls-elect for the year B.C. 149, L. Censorinus and M. Manilius, began to hold their levies before the Carthaginian envoys arrived. The latter knew not well how to act, but at length revolved to place Carthage and all her possessions at the absolute disposal of the Senate. It was answered that they had done well. The Fathers pledged their word that Carthage should be left free, if 300 of the noblest youths were sent as hostages to meet the Consuls at Lilybeum; from them the Government should learn the further commands of the Senate.

*Hostages
are given.*

The Carthaginian Government complied with the demand, not without secret alarm as to what these "further commands" might be. A heart-rending scene ensued when the 300 hostages were torn from their parents' arms. At Lilybeum the Consuls received those pledges of submission, coldly signifying that they should land their army in Africa within a few days, and would then declare the will of the Senate. Accordingly the poor boys were sent to Rome, and the fleet anchored in the harbor of Utica, while the legions took up their quarters in the old camp of Scipio at the mouth of the Bagradas. Here

another deputation from the trembling Government of Carthage appeared before the Consuls, who received them sitting on their chairs of state, with their officers around them, and the army drawn out in order. The deputies recapitulated the acts of submission which Carthage had made, and humbly asked what more could be required. Censorinus replied that, "as Carthage was now under the protection of Rome, they would no longer have occasion to engage in war: they must therefore give up all their arms and engines without reserve."

This hard condition also was accepted. The force of the city may be in some measure estimated from the fact that 200,000 stand of arms and 2,000 catapults were delivered up to Scipio Nasica, who conveyed them to the Roman camp, followed by the chiefs of the Government, who imagined that they had drained the cup of humiliation to the dregs. They were grievously mistaken. The Consuls thought that the city was now wholly disabled, and they let drop the mask. Censorinus calmly informed the unhappy men, that "so long as they possessed a fortified city near the sea, Rome could not feel sure of their submission: therefore it was the will of the Senate that they must remove to some point ten miles distant from the coast: *Carthage must be destroyed.*" On hearing their final doom, the wretched Carthaginians fell stupefied to the ground; and when they found utterance, broke into passionate exclamations against the perjured Senate.

*Carthage
disarms.*

*Desperate
prepara-
tions for
resistance.*

Despair gave unnatural courage. The temples and public buildings were converted into workshops; men and women worked day and night manufacturing arms; every day 100 shields were turned out, 300 swords, 500 pikes and javelins, 1,000 catapult-bolts. The women cut off their long hair to be twisted into strings for the new catapults. Corn was assiduously collected from every quarter.

The Consuls, who were men of the Forum rather than the Camp, were not a little disappointed at this turn of affairs. They dallied for a time, hoping that on reflection the Carthaginians would give up all thoughts of an armed defence. The conduct of Masinissa contributed to their irresolution. The wily old chief had no mind that, after Carthage had been weakened by his arms, Rome should come in and take the lion's share. At first the Consuls had not thought it necessary to ask for his co-operation: it is plain that they expected to take the city without stroke of sword. But now the case was altered, and when they applied to Masinissa, he hung back.

When it became clear that Carthage must be formally besieged, the Consuls still no doubt expected an easy triumph; but the defence that followed was one of the most heroic that the world has seen.

*The
Consuls
make little
headway.*

The Consuls divided their army; Manilius assaulting the triple wall abutting on the isthmus, Censorinus directing his attack at the end of the pier, where the city wall seemed least strong. But all their assaults were gal-

lantly repelled. The season was passing, and the hot weather caused the army to suffer greatly. Censorinus returned home to hold the Comitia; and the army, commanded by Manilius, was only saved from Hasdrubal's assaults by Scipio, who was serving under the Consul.

The Senate began to repent of having neglected Masinissa, and sent ambassadors to beg for his assistance. But the old chief was dead before they arrived.

Of his numerous offspring only three were legitimate. On his death-bed he sent for Scipio, to whom he was attached as the heir of the great Africanus, and left the settlement of the succession to his judgment. Scipio gave the sceptre to Micipsa, the eldest son; Golossa, the second, was to be general; the administration of justice was committed to the youngest, Mastanarbal. Golossa joined the Romans at the head of a body of troops; and thus freed the Consul from the fear of seeing the Numidians take part with Carthage.

*Masinissa's
successor
joins the
Romans.*

Before the winter set in, Hamilcar Phameas, commander of the cavalry, the terror of the Roman foraging parties, finding that the Numidians had joined Rome, determined to make a merit of timely submission to Rome; and Manilius was overjoyed to see this redoubted foe ride into camp in company with Scipio, followed by a squadron of African horse. Tidings now came that L. Calpurnis Piso, Consul for the next year, was on his way to supersede him; and Manilius sent off Scipio, with

*Phameas
submits
to Rome.*

Phameas as a trophy of success, to Rome. The army escorted their favorite officer to the coast, and prayed him to come back as Consul; for all were persuaded that none but Scipio was destined to take Carthage. The Senate received Scipio with high distinction, and rewarded the traitor Phameas with splendid presents. His desertion was the only piece of success which two Consuls and a great army had won in a whole campaign.

The next year (B.C. 148) passed still less prosperously. Piso did not attempt to assault the city, but employed his fleet and army in buccaneering expeditions along the coast. Discontent and disorder spread among the soldiery; and the Consul went early into winter quarters at Utica. Meantime the spirits of the Carthaginians rose. Their bitter enemy, old Cato, had just died, at the age of eighty-five. Bithyas, a Numidian chief, deserted from Golossa with a large body of cavalry. The Numidian Hasdrubal, who commanded the garrison, being suspected of intriguing with his cousin, Golossa, was put to death, and the other Hasdrubal took command in the city. News also arrived of the Macedonian war; and it was hoped that the Romans might be altogether baffled.

*Bithyas
joins the
Cartha-
ginians.*

Meanwhile discontent arose high at Rome. Both Senate and people had expected to reap a rich booty at Carthage with little trouble, and the fainéants, who had disappointed them, could hardly appear in public. It was

well known that Scipio was the darling of the army. Old Cato had said of him, in a line of Homer, that—

“Only he has living force, the rest are fleeting shades.”

The people clamored for his election as Consul, though by the Lex Annalis he was not eligible, for he was but thirty-eight years of age, and was now a candidate for the Edileship. He was, however, elected Consul at the Comitia; and the Senate yielded.

*Scipio
elected
Consul.*

Early in the next year (B.C. 147) Scipio set sail for Utica with new levies, attended by Polybius. C. Lelius, son of that Lelius who had enjoyed the confidence of Africanus, had command of the fleet. The Consul fixed his headquarters in a camp commanding the Isthmus of Carthage; and here his first business was to restore discipline in the disorganized army. He ordered the crowd of idlers and hucksters, who were following the camp for plunder or petty traffic, to leave it immediately; and enforced strict discipline.

He then directed an attack against the suburb of Megara. Planks were laid from a detached tower to the wall; and thus a party of soldiers descended into the place, and threw the gate open to their comrades. Tib. Gracchus the Younger, destined to become famous in Roman history, was the first who mounted the wall. The loss of this suburb of gardens must have been of great moment to the Carthaginians; for it deprived them of a great source of provisions. Hasdrubal showed his vexa-

*Scipio
attacks
Megara.*

*Hasdrubal
massacres
his prisoners.*

tion by putting his prisoners to death in sight of the Romans. In vain the Council endeavored to restrain him: the savage soldier was now lord of Carthage, and determined to commit himself and his men to a desperate defence. He was a greedy tyrant, who fed his gross corpulence by luxurious living, while others were starving; and affected the pompous demeanor of an Oriental despot rather than the simplicity of a patriot soldier. His men alone shared the provisions, which now began to come scantily into the city. The unhappy townsmen began to feel the miseries of want.

*Scipio
blocks the
harbor with
a mole.*

For not only had Scipio taken Megara; he had drawn strong lines across the isthmus so as to cut off the city from all land supplies; and the fleet blockaded the harbor, so as to make it difficult to send in provisions by sea. Still, light vessels contrived to press into the harbor under full sail, when the wind blew strongly landward and prevented the Roman ships from keeping the sea. Scipio determined to cut off even these precarious supplies by throwing an embankment across the mouth of the harbor. The work was one of infinite labor, and made but slow progress. The Carthaginians, however, saw that it must ultimately succeed, and began to cut a canal from the inside, so as to open a new entrance from the sea into their harbor. Before the end of the year this work was completed, and, moreover, a fleet of fifty ships had been secretly built in the inner port. By the time Scipio's embankment was finished, the Romans had the mortifi-

cation to see this new fleet sail out by the new entrance; so that it seemed as if all their labor had been thrown away. For two days they allowed the Carthaginian fleet to insult them with impunity, but on the third they attacked it with all their ships. The battle lasted till evening with some advantage to the Carthaginians. But as the latter fell back to the new entrance, they found the passage impeded by small craft; and in the confusion which ensued the Romans succeeded in destroying the greater part of the new fleet.

At the beginning of spring (B.C. 146), Scipio resumed the offensive. While he made a feigned attack upon the walls of Cothon, Lelius succeeded in forcing an entrance on the other side of the city, and at evening the Roman legions bivouacked in the marketplace of Carthage. But a long and terrible struggle was still before them. From the marketplace three streets converged toward the Citadel. These streets were all strongly barricaded; and the houses on each side, rising to the height of six stories, were occupied by the Carthaginians. A series of street-fights ensued, which lasted several days. The Romans were obliged to carry the first houses on each street by assault, and then to force their way by breaking through from house to house, and driving the enemy along the flat roofs. The cross streets or lanes were passed by bridges of planks. Thus they slowly advanced to the wall of Bosra. When they had reached this point the city was set on fire behind them. Six days and nights the flames

*Desperate
street
fighting.*

continued to rage; and as they slackened, the Roman legionaries were employed as pioneers to clear thoroughfares for the free passage of men and horses.

During the great labor of the last days Scipio alone sought no rest. At length, worn out by anxiety and fatigue, he lay down to repose on an eminence commanding a view of the Temple of Esculapius, which, with its gilded roof, crowned the heights of Bosra. He had not long been here, when the Carthaginian garrison, seeing no longer any hope, offered to surrender the Citadel, on condition of their lives being spared. Scipio consented for all, except Roman deserters; and 50,000 men defiled out of the gates of Bosra as prisoners of war. Then Hasdrubal and his family, with 900 deserters and other desperadoes, retired into the Temple of Esculapius, as if to make a brave defence. But the Commandant's heart failed him; and, slipping out alone, he threw himself at the feet of Scipio, and craved for pardon. His wife, standing on the base of the temple, was near enough to witness the sight, and reproaching her husband with cowardice, cast herself with her children into the flames, which were now wrapping the Citadel round on all sides. Hasdrubal's life was spared to grace the triumph of the conqueror; most of the deserters perished in the flames; those who escaped, or were taken elsewhere, were trampled to death by elephants.

The citadel is surrendered.

Hasdrubal's surrender.

It was during these scenes of horror, that Scipio, with Polybius at his side, gazed upon the burning city, and

involuntarily vented his high-wrought feeling in two well-known verses of Homer:

“The day shall come when sacred Troy shall be levelled
with the plain,
And Priam and the people of that good warrior slain.”

“Assyria,” he said, “had fallen, and Persia and Macedon. Carthage was burning. Rome’s day might come next!”

For five days the soldiery were allowed to range the ruined city, glutting their wild passions. Yet enough of statues and valuables of all sorts fell into the hands of the Proconsul, to adorn a triumph little less magnificent than that in which he had followed his father, Paullus, one-and-twenty years before. Before he left Africa, he celebrated magnificent games, in which all the spoil was displayed to the army, as had been done by Paullus in Macedonia. *Sack of Carthage.*

Scipio had written laconically to the Senate, that “Carthage was taken, and the army waited for further orders.” Amid the exultation of all classes, a Decree was passed that the walls should be destroyed, and every house within them levelled to the ground. A solemn curse was pronounced by Scipio on any one who should rebuild a town on the same site. Not many years after, C. Gracchus was sent to found a colony on the site of Carthage—a design which failed; and its failure was attributed to the curse of Scipio. *The curse of Scipio.* But the same design was renewed by the great Julius, and accomplished by

Augustus. This Colony, which rose to be a noble city, and in the second century of the Christian era might be regarded as the metropolis of Western Christendom, stood (as stated above) at the southern end of the Peninsula, where the Moorish fortress of Goletta now commands the entrance of the Bay of Tunis.

Utica, for her timely submission, was rewarded with a portion of the dominions of Carthage. The remaining territory was formed into a province under the name of Libya, and placed under the government of a Roman Magistrate, being the fourth Province added to the empire in this one year.

Such was the end of Carthage, after an existence of more than seven centuries.

*Fourth
Macedo-
nian war.*

[The Fourth Macedonian War broke out in 148 and was concluded in 146, when Macedonia became a Roman province. In the same year, Rome waged war with the Achean League, gained the battle of Leucopetra and captured and sacked Corinth. Greece then became a Roman province under the name of Achaia.]

THE FALL OF GREECE

(B.C. 151-146)

HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL

IN the same year in which Lucullus and Galba took command in Spain, the Senate was induced to perform an act of tardy justice in the release of the Achean captives. The abduction of the best men in every state of Greece gave free scope to the oppressions of the tyrants favored by Rome. In the Achean Assembly alone there was still spirit enough to check Calliocrates, who never ventured to assail the persons and property of his fellow-citizens. Meantime years rolled on; the captives still languished in Etruscan prisons; hope deferred and sickness were fast thinning their numbers: the Assembly asked that only Polybius and Stratius might return, but the request was met by a peremptory negative. At last, when Scipio returned from Spain, he induced Cato to intercede for these unhappy men. The manner of the old Censor's intercession is characteristic. The debate had lasted long and the issue was doubtful, when Cato rose, and, without a word about justice or

*Release of
the Achean
captives.*

*Liberation
of the
Achean
captives.*

humanity, simply said: "Have we really nothing to do but to sit here all day, debating whether a parcel of old Greeks are to have their coffins made here or at home?" The question was decided by this unfeeling argument, and the prisoners, who in sixteen years had dwindled from 1,000 to 300, were set free. But when Polybius prayed that his comrades might be restored to their former rank and honors, the old Senator smiled, and told him "he was acting like Ulysses, when he ventured back into the cave of the Cyclops to recover his cap and belt."

The men released in this ungracious way had passed the best part of their lives in captivity. The elder and more experienced among them were dead. The survivors returned with feelings imbittered against Rome; they were rash and ignorant, and, what was worse, they had lost all sense of honor and all principle, and were ready to expose their country to any danger in order to gratify their own passions. The chief name that has reached us is that of Dieus. Polybius did not return at first, and when he reached Greece he found his countrymen acting with such reckless violence that he gladly accepted Scipio's invitation to accompany him to the siege of Carthage. Callicrates, by a strange reverse, was now the leader of the moderate party. Dieus advocated every violent and unprincipled measure. On an embassy to Rome the former died, and Dieus returned as chief of the Achean League.

Not long after (in B.C. 148) a pretender to the throne of Macedon appeared. He was a young man named Andriscus, a native of Adramyttium, who gave himself out as Philip, a younger son of that luckless monarch. The state of Macedonia, divided into four republics, each in a state of compulsory excommunication, was so distracted, that, in the year 151, the people sent an embassy to Rome, praying that Scipio might be sent to settle their affairs, and he had only been prevented from undertaking the task by the self-imposed duty of accompanying the army of Lucullus into Spain. The Pretender, however, met with so little success in his first attempt that he fled to the court of Demetrius at Antioch, and this prince sent him to Rome. The war with Carthage was then at its height. The Senate treated the matter lightly, and the adventurer was allowed to escape. Some Thracian chiefs received him, and with troops furnished by them he penetrated into Thessaly. The Roman pretor, Juventius Thalna, was defeated and slain by the Pretender.

*Andriscus
the pre-
tender.*

The temporary success of Pseudo-Philippus (as the Romans called him) encouraged Dicus to drive the Achæans into a rupture with Rome. The haughty republic, he said, was at war with Carthage and with Macedon; now was the time to break their bonds. Q. Metellus, who had just landed in Greece with a considerable army, gave the Achæans a friendly warning, but in vain.

*The
Achæans
break with
Rome.*

Metellus soon finished the Macedonian war. At his approach the Pretender hastily retired from Thessaly and was given up to the Roman pretor by a Thracian chief whose protection he had sought.

Meanwhile, a commission had already arrived at Corinth, headed by M. Aurelius Orestes, who summoned the chiefs of the League to hear the sentence of the Senate upon their recent conduct. He informed them that they must relinquish all claims of sovereignty over Corinth, Argos, and Lacedemon—a doom which reduced the Achean League nearly to the condition from which Aratus first raised it. The chiefs reported what they had heard to the Assembly. A furious burst of passion rose, which Dieus did not attempt to restrain. Orestes and the Romans hardly escaped personal violence.

Rome declares war.

Orestes instantly returned to Rome; and the Senate, preferring diplomacy to force, sent a second commission, headed by Sext. Julius Cæsar, with instructions to use gentle language, and merely to demand the surrender of those who had instigated the violent scenes lately enacted at Corinth. A contemptuous answer was returned, upon which Cæsar returned to Rome, and the Senate declared war against the Achæans.

Metellus hoped to win the glory of pacifying Greece, as well as of conquering Macedonia. He sent some of his chief officers to endeavor to bring the Achæans to their senses. But their leaders were too far committed; and at the beginning of B.C. 146 Critolaus, a friend of Dieus,

who was general for the year, advanced into Thessaly, and was joined by the Thebans, always the inveterate enemies of Rome. Metellus had already heard that the Achean war was to be conducted by L. Mummius, one of the new Consuls; and, anxious to bring it to a close before he was superseded, he advanced rapidly with his army. On this the braggart chiefs of the Achæans retreated in all haste, not endeavoring to make a stand even at Thermopylæ. Their army dispersed almost without a blow. Metellus pushed straight on toward the isthmus. Thebes he found deserted by her inhabitants: misery and desolation appeared everywhere.

*The
Thebans
join the
Achæans.*

Dieus prepared to defend Corinth. But popular terror had succeeded to popular passion; few citizens would enlist under his banner: though he emancipated a number of slaves, he could not muster more than 15,000 men.

When Metellus was almost within sight of Corinth, Mummius landed on the isthmus with his legions, and assumed the command. The Romans treated the enemy with so much contempt that one of their outposts was surprised; and Dieus, flushed with this small success, drew out his forces before the city. Mummius eagerly accepted the challenge, and the battle began. The Achean cavalry fled at the first onset; the infantry was soon broken, and Dieus fled into one gate of Corinth and out of another without attempting further resistance. The Romans might have entered the city that same day; but seeing the strength of the Acropolis, and suspecting

*Sack of
Corinth.*

treachery, Mummius held back, and twenty-four hours elapsed before he took possession of his unresisting prey. But the city was treated as if it had been taken by assault; the men were put to the sword, the women and children reserved to be sold by auction. All treasures, all pictures, all the works of the famous artists who had molded Corinthian brass into effigies of living force and symmetry, were seized by the Consul on behalf of the State; then, at a given signal, fire was applied, and Corinth was reduced to a heap of ashes.

Mummius, a New Man, was distinguished by the rudeness rather than by the simplicity of an Italian boor. He was not greedy, for he reserved little for himself; and when he died, his daughter found not enough left for her dowry; but his abstinence seems to have proceeded from indifference rather than self-denial. He cared not for the works of Grecian art. He suffered his soldiers to use one of the choicest works of the painter Aristides as a draught-board; but when Attalus offered him a large sum for the painting, he imagined it must be a talisman, and ordered it to be sent to Rome. Every one knows his speech to the seamen who contracted to carry the statues and pictures of Corinth to Rome. "If they lost or damaged them," he said, "they must replace them with others of equal value."

*Mummius
sends works
of art to
Rome.*

In the autumn ten commissioners arrived, as usual, with drafts of decrees for settling the future condition of Macedon and Greece. Polybius, who had returned from

witnessing the conflagration of Carthage just in time to behold that of Corinth, had the melancholy satisfaction of being called to their counsels—a favor which he owed to the influence of Scipio. A wretched sycophant proposed to the commissioners to destroy the statues of Aratus and Philopemen; but Polybius prevented this dishonor by showing that these eminent men had always endeavored to keep peace with Rome. At the same time he declined to accept any part of the confiscated property of Dieus. Politically he was able to render important services. All Greece south of Macedonia and Epirus was formed into a Roman Province under the name of Achaia. The old republican governments of the various communities were abolished, and the constitution of each assimilated to that of the municipal cities of Italy. Polybius was left in Greece to settle these new constitutions, and to adjust them to the circumstances and wants of each place. His grateful countrymen raised a statue to his honor by the side of their old heroes, and placed an inscription on the pedestal, which declared that, if Greece had followed his advice, she would not have fallen.

*Greece
formed
into the
Roman
province
of Achaia.*

Such was the issue of the last struggle for Grecian liberty. It was conducted by unworthy men, and was unworthy of the name it bore. Polybius had always opposed attempts at useless and destructive insurrection. He considered it happy for Greece that one battle and the ruin of one city consummated her fall. Indeed, it was a proverb of the day that “Greece was saved by her speedy fall.”

*Fate of
Greece.*

The ten commissioners passed northward into Macedonia, and formed that country, in conjunction with Epirus, into another province, with institutions for municipal government much the same as those which had been established in Greece. It is probable that Illyria also was constituted as a province at the same time.

*Triumphs
of Metellus
and Mum-
mus.*

Metellus and Mummius both returned to Rome before the close of B.C. 146, and were honored with triumphs not long after Scipio had carried the spoils of Carthage in procession to the Capitol. In memory of their respective services, Metellus was afterward known by the name of Macedonicus, while Mummius, who appears to have had no third name of his own, was not ashamed to assume the title of Achaïcus.

*Rome from
B.C. 134-88.*

[In Sicily, in 134, the first slave insurrection broke out: order was restored in 132. Attalus III. bequeathed his realm of Pergamus to Rome on his death in 133. It was formed into the province of Asia in 129. The next province acquired by Rome was the southern part of Transalpine Gaul in 118. In Africa, Marius gained further triumph for Rome by overthrowing Jugurtha in 104. In 105, the invading Cimbri annihilated a Roman army of 80,000 on the Rhone and passed on into Spain. In 102, Marius exterminated them, and the following year an allied invading northern tribe, the Teutones, suffered a like fate near Milan. In 88, Sulla was elected Consul and civil war broke out between him and Marius, which lasted six years.]

SOCIAL AND MITHRIDATIC WARS

(B.C. 90-64)

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN

IN the space of about two hundred years, from the beginning of the Samnite Wars to the conquest of Numantia and the inheritance of the province of Asia, Rome had come to be the mistress of all the lands round the Mediterranean Sea. The whole was not as yet fully annexed and made into provinces, but no power was left which had the least chance of holding out against Rome. The only great power with which Rome had had no war was the kingdom of Egypt. There the descendants of the first Ptolemy, all of whom bore his name, still reigned, and Egypt was the richest and most flourishing of the Macedonian kingdoms, and its capital Alexandria was the greatest seat of Greek learning and science. But when the Romans began to be powerful in Asia, even the Ptolemies, who often had wars with the Seleukids, began to look to Rome as a protector. It was this vast dominion, while it made Rome so great in the

*Rome and
her allies.*

*Evils of
the Roman
form of
govern-
ment.*

face of other nations, which led to the corruption of her constitution within, and at last to the utter loss of her freedom. The form of government which had done so well for a single city with a small territory did not do at all for the government of so large a portion of the world. Throughout the Roman dominions the Roman People were sovereign; the Assembly of the People made laws and chose magistrates from Rome itself, and sent out generals and governors to conquer and rule in the subject lands. The provincials, and even the allies, had no voice in settling the affairs of the vast dominion of which they had become a part, and they were often greatly oppressed by the Roman officers. Meanwhile in Rome itself the great offices had been gradually thrown open to the Plebeians as well as the Patricians, and hardly any legal distinction was left between the two orders. The constitution was therefore really democratic; for the sovereign power lay in the Assembly of the whole People, which made the laws and chose the magistrates. And in choosing the magistrates they also indirectly chose the Senate, as it was mainly made up of men who had held the different magistracies. Still the constitution had a great tendency to become practically aristocratic. For the men who had held great offices, whether Patricians or Plebeians, began to form a class by themselves, and their descendants, who were now called nobles, began to think that they only had a right to hold the offices which their forefathers had held. Then again the old

B.C. 90-64 SOCIAL AND MITHRIDATIC WARS

citizens of Rome were largely cut off in the endless wars, and many freedmen—that is, men who had been slaves—and strangers got the citizenship, so that the character of the Roman people was greatly lowered. And, as every citizen who wished to vote had to come to Rome in his own person, the Roman Assembly had become far too large, and gradually turned into a mere mob. Then again many citizens were wretchedly poor, while rich men had made themselves great estates out of the land which rightly belonged to the commonwealth. Thus, instead of the old political strife between Patricians and Plebeians, there had come, what was a great deal worse, a social strife between the rich and the poor. While Rome had still powerful enemies to strive against, these evils did not make themselves so much felt; but, when Rome had nothing more to fear, they began to be very glaring, and men had to seek for remedies for them. And, along with all this, the Italian states, which had not been raised to Roman citizenship but which had borne a great part in the wars of Rome, now demanded to be made Romans. The cause of the poor against the rich was taken up by Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, in the year 133; and the cause both of the poor and of the allies was taken up by his brother Caius in 123. But both of them were murdered by the oligarchs, who wished to keep all power and wealth in their own hands.

*Social strife
between
rich and
poor.*

*The
Gracchi.*

After the death of the Gracchi the ill will between the nobles and the people, and the further ill will between

The social

the Romans and the Italians, still went on. The next great leader of the popular party was Caius Marius, of whom we have already heard as the conqueror of the Teutones. He was not of any high family, but was born at Arpinum, an old town of the Volscians, whose people did not obtain the full Roman citizenship till 188. His sympathies, therefore, lay with the people against the oligarchs, and still more with the Italians against either the nobles or the mob of Rome. He was an excellent soldier, and first began to distinguish himself in the war with Jugurtha, who had usurped the kingdom of Numidia, whose King Massinissa had been so useful to Rome in the Punic War. This war began in 111, and in 106 Marius brought the war to an end and led Jugurtha in triumph. Very soon after came the invasion of the Cimbri and Teutones and Marius's great success against them. He was now the chief man in Rome and the leader of the popular party. But the complaints of the Italians still went on, and in the year 90 most of them rose in arms. This was called the Social War, that is the war with the Socii or Allies of Rome. It was ended in the course of the next year by all the allies, except the Samnites and Lucanians in the south of Italy, submitting and being made Roman citizens. The Samnites, whom it had cost Rome so much trouble to conquer two hundred years before, still held out. Marius held a command in this war, and so did Lucius Cornelius Sulla, who had been his lieutenant in the war with Jugurtha; but Marius

*Marius
conquers
Jugurtha.*

B.C. 90-64 SOCIAL AND MITHRIDATIC WARS

did little or nothing, and went far to lose his old credit, while Sulla showed himself the rising man of Rome. Presently a Civil War, the first in Roman history, broke out between Marius and Sulla, in which the Social War, which had never quite come to an end, merged itself. At one stage of this war Sertorius, a Roman general on the Marian side, held Spain almost as a separate power, having a Senate of his own, which he said was the real Roman Senate. In 83, Sulla came back from his wars in the East, of which we shall speak directly, and the Samnites, who had never laid down their arms, joined with the Marian party, and began openly to declare that Rome must be destroyed. Rome had never been in such danger since quite the old times, and there can be no doubt that Sulla, who now saved Rome and crushed the Samnites and the Marian party, fixed the future history of the world far more than Cæsar or any one else who came after him. Sulla now took to himself the supreme power at Rome, with the title of Perpetual Dictator. But, when he had quite rooted out the Marian party, and had passed a series of laws to confirm the dominion of the aristocracy, he gave up his power, and lived as a private man till he died soon after. Rome had now passed through her last trial within her own peninsula. The Samnites, who had withstood to the last, had been utterly cut off, and the other Italians had become Romans.

*The first
civil war.*

While Rome went through this great trial at home,

The Mithridatic war.

she had to undergo another almost as great abroad. She had to wage a war greater than any that she had waged since the conquest of Carthage and Macedonia. One of those states in Asia Minor which had arisen, as was before mentioned, out of the ruins of the old Persian empire, was Pontos, the Kingdom of the Euxine Sea—Pontos in Greek meaning the sea, and specially the Euxine Sea. Its kings were of native blood, but, like all their neighbors, they made a certain pretence to Greek culture, and the acquisition of the province of Asia by the Romans made them neighbors of Rome. Pontos was now ruled by Mithridatês the Sixth or the Great. A war with him broke out while the Social War was going on in Italy, and Mithridatês succeeded in winning all Asia.

Massacre of the Romans.

He then ordered all the Romans and Italians who were settled in Asia to be massacred in one day, which the people everywhere did very willingly—they had made themselves so hateful. Then his generals, like Antiochus, crossed over into Greece, where many of the Greeks took his side. Sulla then, in 87, came into Greece, stormed Athens, won two great battles at Chairônœia and Orchomenos in Bœotia, and then, being called home by the news of the successes of Marius, patched up a peace by which Mithridatês gave up all his conquests. Such a peace was not likely to last, and, as soon as he had a good opportunity, Mithridatês began the war again. This was in 74, and the second war between him and the Romans, first under Lucius Licinius Lucullus and then under

Athens stormed.

B.C. 90-64 SOCIAL AND MITHRIDATIC WARS

Cneus Pompeius, called Magnus or the Great, lasted ten years. It ended in the overthrow of the Pontic kingdom, which was split up in the usual way, and in the complete re-establishment of the Roman power in Asia.

[In 64, Pompey transformed Syria into a Roman province; and, in 63, he conquered Phenicia, Celesyria and Palestine, storming Jerusalem. In 63, Catiline's conspiracy was hatched. Internal dissensions led to the establishment of the First Triumvirate of Crassus, Pompey and Cæsar, in 60. Cæsar conquered Gaul and southern Britain (58-50). Civil war broke out between Cæsar and Pompey in 49, when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon. He went to fight Pompey in Spain and from there to northern Epirus, where Pompey had the best of the war. Cæsar retreated to Thessaly, and there Pompey was defeated in the decisive battle of Pharsalus (48). Pompey fled to Egypt and was murdered on landing. The Alexandrine War (48-47) was concluded by Cæsar, who left a Roman garrison in Alexandria. In Asia Minor, in 47, Cæsar defeated Pharnaces in a five days' campaign. In 45, Cæsar defeated Pompey's sons at Munda in southern Spain. In 44, Cæsar was assassinated and civil war again broke out, between Antony and the assassins. The Second Triumvirate, Antony, Octavius and Lepidus, was formed in 43. The next year Antony defeated Cassius at the battle of Philippi in Thrace, and soon afterward defeated Brutus, who killed himself. Antony ravaged

The First Triumvirate.

Pompey murdered.

Cæsar assassinated

Death of Brutus.

Asia and Syria and then followed Cleopatra to Egypt. In 40, after a civil war, the empire was divided between Octavius, Antony and Lepidus. In 31, war again broke out between Octavius and Antony.]

BATTLE OF ACTIUM

(B.C. 31)

PLUTARCH

THERE happened at this time a quarrel between Phraates and the king of the Medes, occasioned, as it is said, by the division of the Roman spoils, and the latter was apprehensive of losing his kingdom. He therefore sent to Antony an offer of his assistance against the Parthians. Antony, who concluded that he had failed of conquering the Parthians only through want of cavalry and bowmen, and would here seem rather to confer than to receive a favor, determined once more to return to Armenia, and, after joining the king of the Medes at the river Araxares, to renew the war.

*Antony
plans war
against the
Medes.*

Octavia, who was still at Rome, now expressed a desire of visiting Antony, and Cæsar gave her his permission, not according to the general opinion, merely to oblige her, but that the ill treatment and neglect which he concluded she would meet might give him a pretence for renewing the war. When she arrived at Athens, she received letters from Antony, commanding her to

continue there, and acquainting her with his new expedition.

*Octavia
visits
Antony.*

Antony was all this while preparing for his Median expedition, and Cleopatra's creatures and dependants did not fail to reproach his unfeeling heart, which could suffer the woman whose life was wrapped up in his to die for his sake. Octavia's marriage, they said, was a mere political convenience, and it was enough for her that she had the honor of being called his wife. Poor Cleopatra, though queen of a mighty nation, was called nothing more than his mistress: yet even with this, for the sake of his society, she could be content: but of that society, whenever she should be deprived, it would deprive her of life. These insinuations so totally unmanned him, that, through fear of Cleopatra's putting an end to her life, he returned to Egypt, and put off the Mede till summer, though at that time the Parthian affairs were said to be in a seditious and disorderly situation. At length, however, he went into Armenia, and after entering into an alliance with the Mede, and betrothing one of Cleopatra's sons to a daughter of his who was very young, returned, that he might attend to the civil war.

*Cleopatra's
reproaches.*

When Octavia returned from Athens, Cæsar looked upon the treatment she had met with as a mark of the greatest contempt, and he therefore ordered her to retire and live alone. However, she refused to quit her husband's house, and moreover entreated Cæsar by no means to have recourse to arms merely on her account. It

would be infamous, she said, for the two chiefs of the Roman empire to involve the people in a civil war, one for the love of a woman, and the other out of jealousy. Yet even by this conduct she was hurting Antony, contrary to her inclination. His injurious treatment of such a woman excited a general indignation; and the distribution he had made to his children in Alexandria carried with it something so imperious and so disparaging to the Romans, that it increased that indignation not a little. The manner of doing it was extremely obnoxious. He summoned the people to the place of public exercise, and ordering two golden chairs to be placed on a tribunal of silver, one for himself, and the other for Cleopatra, besides lower seats for the children, he announced her queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Africa, and Celesyria, and nominated Cesario, her son by Cæsar the dictator, her colleague. The sons she had by him he entitled kings of kings, and to Alexander he gave Armenia and Media, together with Parthia, when it should be conquered. To Ptolemy he gave Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. At the same time the children made their appearance, Alexander in a Median dress, with the turban and tiara; and Ptolemy in the long cloak and slippers, with a bonnet encircled by a diadem. The latter was dressed like the successors of Alexander; the former like the Median and Armenian kings. When the children saluted their parents, one was attended by Armenian, the other by Macedonian guards. Cleopatra on this, and on other public

*Indignation
at Antony's
treatment
of Octavia.*

*Antony
partitions
Asia among
Cleopatra's
children.*

occasions, wore the sacred robe of Isis,¹ and affected to give audience to the people in the character and name of the *New Isis*.

Cæsar expiated on these things in the Senate, and by frequent accusations incensed the people against Antony. Antony did not fail to recriminate by his deputies. In the first place, he charged Cæsar with wresting Sicily out of the hands of Pompey, and not dividing it with him. His next charge was, that Cæsar had never returned the ships he had borrowed of him; a third, that after reducing his colleague, Lepidus, to the condition of a private man, he had taken to himself his army, his province, and his tributes; lastly, that he had distributed almost all the lands in Italy among his own soldiers, and had left nothing for his. To these Cæsar made answer, that Lepidus was reduced from an incapacity of sustaining his government; that what he had acquired by war, he was ready to divide with Antony, and at the same time he expected to share Armenia with him; that his soldiers had no right to lands in Italy, because Media and Armenia, which by their bravery they had added to the Roman empire, had been allotted to them.

Antony being informed of these things in Armenia, immediately sent Canidius to the seacoast with sixteen legions. In the meantime, he went to Ephesus, attended by Cleopatra. There he assembled his fleet, which con-

¹ This robe was of all colors, to signify the universality of the goddess's influence. The robe of Osiris was of one color only.

*Cæsar's
charges
against
Antony.*



THE ASSASSINATION OF JULIUS CAESAR (*Page 51*)
FROM THE PAINTING BY VO PIGIV

sisted of eight hundred ships of burden, whereof Cleopatra furnished two hundred, besides twenty thousand talents, and provisions for the whole army. Antony, by the advice of Domitius and some other friends, ordered Cleopatra to return to Egypt, and there to wait the event of the war.

When Cæsar was informed of the celerity and magnificence of Antony's preparations, he was afraid of being forced into the war that summer. This would have been very inconvenient for him, as he was in want of almost everything, and the levies of money occasioned a general dissatisfaction. The whole body of the people were taxed one-fourth of their income, and the freed slaves one-eighth. This occasioned the greatest clamor and confusion in Italy, and Antony certainly committed a very great oversight in neglecting the advantage. By his unaccountable delays he gave Cæsar an opportunity both to complete his preparations, and appease the minds of the people. When the money was demanded, they murmured and mutinied; but after it was once paid, they thought of it no longer.

*Antony's
prepara-
tions.*

When Cæsar had made his preparations, it was decreed that war should be declared against Cleopatra; for that Antony could not be said to possess that power which he had already given up to a woman. Cæsar observed that he was like a man under enchantment, who has no longer any power over himself. It was not he, with whom they were going to war, but Mardion, the

*Various
prodigies.*

cunuch, and Pothinus; Iris, Cleopatra's woman, and Charmion; for these had the principal direction of affairs. Several prodigies are said to have happened previous to this war. Pisaurum, a colony of Antony's on the Adriatic, was swallowed up by an earthquake. Antony's statue in Alba was covered with sweat for many days, which returned, though it was frequently wiped off. While he was at Patræ, the temple of Hercules was set on fire by lightning, and at Athens, the statue of Bacchus was carried by a whirlwind from the Gigantomachia into the theatre. These things concerned Antony the more nearly, as he affected to be a descendant of Hercules, and an imitator of Bacchus, insomuch that he was called the Young Bacchus. The same wind threw down the colossal statues of Eumenes and Attalus, called the Antonii, while the rest were unmoved. And in Cleopatra's royal galley, which was called *Antonias*, a terrible phenomenon appeared. Some swallows had built their nests in the stern, and others drove them away, and destroyed their young.

*The rival
forces.*

Upon the commencement of the war, Antony had no fewer than five hundred armed vessels, magnificently adorned, and furnished with eight or ten banks of oars. He had, moreover, a hundred thousand foot, and twelve thousand horse. The auxiliary kings, who fought under his banners, were Bacchus, of Africa, Tarcondemus, of the upper Cilicia, Archelaus, of Cappadocia, Philadelphus, of Paphlagonia, Mithridates, of Commagene, and

Adallas, of Thrace. Those who did not attend in person, but sent supplies, were Polemo of Pontus, Malchus, of Arabia, Herod, of Judea, and Amyntas, king of Lycaonia and Galatia. Besides these he had supplies also from the king of the Medes. Cæsar had two hundred and fifty men-of-war, eighty thousand foot, and an equal number of horse with the enemy. Antony's dominions lay from the Euphrates and Armenia to the Ionian sea and Illyria: Cæsar's extended from Illyria to the western ocean, and from that again to the Tuscan and Sicilian sea. He had likewise all that part of Africa which lies opposite to Italy, Gaul and Spain, as far as the pillars of Hercules. The rest of that country, from Cyrene to Ethiopia, was in the possession of Antony.

*Extent of
the rival
dominions.*

But such a slave was he to the will of a woman, that, though much superior at land, to gratify her, he put his whole confidence in the navy: notwithstanding that the ships had not half their complement of men, and the officers were obliged to press and pick up in Greece, vagrants, ass-drivers, reapers and boys. Nor could they make up their numbers even with these, but many of the ships were still almost empty. Cæsar's ships, which were not high-built or splendidly set off for show, but tight good sailers, well manned and equipped, continued in the harbors of Tarentum and Brundisium. From thence he sent to Antony, desiring he would meet him with his forces, that no time might be lost: offering at the same time to leave the ports and harbors free for his

*Cæsar's
navy.*

*Antony
challenges
Cæsar to
a duel.*

landing, and to withdraw his army a day's journey on horseback, that he might make good his encampment. To this Antony returned a haughty answer, and though he was the older man, challenged Cæsar to single combat; or if he should decline this, he might meet him at Pharsalia, and decide it where Cæsar and Pompey had done before. Cæsar prevented this: for, while Antony made for Actium, which is now called Nicopolis, he crossed the Ionian, and seized on Toryne, a place in Epirus. Antony was distressed on finding this, because he was without his infantry; but Cleopatra made a jest of it, and asked him if it was so very dreadful a thing that Cæsar was got into the *Ladle*?²

*Antony's
ruse.*

Antony, as soon as it was daylight, perceived the enemy making up to him; and fearing that his ill-manned vessels would be unable to stand the attack, he armed the rowers, and placed them on the decks to make a show: with the oars suspended on each side of the vessels, he proceeded in this mock form of battle toward Actium. Cæsar was deceived by the stratagem, and retired. The water about Cæsar's camp was both scarce and bad, and Antony had the address to cut off the little that they had.

There was a neck of land that lay between Antony's camp and his fleet, along which he used to go frequently from one to the other. Cæsar was informed, by a domestic, how easy it might be to seize Antony in this passage,

² In Greek *Toryne*.

and he sent a party to lie in wait for that purpose. They were so near carrying their point, that they seized the person who went before Antony, and had they not been too hasty, he must have fallen into their hands, for it was with the greatest difficulty that he made his escape by flight.

After it was determined to decide the affair by sea, they set fire to all the Egyptian vessels except sixty. The best and largest ships, from three ranks of oars to ten, were selected, and these had their proper complement of men, for they were supplied with twenty thousand foot and two thousand archers. Upon this, a veteran warrior, an experienced officer in the infantry, who had often fought under Antony, and whose body was covered with scars, cried, pointing to those scars, "Why will you, general, distrust these honest wounds, and rest your hopes on those villanous wooden bottoms? Let the Egyptians and the Phenicians skirmish at sea, but give us at least the land; for there it is we have learned to conquer or to die." Antony made no answer, but seemed to encourage him by the motions of his hand and head; though, at the same time, he had no great confidence himself; for when the pilots would have left the sails behind, he ordered them to take them all on board, pretending, indeed, that it should be done to pursue the enemy's flight, not to facilitate his own.

*Prepara-
tions for a
naval battle.*

On that and the three following days, the sea ran too high for an engagement; but on the fifth, the weather

*Battle of
Actium.*

was fine and the sea calm. Antony and Poplicola led the right wing, Celiuss the left, and Marcus Octavius and Marcus Justeius commanded the centre. Cæsar had given his left wing to Agrippa, and led the right himself. Antony's land forces were commanded by Canidius, and Cæsar's remained quiet on the shore, under the command of Taurus. As to the generals themselves, Antony was rowed about in a light vessel, ordering his men, on account of the weight of their vessels, to keep their ground and fight as steadily as if they were at land. He ordered his pilots to stand as firm as if they were at anchor, in that position to receive the attacks of the enemy, and, by all means, to avoid the disadvantage of the straits. Cæsar, when he left his tent before day to review his fleet, met a man who was driving an ass. Upon asking his name, the man answered, my name is *Euty-chus*, and the name of my ass is *Nicon*.³ The place where he met him was afterward adorned with trophies of the beaks of ships, and there he placed the statue of the ass and his driver in brass. After having reviewed the whole fleet, and taken his post in the right wing, he attended to the fleet of the enemy, which he was surprised to find steady and motionless as if it lay at anchor. For some time he was of opinion that it was so, and for that reason he kept back his fleet at the distance of eight furlongs. About noon, there was a brisk gale from the sea, and Antony's forces being impatient for the combat, and

*Disposition of
the fleets.*³ Good Fortune and Victory.

trusting to the height and bulk of their vessels, which they thought would render them invincible, put the left wing in motion. Cæsar rejoiced at the sight of this, and kept back his right wing, that he might the more effectually draw them out to the open sea, where his light galleys could easily surround the heavy half-manned vessels of the enemy.

The attack was not made with any violence or impetuosity: for Antony's ships were too heavy for that kind of rapid impression, which, however, is very necessary for the breach of the enemy's vessel. On the other hand, Cæsar's ships durst neither encounter head to head with Antony's on account of the strength and roughness of their beaks, nor yet attack them on their sides, since, by means of their weight, they would easily have broken their beaks, which were made of large square pieces of timber, fastened to each other with iron cramps. The engagement, therefore, was like a battle at hand rather than a sea-fight, or, more properly, like the storming of a town: for there were generally three or more ships of Cæsar's about one of Antony's, assaulting it with pikes, javelins, and fire-brands, while Antony's men, out of their wooden towers,⁴ threw weapons of various kinds from engines. Agrippa opened his left wing with a design to surround the enemy, and Poplicola, in his endeavor to prevent him, was separated from the main body, which threw it into disorder, while at the same

*Nature of
the combat.*

⁴ His ships are so called on account of their tallness.

*Cleopatra's
flight.*

time it was attacked with great vigor by Arruntius.⁶ When things were in this situation, and nothing decisive was yet effected, Cleopatra's sixty ships on a sudden hoisted their sails, and fairly took to flight through the midst of the combatants; for they were placed in the rear of the large vessels, and by breaking their way through them, they occasioned no small confusion. The enemy saw them with astonishment making their way with a fair wind for the Peloponnesus. Antony, on this occasion, forgot both the general and the man; and as some author has pleasantly observed, *that a lover's soul lives in the body of his mistress*, so, as if he had been absolutely incorporated with her, he suffered her to carry him soul and body away. No sooner did he see her vessel hoisting sail than, forgetting every other object, forgetting those brave friends that were shedding their blood in his cause, he took a five-oared galley, and, accompanied only by Alexander the Syrian, and Scellius, followed her who was the first cause, and now the accomplisher of his ruin. Her own destruction was certain, and he voluntarily involved himself in her fate.

*Antony
joins
Cleopatra.*

When she saw him coming, she put up a signal in her vessel, on which he soon went aboard: neither of them could look the other in the face, and Antony sat down at the head of the ship, where he remained in sombre silence, holding his head between his hands. In

⁶ Arruntius must have commanded Cæsar's centre, though that circumstance is not mentioned.

the meantime Cæsar's light ships that were in pursuit of Antony came in sight. Upon this he ordered his pilot to tack about and meet them; but they all declined the engagement and made off, except Eurycles the Lacedemonian, who shook his lance at him in a menacing manner on the deck. Antony, standing at the head of his galley, cried, "Who art thou that thus pursuest Antony?" He answered, "I am Eurycles, the son of Lachares, and follow the fortunes of Cæsar to revenge my father's death." This Lachares Antony had beheaded for a robbery. Eurycles, however, did not attack Antony's vessel, but fell upon the other admiral galley (for there were two of that rank), and by the shock turned her round. He took that vessel and another which contained Antony's most valuable plate and furniture. When Eurycles was gone, Antony returned to the same pensive posture; and continuing thus for three days, during which, either through shame or resentment, he refused to see Cleopatra, he arrived at Tenarus. There the women who attended them, first brought them to speak to each other, then to dine together, and not long after, as it may be supposed, to sleep together. At last, several of his transports, and some of his friends who had escaped from the defeat, came up with him, and informed him that his fleet was totally destroyed, but that his land forces were yet unhurt. Hereupon he sent orders to Canidius immediately to march his army through Macedonia in Asia. As for himself, he deter-

*Eurycles.**Antony's
shame.*

mined to sail from Ténarus into Africa, and, dividing one shipload of treasure among his friends, he desired them to provide for their own safety. They refused the treasure, and expressed their sorrow in tears; while Antony, with the kindest and most humane consolations, entreated them to accept it, and dismissed them with letters of recommendation to his agent at Corinth, whom he ordered to give them refuge till they could be reconciled to Cæsar.

*Estimate of
the slain.*

In this posture were the affairs of Antony. After his fleet at Actium had long struggled with Cæsar's, a hard gale, which blew right ahead of the ships, obliged them to give out about four in the afternoon. About five thousand men were slain in the action, and Cæsar, according to his own account, took three hundred ships. Antony's flight was observed by few, and to those who had not seen it, it was at first incredible. They could not possibly believe that a general, who had nineteen legions and twelve thousand horse, a general to whom vicissitude of fortune was nothing new, would so basely desert them. His soldiers had an inexpressible desire to see him, and still expecting that he would appear in some part or other, gave the strongest testimony of their courage and fidelity. Nay, when they were even convinced that he was irrecoverably fled, they continued embodied for seven days, and would not listen to the ambassadors of Cæsar. At last, however, when Canidius, who commanded them, fled from the camp by night, and when

they were abandoned by their principal officers, they surrendered to Cæsar.

[Antony and Cleopatra commit suicide; Egypt is made a Roman province, Octavius becomes sole ruler of the Roman world, and the Temple of Janus is closed for the third time in Roman history in 29. In 12, Drusus leads Roman armies to the Weser and Elbe, and his successor and brother, Tiberius, subjugates Pannonia (Southwestern Hungary). B.C. 7 to 2 ⁶ Christ is born.] *Temple of Janus closed.*

⁶ The Catholic Encyclopedia and the New International Encyclopedia fix the date of the birth of Christ as 7 B.C. The Encyclopædia Britannica gives the date as 4 B.C. The National Encyclopedia states that "The date of Christ's birth was several years before the usually reckoned opening of the Christian Era; possibly it was as early as 7 B.C."

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

FREDERIC W. FARRAR

ONE mile from Bethlehem is a little plain, in which, under a grove of olives, stands the bare and neglected chapel known by the name of "the Angel to the Shepherds." It is built over the traditional site of the fields where, in the beautiful language of St. Luke—more exquisite than any idyl to Christian ears—"there were shepherds keeping watch over their flock by night, when, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them," and to their happy ears were uttered the good tidings of great joy, that unto them was born that day in the city of David a Saviour, which was Christ the Lord.

The Chapel of "the Angel to the Shepherds."

The associations of our Lord's nativity were all of the humblest character, and the very scenery of his birth-place was connected with memories of poverty and toil. On that night, indeed, it seemed as though the heavens must burst to disclose their radiant minstrelsies; and the stars, and the feeding sheep, and the "light and sound in the darkness and stillness," and the rapture of faithful

Humble surroundings.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

*The
watching
shepherds.*

hearts, combine to furnish us with a picture painted in the colors of heaven. But in the brief and thrilling verses of the Evangelist we are not told that those angel songs were heard by any except the wakeful shepherds of an obscure village;—and those shepherds, amid the chill dews of a winter night, were guarding their flocks from the wolf and the robber, in fields where Ruth, their Saviour's ancestress, had gleaned, sick at heart, amid the alien corn, and David, the despised and youngest son of a numerous family, had followed the ewes great with young.

*The mes-
sage of
peace.*

“And suddenly,” adds the sole Evangelist who has narrated the circumstances of that memorable night in which Jesus was born, amid the indifference of a world unconscious of its Deliverer, “there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men of good will.”

It might have been expected that Christian piety would have marked the spot by splendid memorials, and enshrined the rude grotto of the shepherds in the marbles and mosaics of some stately church. But, instead of this, the Chapel of the Herald Angel is a mere rude crypt; and as the traveller descends down the broken steps which lead from the olive-grove into its dim recess, he can hardly persuade himself that he is in a consecrated place. Yet a half-unconscious sense of fitness has, perhaps, contributed to this apparent neglect. The

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

poverty of the chapel harmonizes well with the humble toil of those whose radiant vision it is intended to commemorate.

"Come now! let us go unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord made known to us," said the shepherds, when those angel songs had ceased to break the starry silence. Their way would lead them up the terraced hill, and through the moonlit gardens of Bethlehem, until they reached the sunmit of the gray ridge on which the little town is built. On that summit stood the village inn. The khan of a Syrian village, at that day, was probably identical, in its appearance and accommodation, with those which still exist in modern Palestine. A khan is a low structure, built of rough stones, and generally only a single story in height. It consists for the most part of a square inclosure, in which the cattle can be tied up in safety for the night, and an arched recess for the accommodation of travellers. The *leewan*, or paved floor of the recess, is raised a foot or two above the level of the courtyard. A large khan—such, for instance, as that of which the ruins may still be seen at Khan Minyeh, on the shore of the Sea of Galilee—might contain a series of such recesses, which are, in fact, low small rooms with no front wall to them. They are, of course, perfectly public; everything that takes place in them is visible to every person in the khan. They are also totally devoid of even the most ordinary furniture. The traveller may bring

*The vil-
lage inn.*

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

*The vil-
lage inn.*

his own carpet if he likes, may sit cross-legged upon it for his meals, and may lie upon it at night. As a rule, too, he must bring his own food, attend to his own cattle, and draw his own water from the neighboring spring. He would neither expect nor require attendance, and would pay only the merest trifle for the advantage of shelter, safety, and a floor on which to lie. But if he chanced to arrive late, and the *lecwans* were all occupied by earlier guests, he would have no choice but to be content with such accommodation as he could find in the courtyard below, and secure for himself and his family such small amount of cleanliness and decency as are compatible with an unoccupied corner on the filthy area, which must be shared with horses, mules, and camels. The litter, the closeness, the unpleasant smell of the crowded animals, the unwelcome intrusion of the pariah dogs, the necessary society of the very lowest hangers-on of the caravanserai, are adjuncts to such a position which can only be realized by any traveller in the East who happens to have been placed in similar circumstances.

In Palestine it not unfrequently happens that the entire khan, or at any rate the portion of it in which the animals are housed, is one of those innumerable caves which abound in the limestone rocks of its central hills. Such seems to have been the case at the little town of Bethlehem-Ephratah, in the land of Judah. Justin Martyr, the Apologist, who, from his birth at Shechem, was familiar with Palestine, and who lived less than a cen-



ADORATION OF THE MAGI (Page 77)
FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

tury after the time of our Lord, places the scene of the nativity in a cave. This is, indeed, the ancient and constant tradition both of the Eastern and Western Churches, and it is one of the few to which, though unrecorded in the Gospel history, we may attach a reasonable probability. Over this cave has risen the Church and Convent of the Nativity, and it was in a cave close beside it that one of the most learned, eloquent and holy of the Fathers of the Church—that great St. Jerome to whom we owe the received Latin translation of the Bible—spent thirty of his declining years in study, and fast, and prayer.

A cave the traditional birthplace.

From their northern home at Nazareth, in the mountains of Zabulon, Joseph, the village carpenter, had made his way along the wintry roads with Mary, his espoused wife, being great with child. Fallen as were their fortunes, they were both of the house and lineage of David, and they were traversing a journey of eighty miles to the village which had been the home of their great ancestor while he was still a ruddy shepherd lad, tending his flocks upon the lonely hills. The object of that toilsome journey, which could not but be disagreeable to the settled habits of Oriental life, was to enroll their names as members of the house of David in a census which had been ordered by the Emperor Augustus. In deference to Jewish prejudices, any infringement of which was the certain signal for violent tumults and insurrection, it was not carried out in the ordinary Roman man-

Object of the journey.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

ner, at each person's place of residence, but according to Jewish custom, at the town to which their family originally belonged. The Jews still clung to their genealogies and to the memory of long-extinct tribal relations; and though the journey was a weary and distasteful one, the mind of Joseph may well have been consoled by the remembrance of that heroic descent which would now be authoritatively recognized, and by the glow of those Messianic hopes to which the marvellous circumstances of which he was almost the sole depository would give a tenfold intensity.

*Royal descent and
Messianic
hopes.*

Travelling in the East is a very slow and leisurely affair, and was likely to be still more so if, as is probable, the country was at that time agitated by political animosities. Beeroth, which is fifteen miles distant from Bethlehem, or possibly even Jerusalem, which is only six miles off, may have been the resting-place of Mary and Joseph before this last stage of their journey. But the heavy languor, or even the commencing pangs of travail, must necessarily have retarded the progress of the maiden-mother. Others who were travelling on the same errand would easily have passed them on the road, and when, after toiling up the steep hillside, by David's well, they arrived at the khan—probably the very one which had been known for centuries as the House of Chimham, and if so, covering perhaps the very ground on which, one thousand years before, had stood the hereditary house of Boaz, of Jesse, and of David—every *leeuan* was

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

occupied. The enrolment had drawn so many strangers to the little town that "there was no room for them in the inn." In the rude limestone grotto attached to it as a stable, among the hay and straw spread for the food and rest of the cattle, weary with their day's journey, far from home, in the midst of strangers, in the chilly winter night—in circumstances so devoid of all earthly comfort or splendor that it is impossible to imagine a humbler nativity—Christ was born. *Birth of Jesus Christ*

Distant but a few miles, on the plateau of the abrupt and singular hill now called Jebel Fureidis, or "Little Paradise Mountain," towered the palace fortress of the Great Herod. The magnificent houses of his friends and courtiers crowded around its base. Humble wayfarers, as they passed near it, might have heard the hired and voluptuous minstrelsy with which its feasts were celebrated, or the shouting of the rough mercenaries whose arms enforced obedience to its despotic lord.

Guided by the lamp which usually swings from the centre of a rope hung across the entrance of the khan, the shepherds made their way to the inn of Bethlehem, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the Babe lying in the manger. The fancy of poet and painter has revelled in the imaginary glories of the scene. They have sung of the "bright harnessed angels" who hovered there, and of the stars lingering beyond their time to shed their sweet influences upon that smiling infancy. They have painted the radiation of light from his manger-cradle, *Adoration of the shepherds.*

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illuminating all the place till the bystanders are forced to shade their eyes from that heavenly splendor. But all this is wide of the reality. Such glories as the simple shepherds saw were seen only by the eyes of faith; and all which met their eyes was a peasant of Galilee, already beyond the prime of life, and a young mother, of whom *they* could not know that she was wedded maid and virgin wife, with an Infant Child, whom, since there were none to help her, her own hands had wrapped in swaddling-clothes. The light that shined in the darkness was no physical, but a spiritual beam; the Dayspring from on high, which had now visited mankind, dawned only in a few faithful and humble hearts.

To the unilluminated fancy it would have seemed incredible that the most stupendous event in the world's history should have taken place without convulsions and catastrophes. In the Gospel of St. James there is a really striking chapter, describing how, at the awful moment of the nativity, the pole of the heaven stood motionless, and the birds were still, and there were workmen lying on the earth with their hands in a vessel, "and those who handled did not handle it, and those who took it did not lift, and those who presented it to their mouth did not present it, but the faces of all were looking up; and I saw the sheep scattered and the sheep stood, and the shepherd lifted up his hand to strike, and his hand remained up; and I looked at the stream of the river, and the mouths of the kids were down and were not drink-

*Prodigies
and convulsions.*

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

ing; and everything which was being propelled forward was intercepted in its course." But of this sudden hush and pause of awe-struck Nature, of the parhelions and mysterious splendors which blazed in many places of the world, of the painless childbirth, of the perpetual virginity, of the ox and the ass kneeling to worship him in the manger, of the voice with which immediately after his birth he told his mother that he was the Son of God, and of many another wonder which rooted itself in the earliest traditions, there is no trace whatever in the New Testament.

How long the Virgin Mother and her holy Child stayed in this cave, or cattle-inclosure, we can not tell, but probably it was not for long. The word rendered "manger" in Luke ii. 7, is of very uncertain meaning, nor can we discover more about it than that it means a place where animals were fed. It is probable that the crowd in the khan would not be permanent, and common humanity would have dictated an early removal of the mother and her child to some more appropriate resting-place. The Magi, as we see from St. Matthew, visited Mary in "the house." But on all these minor incidents the Gospels do not dwell. The fullest of them is St. Luke, and the singular sweetness of his narrative, its almost idyllic grace, its sweet calm tone of noble reticence, seem clearly to indicate that he derived it, though but in fragmentary notices, from the lips of Mary herself. It is, indeed, difficult to imagine from

Meagre details in the Gospels.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

*A woman's
memory.*

whom else it could have come, for mothers are the natural historians of infant years; but it is interesting to find, in the actual style, that "coloring of a woman's memory and a woman's view," which we should naturally have expected in confirmation of a conjecture so obvious and so interesting. To one who was giving the reins to his imagination, the minutest incidents would have claimed a description; to Mary they would have seemed trivial and irrelevant. Others might wonder, but in her all wonder was lost in the one overwhelming revelation—the one absorbing consciousness. Of such things she could not lightly speak; "she kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart." The very depth and sacredness of that reticence is the natural and probable explanation of the fact, that some of the details of the Saviour's infancy are fully recorded by St. Luke alone.

VICTORY OF ARMINIUS

(A.D. 9)

E. S. CREASY

AMONG the Germans of high rank who had most readily submitted to the invaders, and become zealous partisans of Roman authority, was a chieftain named Segestes. His daughter, Thusnelda, was pre-eminent among the noble maidens of Germany. Arminius had sought her hand in marriage; but Segestes, who probably discerned the young chief's disaffection to Rome, forbade his suit, and strove to preclude all communication between him and his daughter. Thusnelda, however, sympathized far more with the heroic spirit of her lover than with the time-serving policy of her father. An elopement baffled the precautions of Segestes, who, disappointed in his hope of preventing the marriage, accused Arminius before the Roman governor of having carried off his daughter, and of planning treason against Rome. Thus assailed, and dreading to see his bride torn from him by the officials of the foreign oppressor, Arminius delayed no longer, but bent all his energies to

*Motives of
rebellion.*

organize and execute a general insurrection of the great mass of his countrymen, who hitherto had submitted in sullen hatred to the Roman dominion.

A change of governors had recently taken place, which, while it materially favored the ultimate success of the insurgents, served, by the immediate aggravation of the Roman oppressions which it produced, to make the native population more universally eager to take arms. Tiberius, who was afterward emperor, had recently been recalled from the command in Germany. In the room of Tiberius, Augustus sent into Germany Quintilius Varus, who had lately returned from the proconsulate of Syria. Varus was a true representative of the higher classes of the Romans. Accustomed to govern the depraved and debased natives of Syria, Varus thought that he might gratify his licentious and rapacious passions with equal impunity among the high-minded sons and pure-spirited daughters of Germany. When the general of an army sets the example of outrages of this description, he is soon faithfully imitated by his officers, and surpassed by his still more brutal soldiery. The Romans now habitually indulged in those violations of the sanctity of the domestic shrine, and those insults upon honor and modesty, by which far less gallant spirits than those of our Teutonic ancestors have often been maddened into insurrection.

*Character
of Q. Varus.*

Arminius found among the other German chiefs many who sympathized with him in his indignation at their

country's abasement, and many whom private wrongs had stung yet more deeply. There was little difficulty in collecting bold leaders for an attack on the oppressors, and little fear of the population not rising readily at those leaders' call. But to declare open war against Rome, and to encounter Varus's army in a pitched battle, would have been merely rushing upon certain destruction. Varus had three legions under him, a force which, after allowing for detachments, can not be estimated at less than fourteen thousand Roman infantry. He had also eight or nine hundred Roman cavalry, and at least an equal number of horse and foot sent from the allied states, or raised among other provincials who had not received the Roman franchise. Stratagem was, therefore, *Craft of the* indispensable; and it was necessary to blind Varus to *rebels.* their schemes until a favorable opportunity should arrive for striking a decisive blow.

For this purpose, the German confederates frequented the headquarters of Varus, which seemed to have been near the centre of the modern country of Westphalia, where the Roman general conducted himself with all the arrogant security of the governor of a perfectly submissive province. Meanwhile, a succession of heavy rains rendered the country more difficult for the operations of regular troops, and Arminius, seeing that the infatuation of Varus was complete, secretly directed the tribes near the Weser and the Ems to take up arms in open revolt against the Romans. This was represented to Va-

*Varus is
induced
to take
the field.*

rus as an occasion which required his prompt attendance at the spot; but he was kept in studied ignorance of its being part of a concerted national rising; and he still looked on Arminius as his submissive vassal, whose aid he might rely on in facilitating the march of his troops against the rebels, and in extinguishing the local disturbance.

*The battle-
ground.*

Varus therefore set his army in motion, and marched eastward in a line parallel to the course of the Lippe. For some distance his route lay along a level plain; but arriving at the tract between the curve of the upper part of that stream and the sources of the Ems, the country assumes a very different character; and here, in the territory of the modern little principality of Lippe, it was that Arminius had fixed the scene of his enterprise. A woody and hilly region intervenes between the heads of the two rivers, and forms the water-shed of their streams.

*Difficulties
of the
march.*

Contrary to the usual strict principles of Roman discipline, Varus had suffered his army to be accompanied and impeded by an immense train of baggage-wagons and by a rabble of camp followers, as if his troops had been merely changing their quarters in a friendly country. When the long array quitted the firm, level ground, and began to wind its way among the woods, the marshes, and the ravines, the difficulties of the march, even without the intervention of an armed foe, became fearfully apparent. In many places, the soil, sodden with rain, was impracticable for cavalry, and even for infan-

try, until trees had been felled, and a rude causeway formed through the morass.

The duties of the engineer were familiar to all who served in the Roman armies. But the crowd and confusion of the columns embarrassed the working parties of the soldiery, and in the midst of their toil and disorder the word was suddenly passed through their ranks that the rearguard was attacked by the barbarians. Varus resolved on pressing forward; but a heavy discharge of missiles from the woods on either flank taught him how serious was the peril, and he saw his best men falling round him without the opportunity of retaliation; for his light-armed auxiliaries, who were principally of Germanic race, now rapidly deserted, and it was impossible to deploy the legionaries on such broken ground for a charge against the enemy. Choosing one of the most open and firm spots which they could force their way to, the Romans halted for the night; and, faithful to their national discipline and tactics, formed their camp amid the harassing attack of the rapidly thronging foes, with the elaborate toil and systematic skill, the traces of which are impressed permanently on the soil of so many European countries.

*Attack
of the
barbarians.*

On the morrow the Romans renewed their march, the veteran officers who served under Varus now probably directing the operations, and hoping to find the Germans drawn up to meet them, in which case they relied on their own superior discipline and tactics for

*Roman
march
renewed.*

*Arminius's
harassing
tactics.*

such a victory as should reassure the supremacy of Rome. But Arminius was far too sage a commander to lead on his followers, with their unwieldy broadswords and inefficient defensive armor, against the Roman legionaries. Arminius suffered the Romans to march out from their camp, to form first in line for action, and then in column for marching, without the show of opposition. For some distance Varus was allowed to move on, only harassed by light skirmishes, but struggling with difficulty through the broken ground, the toil and distress of his men being aggravated by heavy torrents of rain, which burst upon the devoted legions, as if the angry gods of Germany were pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the invaders. After some little time their van approached a ridge of high woody ground, which is one of the off-shoots of the great Hercynian forest, and is situate between the modern villages of Driburg and Bielefeld. Arminius had caused barricades of hewn trees to be formed here, so as to add to the natural difficulties of the passage. Fatigue and discouragement now began to betray themselves in the Roman ranks. Their line became less steady; baggage-wagons were abandoned from the impossibility of forcing them along; and, as this happened, many soldiers left their ranks and crowded round the wagons to secure the most valuable portions of their property: each was busy about his own affairs and purposely slow in hearing the word of command from his officers. Arminius now gave the signal for a

general attack. The fierce shouts of the Germans pealed through the gloom of the forests, and in thronging multitudes they assailed the flanks of the invaders, pouring in clouds of darts on the incumbered legionaries, as they struggled up the glens or floundered in the morasses, and watching every opportunity of charging through the intervals of the disjointed column, and so cutting off the communication between its several brigades. Arminius, with a chosen band of personal retainers round him, cheered on his countrymen by voice and example. He and his men aimed their weapons particularly at the horses of the Roman cavalry. The wounded animals, slipping about in the mire and their own blood, threw their riders and plunged among the ranks of the legions, disordering all round them. Varus now ordered the troops to be countermarched, in the hope of reaching the nearest Roman garrison on the Lippe. But to retreat was now as impracticable as to advance; and the falling back of the Romans only augmented the courage of their assailants, causing fiercer and more frequent charges on the flanks of the disheartened army. The Roman officer who commanded the cavalry, Numonius Vala, rode off with his squadrons in the vain hope of escaping by thus abandoning his comrades. Unable to keep together, or force their way across the woods and swamps, the horsemen were overpowered in detail, and slaughtered to the last man. The Roman infantry still held together and resisted, but more through the instinct of discipline and

The general attack.

Flight of the Roman cavalry.

*No quarter
allowed.*

bravery than from any hope of success or escape. Varus, after being severely wounded in a charge of the Germans against his part of the column, committed suicide to avoid falling into the hands of those whom he had exasperated by his oppressions. One of the lieutenant-generals of the army fell fighting; the other surrendered to the enemy. But mercy to a fallen foe had never been a Roman virtue, and those among her legions who now laid down their arms in hope of quarter, drank deep of the cup of suffering, which Rome had held to the lips of many a brave but unfortunate enemy. The infuriated Germans slaughtered their oppressors with deliberate ferocity, and those prisoners who were not hewn to pieces on the spot were only preserved to perish by a more cruel death in cold blood.

The bulk of the Roman army fought steadily and stubbornly, frequently repelling the masses of assailants, but gradually losing the compactness of their array, and becoming weaker and weaker beneath the incessant shower of darts and the reiterated assaults of the vigorous and unincumbered Germans. At last, in a series of desperate attacks, the column was pierced through and through, two of the eagles captured, and the Roman host, which on the yester-morning had marched forth in such pride and might, now broken up into confused fragments, either fell fighting beneath the overpowering numbers of the enemy, or perished in the swamps and woods in unavailing efforts at flight. Few, very few, ever

saw again the left bank of the Rhine. One body of brave veterans, arraying themselves in a ring on a little mound, beat off every charge of the Germans, and prolonged their honorable resistance to the close of that dreadful day. The traces of a feeble attempt at forming a ditch and mound attested in after years the spot where the last of the Romans passed their night of suffering and despair. But on the morrow this remnant also, worn out with hunger, wounds, and toil, was charged by the victorious Germans, and either massacred on the spot, or offered up in fearful rites at the altars of the deities of the old mythology of the North. *The last stand.*

Never was a victory more decisive, never was the liberation of an oppressed people more instantaneous and complete. Throughout Germany the Roman garrisons were assailed and cut off; and, within a few weeks after Varus had fallen, the German soil was freed from the foot of an invader.

At Rome the tidings of the battle were received with an agony of terror, the reports of which we should deem exaggerated, did they not come from Roman historians themselves. They not only tell emphatically how great was the awe which the Romans felt of the prowess of the Germans, if their various tribes could be brought to unite for a common purpose, but also they reveal how weakened and debased the population of Italy had become. Dion Cassius says, "Then Augustus, when he heard the calamity of Varus, rent his garment, and was *Terror in Rome.*

in great affliction for the troops he had lost, and for terror respecting the Germans and the Gauls. And his chief alarm was, that he expected them to push on against Italy and Rome; and there remained no Roman youth fit for military duty that were worth speaking of, and the allied populations, that were at all serviceable, had been wasted away. Yet he prepared for the emergency as well as his means allowed; and when none of the citizens of military age were willing to enlist, he made them cast lots, and punished by confiscation of goods and disfranchisement every fifth man among those under thirty-five, and every tenth man of those above that age. At last, when he found that not even thus could he make many come forward, he put some of them to death. So he made a conscription of discharged veterans and of emancipated slaves, and, collecting as large a force as he could, sent it, under Tiberius, with all speed into Germany."

Omens.

Dion mentions, also, a number of terrific portents that were believed to have occurred at the time, and the narration of which is not immaterial, as it shows the state of the public mind, when such things were so believed in and so interpreted. The summits of the Alps were said to have fallen, and three columns of fire to have blazed up from them. In the Campus Martius, the temple of the war-god, from whom the founder of Rome had sprung, was struck by a thunderbolt. The nightly heavens glowed several times, as if on fire. Many

comets blazed forth together; and fiery meteors, shaped like spears, had shot from the northern quarter of the sky down into the Roman camps. It was said, too, that a statue of Victory, which had stood at a place on the frontier, pointing the way toward Germany, had, of its own accord, turned round, and now pointed to Italy. These and other prodigies were believed by the multitude to accompany the slaughter of Varus's legions, and to manifest the anger of the gods against Rome. Augustus himself was not free from superstition; but on this occasion no supernatural terrors were needed to increase the alarm and grief that he felt, and which made him, even months after the news of the battle had arrived, often beat his head against the wall, and exclaim, "Quintilius Varus, give me back my legions." *Despair of Augustus.*

The Germans did not pursue their victory beyond their own territory; but that victory secured at once and forever the independence of the Teutonic race. Rome sent, indeed, her legions again into Germany, to parade a temporary superiority, but all hopes of permanent conquests were abandoned by Augustus and his successors.

[Successes of Germanicus against the Germans arouse the envy of Tiberius. He is sent to the East and dies of poison in Syria in A.D. 19. His wife, Agrippina, is also banished in 29. In 41, Caligula, their son, is murdered and his uncle Claudius is proclaimed emperor by the Pretorian Guard. Christ is crucified in 33.]

THE CRUCIFIXION

(A.D. 33)

FREDERIC W. FARRAR

GO, soldier, get ready the cross. In some such formula of terrible import Pilate must have given his final order. It was now probably about nine o'clock, and the execution followed immediately upon the judgment. The time required for the necessary preparation would not be very long, and during this brief pause the soldiers, whose duty it was to see that the sentence was carried out, stripped Jesus of the scarlet war-cloak, now dyed with the yet deeper stains of blood, and clad him again in his own garments. When the cross had been prepared they laid it—or possibly only one of the beams of it—upon his shoulders, and led him to the place of punishment. The nearness of the great feast, the myriads who were present in Jerusalem, made it desirable to seize the opportunity for striking terror into all Jewish malefactors. Two were therefore selected for execution at the same time with Jesus—two brigands and rebels of the lowest stamp. Their crosses were laid

Preparation for the Crucifixion.

upon them, a maniple of soldiers in full armor were marshalled under the command of their centurion, and amid thousands of spectators, coldly inquisitive or furiously hostile, the procession started on its way.

The cross.

The cross was not, and could not have been, the massive and lofty structure with which such myriads of pictures have made us familiar. Crucifixion was among the Romans a very common punishment, and it is clear that they would not waste any trouble in constructing the instrument of shame and torture. It would undoubtedly be made of the very commonest wood that came to hand, perhaps olive or sycamore, and knocked together in the very rudest fashion. Still, to support the body of a man, a cross would require to be of a certain size and weight; and to one enfeebled by the horrible severity of the previous scourging, the carrying of such a burden would be an additional misery. But Jesus was enfeebled not only by this cruelty, but by previous days of violent struggle and agitation, by an evening of deep and overwhelming emotion, by a night of sleepless anxiety and suffering, by the mental agony of the garden, by three trials and three sentences of death before the Jews, by the long and exhausting scenes in the Pretorium, by the examination before Herod, and by the brutal and painful derisions which he had undergone, first at the hands of the Sanhedrim and their servants, then from Herod's body-guard, and lastly from the Roman cohort. All these, super-added to the sickening lacerations of the scourging,

had utterly broken down his physical strength. His tottering footsteps, if not his actual falls under that fearful load, made it evident that he lacked the physical strength to carry it from the Pretorium to Golgotha. Even if they did not pity his feebleness, the Roman soldiers would naturally object to the consequent hindrance and delay. But they found an easy method to solve the difficulty. They had not proceeded further than the city gate, when they met a man coming from the country, who was known to the early Christians as "Simon of Cyrene, the father of Alexander and Rufus"; and, perhaps on some hint from the accompanying Jews that Simon sympathized with the teaching of the Sufferer, they impressed him without the least scruple into their odious service.

Christ unable to carry it.

The miserable procession resumed its course, and though the apocryphal traditions of the Romish Church narrate many incidents of the Via Dolorosa, only one such incident is recorded in the Gospel history. St. Luke tells us that among the vast multitude of people who followed Jesus were many women. From the men in that moving crowd he does not appear to have received one word of pity or sympathy. Some there must surely have been who had seen his miracles, who had heard his words; some of those who had been almost, if not utterly, convinced of his Messiahship as they hung upon his lips while he had uttered his great discourses in the Temple; some of the eager crowd who had accompanied

The Via Dolorosa.

*Lamenta-
tions of the
women.*

him from Bethlehem five days before, with shouted hosannas and waving palms. Yet if so, a faithless timidity or a deep misgiving—perhaps even a boundless sorrow—kept them dumb. But these women more quick to pity, less susceptible to controlling influences, could not and would not conceal the grief and amazement with which this spectacle filled them. They beat upon their breasts and rent the air with their lamentations, till Jesus himself hushed their shrill cries with words of solemn warning. Turning to them—which he could not have done had he still been staggering under the burden of his cross—he said to them, “Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me; but for yourselves weep, and for your children. For lo! days are coming in which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs which bare not, and the breasts which gave not suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us, and to the hills, Cover us; for if they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?” Theirs was but an emotional outburst of womanly tenderness, which they could not repress as they saw the great Prophet of mankind in his hour of shame and weakness, with the herald proclaiming before him the crimes with which he was charged, and the Roman soldiers carrying the title of derision, and Simon bending under the weight of the wood to which he was to be nailed. But he warned them that, if this were *all* which they saw in the passing spectacle, far bitterer causes of woe awaited them, and

their children, and their race. Many of them, and the majority of their children, would live to see such rivers of bloodshed, such complications of agony, as the world had never known before—days which would seem to overpass the capacities of human suffering, and would make men seek to hide themselves, if it might be, under the very roots of the hill on which their city stood.

And so with this sole sad episode, they came to the fatal place, called Golgotha, or, in its Latin form, Calvary—that is “a skull.” Why it was so called is not known. It may conceivably have been a well-known place of execution; or possibly the name may imply a bare, rounded, scalp-like elevation. It is constantly called the “*hill* of Golgotha,” or of Calvary; but the Gospels merely call it “a place,” and not a hill (Matt. xxvii. 33; Mark xv. 22). Respecting its site volumes have been written, but nothing is known. The data for anything approaching to certainty are wholly wanting; and, in all probability, the actual spot lies buried and obliterated under the mountainous rubbish-heaps of the ten-times-taken city.

*The place
called Gol-
gotha.*

Utterly brutal and revolting as was the punishment of crucifixion, which has now for fifteen hundred years been abolished by the common pity and abhorrence of mankind, there was one custom in Judea, and one occasionally practiced by the Romans, which reveals some touch of passing humanity. The latter consisted in giving the sufferer a blow under the arm-pit, which, with-

*Two
humane
customs.*

out causing death, yet hastened its approach. Of this I need not speak, because, for whatever reason, it was not practiced on this occasion. The former, which seems to have been due to the milder nature of Judaism, and which was derived from a happy piece of Rabbinic exegesis on Prov. xxxi. 6, consisted in giving to the condemned, immediately before his execution, a draught of wine medicated with some powerful opiate. It had been the custom of wealthy ladies in Jerusalem to provide this stupefying potion at their own expense, and they did so quite irrespectively of their sympathy for any individual criminal. It was probably taken freely by the two malefactors, but when they offered it to Jesus he would not take it. The refusal was an act of sublimest heroism. The effect of the draught was to dull the nerves, to cloud the intellect, to provide an anesthetic against some part, at least, of the lingering agonies of that dreadful death.

The frightful torture.

The three crosses were laid on the ground—that of Jesus, which was doubtless taller than the other two, being placed in bitter scorn in the midst. Perhaps the cross-beam was now nailed to the upright, and certainly the title, which had either been borne by Jesus fastened round his neck, or carried by one of the soldiers in front of him, was now nailed to the summit of his cross. Then he was stripped naked of all his clothes, and then followed the most awful moment of all. He was laid down upon the implement of torture. His arms were stretched along the cross-beams, and at the centre of the open

The nailing to the cross.

palms the point of a huge iron nail was placed, which, by the blow of a mallet, was driven home into the wood. Then through either foot separately, or possibly through both together as they were placed one over the other, another huge nail tore its way through the quivering flesh. Whether the sufferer was *also* bound to the cross we do not know; but to prevent the hands and feet being torn away by the weight of the body, which could not "rest upon nothing but four great wounds," there was, about the centre of the cross, a wooden projection strong enough to support, at least in part, a human body which soon became a weight of agony.

It was probably at this moment of inconceivable horror that the voice of the Son of Man was heard uplifted, not in a scream of natural agony at that fearful torture, but calmly praying in Divine compassion for his brutal and pitiless murderers—ay, and for all who in their sinful ignorance crucify him afresh forever—"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO."

*"Father,
forgive
them."*

And then the accursed tree—with its living human burden hanging upon it in helpless agony, and suffering fresh tortures as every movement irritated the fresh rents in hands and feet—was slowly heaved up by strong arms, and the end of it fixed firmly in a hole dug deep in the ground for that purpose. The feet were but a little raised above the earth. The victim was in full reach of every hand that might choose to strike, in close proximity to every gesture of insult and hatred. He might

hang for hours to be abused, outraged, even tortured by the ever-moving multitude who, with that desire to see what is horrible which always characterizes the coarsest hearts, had thronged to gaze upon a sight which should rather have made them weep tears of blood.

*The
insulting
inscription.*

When the cross was uplifted, the leading Jews, for the first time, prominently noticed the deadly insult in which Pilate had vented his indignation. Before, in their blind rage, they had imagined that the manner of his crucifixion was an insult aimed at *Jesus*; but now that they saw him hanging between the two robbers, on a cross yet loftier, it suddenly flashed upon them that it was a public scorn inflicted upon *them*. For on the white wooden tablet smeared with gypsum, which was to be seen so conspicuously over the head of Jesus on the cross, ran, in black letters, an inscription in the three civilized languages of the ancient world—the three languages of which *one* at least was certain to be known by every single man in that assembled multitude—in the official Latin, in the current Greek, in the vernacular Aramaic—informing all that this man who was thus enduring a shameful, servile death—this man thus crucified between two thieves in the sight of the world, was “The King of the Jews.”

*The Jews
want to
change it.*

The Jews felt the intensity of the scorn with which Pilate had treated them. It so completely poisoned their hour of triumph that they sent their chief priests in deputation, begging the governor to alter the obnoxious

title. "Write not," they said, " 'The King of the Jews,' but that 'He *said*, I am the King of the Jews.' " But Pilate's courage, which had oozed away so rapidly at the name of Cæsar, had now revived. He was glad in any and every way to browbeat and thwart the men whose seditious clamor had forced him in the morning to act against his will. Few men had the power of giving expression to a sovereign contempt more effectually than the Romans. Without deigning any justification of what he had done, Pilate summarily dismissed these solemn hierarchs with the curt and contemptuous reply, "What I have written, I have written."

In order to prevent the possibility of any rescue, even at the last moment—since instances had been known of men taken from the cross and restored to life—a quaternion of soldiers with their centurion were left on the ground to guard the cross. The clothes of the victims always fell as perquisites to the men who had to perform so weary and disagreeable an office. Little dreaming how exactly they were fulfilling the mystic intimation of olden Jewish prophecy, they proceeded, therefore, to divide between them the garments of Jesus. The *tallith* they tore into four parts, probably ripping it down the seams (Deut. xxii. 12); but the *cetoneth*, or under garment, was formed of one continuous woven texture, and to tear would have been to spoil it; they therefore contented themselves with letting it become the property of one of the four to whom it should fall by lot. When this

*Sharing the
raiment.*

had been decided, they sat down and watched him till the end, beguiling the weary lingering hours by eating and drinking, and gibing, and playing dice.

*Conduct
of the
multitude.*

It was a scene of tumult. The great body of the people seem to have stood silently at gaze; but some few of them as they passed by the cross—perhaps some of the many false witnesses and other conspirators of the previous night—mocked at Jesus with insulting noises and furious taunts, especially bidding him come down from the cross and save himself, since he could destroy the Temple and build it in three days. And the chief priests, and scribes, and elders, less awe-struck, less compassionate than the mass of the people, were not ashamed to disgrace their gray-haired dignity and lofty reputation by adding their heartless reproaches to those of the evil few. Unrestrained by the noble patience of the sufferer, unsated by the accomplishment of their wicked vengeance, unmoved by the sight of helpless anguish and the look of eyes that began to glaze in death, they congratulated one another under his cross with scornful insolence—"He saved others, himself he can not save," "Let this Christ, this King of Israel, descend now from the cross, that we may see and believe." No wonder then that the ignorant soldiers took their share of mockery with these shameless and unvenerable hierarchs: no wonder that, at their midday meal, they pledged in mock hilarity the dying man, cruelly holding up toward his burning lips their cups of sour wine, and echoing the

*Cruel
mockery.*

Jewish taunts against the weakness of the king whose throne was a cross, whose crown was thorns. Nay, even the poor wretches who were crucified with him caught the hideous infection; comrades, perhaps, of the respited Bar-Abbas—heirs of the rebellious fury of a Judas the Gaulonite—trained to recognize no Messiah but a Messiah of the sword, they reproachfully bade him, if his claims were true, to save himself and them. So *all* the voices about him rang with blasphemy and spite, and in that long slow agony his dying ear caught no accent of gratitude, of pity, or of love. Baseness, falsehood, savagery, stupidity—such were the characteristics of the world which thrust itself into hideous prominence before the Saviour's last consciousness—such the muddy and miserable stream that rolled under the cross before his dying eyes.

But amid this chorus of infamy Jesus spoke not. So *Jesus silent.* far as the malice of the passers-by, and of priests and Sanhedrists, and soldiers, and of these poor robbers, who suffered with him, was concerned—as before during the trial so now upon the cross—he maintained unbroken his kingly silence.

But that silence, joined to his patient majesty and the divine holiness and innocence which radiated from him like a halo, was more eloquent than any words. It told earliest on one of the crucified robbers. At first this “bonus latro” of the Apocryphal Gospel seems to have faintly joined in the reproaches uttered by his fellow-

*The repent-
ant thief.*

sinner; but when those reproaches merged into deeper blasphemy, he spoke out his inmost thought. The dying robber had joined at first in the half-taunting, half-despairing appeal to a defeat and weakness which contradicted all that he had hoped; but now this defeat seemed to be greater than victory, and this weakness more irresistible than strength. As he looked, the faith in his heart dawned more and more into the perfect day. He had long ceased to utter any reproachful words; he now rebuked his comrade's blasphemies. Ought not the suffering innocence of him who hung between them to shame into silence their just punishment and flagrant guilt? And so, turning his head to Jesus, he uttered the intense appeal, "O Jesus, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom." Then he, who had been mute amid invectives, spake at once in surpassing answer to that humble prayer, "Verily, I say to thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

*The women
at the cross.*

Though none spoke to comfort Jesus—though deep grief, and terror, and amazement kept them dumb—yet there were hearts amid the crowd that beat in sympathy with the awful sufferer. At a distance stood a number of women looking on, and perhaps, even at that dread hour, expecting his immediate deliverance. Many of these were women who had ministered to him in Galilee, and had come from thence in the great band of Galilean pilgrims. Conspicuous among this heart-stricken group were his mother Mary, Mary of Magdala, Mary the wife

of Clopas, mother of James and Joses, and Salome the wife of Zebedee. Some of them, as the hours advanced, stole nearer and nearer to the cross, and at length the filming eye of the Saviour fell on his own mother Mary, as, with the sword piercing through and through her heart, she stood with the disciple whom he loved. Tenderly and sadly he thought of the future that awaited her during the remaining years of her life on earth, troubled as they must be by the tumults and persecutions of a struggling and nascent faith. After his resurrection her lot was wholly cast among his apostles, and the apostle whom he loved the most, the apostle who was nearest to him in heart and life, seemed the fittest to take care of her. To him, therefore—to John, whom he had loved more than his brethren—to John, whose head had leaned upon his breast at the Last Supper, he con-signed her as a sacred charge. “Woman,” he said to her, in fewest words, but in words which breathed the uttermost spirit of tenderness, “behold thy son”; and then to St. John, “Behold thy mother.” He could make no gesture with those pierced hands, but he could bend his head. They listened in speechless emotion, but from that hour—perhaps from that very moment—leading her away from a spectacle which did but torture her soul with unavailing agony, that disciple took her to his own home.

*The mother
and the
beloved
disciple.*

*Jesus
gives his
mother in
charge of
John.*

It was now noon, and at the holy city the sunshine should have been burning over that scene of horror with

*Darkness
at noon.*

a power such as it has in the full depth of an English summer-time. But instead of this, the face of the heavens was black, and the noonday sun was "turned into darkness," on "this great and terrible day of the Lord." It could have been no darkness of any natural eclipse, for the Paschal moon was at the full; but it was one of those "signs from heaven" for which, during the ministry of Jesus, the Pharisees had so often clamored in vain. The early fathers appealed to pagan authorities—the historian Phallus, the chronicler Phlegon—for such a darkness; but we have no means of testing the accuracy of these references, and it is quite possible that the darkness was a local gloom which hung densely over the guilty city and its immediate neighborhood. But whatever it was, it clearly filled the minds of all who beheld it with yet deeper misgiving. The taunts and jeers of the Jewish priests and the heathen soldiers were evidently confined to the earlier hours of the crucifixion. Its later stages seem to have thrilled alike the guilty and the innocent with emotions of dread and horror. Of the incidents of those last three hours we are told nothing, and that awful obscuration of the noonday sun may well have overawed every heart into an inaction respecting which there was nothing to relate. But toward the close of that time his anguish culminated, and emptied—to the very uttermost of that glory which he had since the world began—drinking to the very deepest dregs the cup of humiliation and bitterness—enduring, not only to have

*Anguish
of Jesus.*



THE CHARIO RACE (IN THE)
PARK

taken upon him the form of a servant, but also to suffer the last infamy which human hatred could impose on servile helplessness—he uttered that mysterious cry, of which the full significance will never be fathomed by man—“Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?” (“My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”) *The mysterious cry.*

In those words, quoting the Psalm in which the early fathers rightly saw a far-off prophecy of the whole passion of Christ, he borrowed from David’s utter agony the expression of his own.

But now the end was very rapidly approaching, and Jesus, who had been hanging for nearly six hours upon the cross, was suffering from that torment of thirst which is most difficult of all for the human frame to bear—perhaps the most unmitigated of the many separate sources of anguish which were combined in this worst form of death. No doubt this burning thirst was aggravated by seeing the Roman soldiers drinking so near the cross; and happily for mankind, Jesus had never sanctioned the unnatural affectation of stoic impassibility. And so he uttered the one sole word of physical suffering which had been wrung from him by all the hours in which he had endured the extreme of all that man can inflict. He cried aloud, “I thirst.” Probably *“I thirst.”* a few hours before the cry would only have provoked a roar of frantic mockery; but now the lookers-on were reduced by awe to a readier humanity. Near the cross there lay on the ground the large earthen vessel contain-

*"Myrrh
mingled
with
hyssop."*

ing the *posca*, which was the ordinary drink of the Roman soldiers. The mouth of it was filled with a piece of sponge, which served as a cork. Instantly some one—we know not whether he was friend or enemy, or merely one who was there out of idle curiosity—took out the sponge and dipped it in the *posca* to give it to Jesus. But low as was the elevation of the cross, the head of the sufferer, as it rested on the horizontal beam of the accursed tree, was just beyond the man's reach; and therefore he put the sponge at the end of a stock of hyssop—about a foot long—and held it up to the parched and dying lips. Even this simple act of pity, which Jesus did not refuse, seemed to jar upon the condition of nervous excitement with which some of the multitude were looking on. "Let be," they said to the man, "let us see whether Elias is coming to save him." The man did not desist from this act of mercy, but when it was done, he, too, seems to have echoed those uneasy words. But Elias came not, nor human comforter, nor angel deliverer. It was the will of God, it was the will of the Son of God, that he should be "perfected through suffering";—that—for the eternal example of all his children as long as the world should last—he should "endure unto the end."

And now the end was come. Once more, in the words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel (Psa. xxxi. 5), but adding to them that title of trustful love which, through him, is permitted to the use of all mankind, "Father," he said, "into thy hands I commend my spirit." Then with one

more effort he uttered the last cry—"It is finished." It may be that that great cry ruptured some of the vessels of his heart; for no sooner had it been uttered than he bowed his head upon his breast, and yielded his life, "a ransom for many"—a willing sacrifice to his heavenly father. "Finished was his holy life; with his life his struggle, with his struggle his work, with his work the redemption, with the redemption the foundation of the new world." At that moment the veil of the Temple was rent in twain from top to the bottom. An earthquake shook the earth and split the rocks, and as it rolled away from their places the great stones which closed and covered the cavern sepulchres of the Jews, so it seemed to the imaginations of many to have disimprisoned the spirits of the dead, and to have filled the air with ghostly visitants, who, after Christ had risen, appeared to linger in the holy city. These circumstances of amazement, joined to all they had observed in the bearing of the crucified, cowed even the cruel and gay indifference of the Roman soldiers. On the centurion who was in command of them, the whole scene had exercised a yet deeper influence. As he stood opposite to the cross and saw the Saviour die, he glorified God and exclaimed, "This man was in truth righteous"—nay, more, "This man was a Son of God." Even the multitude, utterly sobered from their furious excitement and frantic rage, began to be weighed down with a guilty consciousness that the scene which they had witnessed had in it some-

The last words.

Convulsions and prodigies.

thing more awful than they could have conceived, and as they returned to Jerusalem they wailed, and beat upon their breasts.

*Central
point of
the world's
history.*

And in truth that scene was more awful than they, or even we, can know. The secular historian, be he ever so sceptical, can not fail to see in it the central point of the world's history. Whether he be a believer in Christ or not, he can not refuse to admit that this new religion grew from the smallest of all seeds to be a mighty tree, so that the birds of the air took refuge in its branches; that it was the little stone cut without hands which dashed into pieces the colossal image of heathen greatness, and grew till it became a great mountain and filled the earth. Alike to the infidel and to the believer, the Crucifixion is the boundary instant between ancient and modern days.

*Nero
becomes
emperor.*

[The conquest of Britain was seriously undertaken in 43, the southern part becoming a Roman province. Judea also became a province in 44. In 54, Agrippina poisons Claudius to make way for her son Nero. In 64 a fire, lasting six days and followed by a second one lasting three more, destroys most of Rome. Nero is credited with having ordered it to clear the ground for a more beautiful city. He accuses the Jews and Christians of being incendiaries and institutes persecution of the Christians. In 65, Christian martyrdoms were interspersed with chariot races and other events for public amusement.]

PERSECUTIONS OF THE CHRISTIANS

(A.D. 64-303)

WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER

ELEVEN persecutions of the Christians—some fiercer, others fainter—marked the dying struggles of the many-headed monster, Paganism. More than three centuries were filled with the sound and sorrows of the great conflict.

1. In the tenth year of the brutal Nero's reign the first great persecution of Christians took place. A fire, such as never had burned before, consumed nearly the whole city of Rome; and men said that the emperor's own hand had kindled the flames out of mere wicked sport, and that, while the blazing city was filled with shrieks of pain and terror, he sat calmly looking on and singing verses on the burning of Troy to the music of his lyre. This story finding ready acceptance among the homeless and beggared people, the tyrant strove by inflicting tortures on the Christians to turn the suspicion from himself upon them. On the pretence that they were

*The fire
of Rome,
A.D. 64.*

guilty of the atrocious crime, he crucified many; some, covered with the skins of wild beasts, were worried to death by dogs in the theatres; tender girls and gray-haired men were torn by tigers, or hacked with the swords of gladiators. But the worst sight was seen in the gardens of Nero, where chariot races were held by night, in which the emperor himself, dressed as a common driver, whipped his horses round the goal. There stood poor men and women of the Christian faith, their clothes smeared with pitch, or other combustible, all blazing as torches to throw light on the sport of the imperial demon. In the wider persecutions that followed, for this one was chiefly confined to Rome, there was perhaps no scene of equal horror.

*Persecution
under
Domitian.*

2. By Domitian, sixth in succession from Nero, proceedings of great severity, but of a character less brutal, were taken against the Christians. It was a harvest-time for the spies, who crept everywhere, and grew rich with the spoils of the dead and the exiles. The cousin and the niece of the emperor, accused only of "Atheism, and Jewish manners," were among the sufferers. Many were banished; among them St. John the Evangelist. Driven, about 95, to the isle of Patmos, he saw there those visions of glory and mystery recorded in the book of Revelation. The two grandsons of St. Jude, who was the brother of our Saviour, were brought before a Roman tribunal, charged with aiming at royal power, for they traced descent from David. But when they showed their hands

hardened with honest toil on their little farm, they were sent home unhurt.

3. Under the gentle Nerva the Christians lived in peace, and spying ceased to be a well-paid business; but when Trajan, a stern Spanish soldier, wore the purple, evil days returned, as yet, however, only in a single province. Pliny the Younger, appointed proconsul of Bithynia and Pontus, found himself at a loss how to deal with the Christians, who were very numerous under his rule. He wrote to the emperor, saying that the superstition—so he called it—had spread everywhere among rich and poor; that the temples were empty, and the sacrifices were hardly ever offered. But the worst he could say of the Christians, although he seems to have taken great pains to know all about them, was that they used to meet on a certain day (Sunday) to sing a hymn in honor of Christ; that they bound one another by a vow not to steal, or commit adultery, or break their words, or defraud any one; and that on the same evening they met at a simple and innocent meal. The fact that a skilful lawyer, as Pliny was, did not know how to deal with the Christians, shows that there were no special laws as yet framed against them. The answer of Trajan must be looked on as the first edict of persecution. It declared that the Christians were not to be sought for by the police, like common criminals; but that, when openly accused and convicted, they were to be punished. However, before receiving the imperial rescript, Pliny had let

Peace under Nerva.

*Trajan's edict,
A.D. 110.*

loose the terrors of the law. He demanded that the Christians, cursing Christ, should burn incense and pour wine before the statues of the emperor and the gods. Those who refused died; some, of weaker faith, yielded to the terror of the hour.

*Persecution
under
Adrian.*

4. Early in the reign of Adrian, who came to the throne in 117, the rage of the pagan mobs burst out upon the Christians with a force which had been gathering for years. Those attacks, which were encouraged by the common belief that Christianity was now condemned by law, took place especially in Asia Minor. Two learned Christians approached the throne with Apologies or defences of their faith, when the emperor came into their neighborhood on one of the constant and rapid journeys for which he was remarkable. Influenced perhaps by these addresses, but rather by his love of justice and order, he published an edict forbidding Christians to be arrested on mere rumor, and ordering all false informers to be heavily punished. However, in Palestine, Barcochba, an impostor, who claimed to be the Messiah, put many Christians to a cruel death, because they refused to follow his flag of rebellion.

*A favorable
edict.*

*Christians
tortured.*

The reign of the elder Antonine was a time of comparative peace to the Christians; but when Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic philosopher, became emperor in 161, there was a change. Active search was made for Christians. Torture began to be inflicted on them. It seemed, indeed, as if both the rulers and the people of pagan

Rome were beginning to realize, though as yet vaguely and dimly, the growth of that stone, cut out without hands, which was destined soon to shiver the idols in all their temples, and smite their iron empire into dust.

5. At Smyrna the Christian Church suffered heavily. Yielding to the rage of the heathens and the Jews, the proconsul flung the followers of Jesus to wild beasts, or burned them alive. The noblest of the noble victims was Bishop Polycarp, a man bending under the weight of nearly ninety years. When seized he asked for an hour to pray. They gave him two, then hurried him on an ass toward the city. The chief of police, meeting him on the way, took him up into his chariot, and vainly strove to turn him from the faith. On his refusal, he was flung so violently to the ground that a bone of his leg was injured. Before the tribunal, amid a crowd howling for his blood, he was urged to curse Christ. "Eighty-six years," said he, "have I served him, and he has done me nothing but good; and how could I curse him, my Lord and Saviour?" Before the flames rose round him, he cried aloud, thanking God for judging him worthy to drink of the cup of Christ.

*Martyr-
dom of
Polycarp,
A.D. 167.*

The legend of the "thundering Legion," which belongs to this period, probably rests on some historical foundation, though handed down to us manifestly in a somewhat mythical form. While Marcus Aurelius, so the story runs, was warring with some German tribes, his soldiers, marching one day under a burning sun,

The miracle of rain,
A.D. 174.

were parched with deadly thirst. The foe, hovering near, threatened an attack. A terrible death seemed to stare them in the face, when a band of Christian soldiers, falling on their knees, prayed for help. A peal of thunder, accompanied with heavy rain, was the immediate, and, as it seemed, miraculous response from the skies; and the soldiers, catching the precious drops in their helmets, drank and were saved.

Persecution at Lyons,
A.D. 177.

6. This event is said to have softened the emperor's feeling toward the Christians; but the change, if any, was very slight, for three years later a fierce persecution arose in the heart of Gaul, at Lyons and Vienne. Pothinus, the bishop, a feeble old man of ninety, died in a dungeon. Those Christians who were Roman citizens enjoyed the privilege of death by the sword; the rest were torn by wild beasts. The friends of the dead were denied even the poor consolation of burying their loved ones; for the mutilated bodies were burned to ashes, and scattered upon the waters of the Rhone. One Symphorian, a young man of Autun, a town not far from Lyons, was beheaded for refusing to fall on his knees before the car of the idol Cybele. As he went to execution, his soul was strengthened by his mother's voice, crying: "My son, my son, be steadfast; look up to him who dwells in heaven. To-day thy life is not taken from thee, but raised to a better!"

7. The reign of Septimius Severus was marked by a terrible persecution in Africa. By the same emperor a

law was passed, forbidding any one to become either a Jew or a Christian.

From many touching stories of those bitter days take one. A young mother, named Perpetua, aged only twenty-two, was arrested at Carthage for being a Christian. Her father was a pagan; but from her mother's lips she had learned to love Christ. When she was dragged before the magistrate, her gray-haired father prayed her earnestly to recant; but, pointing to a vessel that lay on the ground, she said, "Can I call this vessel what it is not?" "No." "Neither, then, can I call myself anything but a Christian." Her little baby was taken from her, and she was cast into a dark, crowded dungeon. There was no light in her desolate heart for some days, until her child was given to her again; and then, in her own tender words, "the dungeon became a palace." Before the trial came on, her father pleaded again with tears, and kisses, and words of agony, seeking to turn her from what he considered her obstinate folly. But all in vain. Neither her father's tears nor her baby's cries could wean her soul from Christ; and she died, with many others, torn to pieces in the circus by savage beasts, amid the yells of still more savage men.

*Story of
Perpetua.*

8. Maximin, the Thracian giant, who gained the purple by murder in 235, persecuted those Christian bishops who had been friends of his predecessor. In many provinces, too—Pontus and Cappadocia, for instance—the people, roused to fury by severe earthquakes,

*Massacres
in Pontus
and Cap-
padocia.*

fell upon the Christians, crying out that their blasphemies had brought these judgments on the land.

*The Decian
storm,
A.D. 249.*

9. Conquering Philip the Arabian, Decius Trajan ascended the throne; and then the long calm which the Christians of Rome had enjoyed was rudely broken. One great use of these persecutions was the sifting of the Church—the driving out of those who, in peaceful days, had become Christians from convenience merely or vanity. The gold was tested and refined in a fiery furnace. Decius seems to have resolved utterly to destroy Christianity. His hatred of the bishops was intense. Fabianus, the Roman bishop, was martyred. Both in Rome and the provinces imprisonment and torture awaited every faithful witness; and among the refinements of torture, hunger and thirst came into common use. But a rebellion in Macedonia and a Gothic war turned the attention of the emperor from the Christians, and by his death they soon gained a short breathing time.

*Valerian's
edict,
A.D. 258.*

10. In the fourth year of Valerian an edict was issued in unmistakable words—"Let bishops, presbyters, and deacons at once be put to the sword." The aim of this edict seems to have been to check Christianity by cutting off the heads of the Church. Sixtus, the Roman bishop, and four deacons were the first to suffer. But a more distinguished victim was Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, who, after having escaped the Decian storm, was now beheaded for refusing to sacrifice to the pagan idols. Va-

lerian having been defeated by Sapor, the Persian king, whose triumphal car he was forced to drag in chains, died in the far East. His son, Gallienus, restored to the Christians their burial-grounds and other property taken from them in the late reign. This was a great step, for it was a public acknowledgment that the Christian Church was a legal society; and it no doubt did much to save Christians from the wrath of the low-born fire-worshipper Aurelian, who became emperor in 270. A bigot by nature, and bent upon persecution, he yet allowed five years to slip away without striking a blow at the Cross. His murder in 275 left forty years of peace to the Church, which, like a sturdy young oak tree, amid all these great and frequent tempests, had been only striking its roots deeper, and taking a firmer grasp of the soil.

*Death of
Valerian.*

*Forty
years
of peace.*

11. Fiercest, widest, and last, was the persecution that broke out under Diocletian and Maximian. On the day of the feast Terminalia, at early dawn, the splendid church of Nicomedia, a city of Bithynia, where Diocletian had fixed his court, was broken open; all copies of the Bible found there were burned; and the walls were levelled to the ground by the imperial soldiers. This was done at the instigation of Galerius, the emperor's son-in-law. Next day a terrible edict appeared, commanding all Christian churches to be pulled down, all Bibles to be flung into the fire, and all Christians to be degraded from rank and honor. Scarcely was the proclamation posted up, when a Christian of noble rank tore

*The last
persecu-
tion, Feb.
23, A.D. 303.*

it to pieces. For this he was roasted to death. A fire, which broke out in the palace twice within a fortnight, was made a pretence for very violent dealings with the Christians. Those who refused to burn incense to idols were tortured or slain. Over all the empire the persecution raged, except in Gaul, Britain, and Spain, where Constantius Chlorus ruled. Yet there, too, it was slightly felt. Even after the abdication of the emperors in 305, Galerius kept the fires blazing; and so far did this pagan go in his miserable zeal, that he caused all the food in the markets to be sprinkled with wine or water used in sacrifice, that thus the Christians might be driven into some contact with idol-worship. With little rest for eight years, the whip and the rack, the tigers, the hooks of steel, and the red-hot beds, continued to do their deadly work. And then in 311, when life was fading from his dying eye, and the blood of martyrs lay dark upon his trembling soul, Galerius published an edict, permitting Christians to worship God in their own way. This was the turning-point in the great strife; and henceforward Roman heathenism rapidly decayed, until it was finally abolished by Theodosius in 394.

*Abdication
of Diocle-
tian and
Maximian.*

*Edict of
Galerius.*

*Suicide
of Nero.*

[In 68, Galba is proclaimed emperor and Nero kills himself. In 69, Galba falls victim to the revolt of Otho; Otho is defeated by Vitellius the Glutton; Vespasian is proclaimed emperor by his legions in Palestine, where Judea is in revolt. He leaves the command to his son Titus and goes to Rome. Vitellius has been put to death.]

THE SIEGE OF JERUSALEM

(A.D. 70)

HEINRICH GRAETZ

TITUS, the new heir to the imperial throne, at last made his appearance before Jerusalem (in the spring of 70), fully expecting that he would be able to force the city into submission; for it was almost a reproach to the Romans that this rebellious capital should have maintained her independence for four years. The prestige of the new imperial house seemed, in some measure, to depend upon the fall of Jerusalem; a protracted siege would necessarily imply weakness in the military power of Vespasian and his son.

*Titus
appears
before
Jerusalem.*

Although Titus was eagerly looking forward to the subjection of Judea, he could not think of commencing the siege of Jerusalem before the spring. But he collected an army of not less than eighty thousand men, who came, bringing with them the largest battering machines that had ever been used in the warfare of that time. Three traitors among the Judeans were most useful to him in his laborious undertakings—King Agrippa, who

*The three
Jewish
traitors.*

not only brought a contingent of men, but who also tried to influence the inhabitants of Jerusalem in favor of the Romans; Tiberius Alexander, who signalized his secession from Judaism by going into battle against his own nation; and Josephus, the constant companion of Titus, who, from being a prisoner, had become a guide in the country which he knew so well. Titus, inexperienced enough in the art of war, bade the Judean apostate stand by his side, and gave him the command of his own bodyguard (Prefectus pretorio). But the hostile factions had drawn together when this new danger threatened them. Shortly before the Passover festival, numbers of devoted men streamed into Jerusalem to defend their holy city. The elders and chiefs had sent messengers to the people living in the outlying provinces, praying for help, and their request was not made in vain. The walls of Jerusalem were fortified more strongly than ever. At last Titus assembled his huge army from all sides and encamped at Scopus-Zophim, north of Jerusalem. He instantly summoned the inhabitants to surrender; he only demanded submission, acknowledgment of the Roman rule, and payment of the taxes. Eager as he was to return to Rome, where all the enjoyments belonging to his great position were awaiting him, he was ready to deal gently with the Judeans. Besides which, his devotion to a Judean princess, who, in spite of her errors, still clung faithfully to the holy city, made him anxious to spare that city from

*The de-
fenders.*

*Siege
begins.*

destruction. But the Judeans refused all negotiation. They had sworn to defend their city with their lives, and would not hear of surrender. Then the siege began in earnest. All the gardens and groves to the north of Jerusalem, the first points of the attack, were recklessly destroyed. *First points of attack.*

Titus, anxious to reconnoitre the ground, advanced with a few followers to the north wall, where he narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. The first feat of arms on the part of the Judeans was crowned with success, and seemed a good omen for the future. For they surprised and totally discomfited the Tenth Legion, who were pitching their tents on the Mount of Olives. But, unfortunately, this skirmish proved fruitless, for the Judeans were obliged to retreat to their fortresses, not, however, without having convinced the Romans that they would have a desperate foe to encounter. The besiegers succeeded in pitching their camps on three sides of the city, and in raising their engines against the outer wall. Titus commenced operations during the Passover festival (March or April, 70), when he believed that the Judeans would not be willing to fight. But as soon as the engines were in working order they rushed like demons from their retreat, destroying the battering-rams, scattering the workmen, and bringing alarm and confusion upon the enemy. Not only the Zealots, but all who could carry arms, took part in the defence, the women setting splendid examples of heroism to the men, throwing *Desperate defence.*
Heroism of men and women.

*Outer wall
is taken.*

masses of stone upon their assailants, pouring boiling oil upon their heads, seizing the ponderous missiles that were hurled into the city, and turning them into tools of destruction against the Romans. But the latter succeeded in repairing their broken battering-rams, and in forcing the Judeans back from the outer wall. This wall, the scene of a desperate struggle, was at last taken by the Romans, who, while making themselves masters of it, seized the suburban town of Bezetha.

*Titus
crucifies 500
prisoners.*

*Famine
aids him.*

The skirmishes were now carried on daily, and with increasing bitterness. After seventeen days of unremitting labor the Romans succeeded in raising their banks opposite the Antonine tower. But John of Gischala and some heroic followers of Bar-Giora, creeping through a subterranean passage, destroyed these works by setting fire to them. With the ever-increasing danger grew the heroism of the besieged. All Josephus' persuasive words, prompted by Titus, were useless. There were but two courses left open to them—victory or death. At the very outset of the siege they had learned what they would have to expect from the Romans. Titus, surnamed "Delight of all Mankind," crucified five hundred of his prisoners in one day, and sent others back into the city after cutting off their hands. He was, however, forced to acknowledge to himself that the siege would be one of long duration. But the horrors of famine were soon to come to his assistance. All egress from and ingress into the besieged city being rigorously prevented, the pro-

visions began to fail among the thickly-crowded populace. Houses and streets were filled with unburied corpses, and the pangs of starvation seemed to destroy all feelings of pity in the unfortunate survivors. The prospect—a terrible one indeed—of a lingering death sent numbers of deserters to the Romans, where they met with a pitiful fate. As the number of these unfortunate fugitives increased, the Zealots treated those whom they suspected with still greater severity. A conspiracy being discovered among Bar-Giora's followers, that leader relentlessly punished the guilty with death. They were all beheaded in full view of the Roman camp, among them being Mathias Boëthus, of priestly family.

*Reprisals
of the
Zealots.*

But in spite of the watchfulness of the Zealots, they were unable to circumvent the traitors in all their designs. Those who were secretly friendly to Rome shot off on their arrow-heads written accounts concerning the state of the city, which fell into the enemy's camp. The Zealots struggled manfully to prevent the Romans from completing their earthworks, but at the end of twenty-one days the battering-rams were again pointing at the Antonine tower. The wall surrounding the fortress fell with a terrible crash, but what was the surprise and horror of the Romans, when they discovered that a second and inner wall had been erected behind the one they had succeeded in destroying. They tried hopelessly to storm it, the Judeans repulsing a nocturnal attack, the battle lasting until the following morning. It was about

*Surprise of
the Romans.*

The Judeans retire to the Temple.

this time that the daily sacrifices ceased, on account of the scarcity of the animals. Titus seized this opportunity again to summon the besieged to surrender, but the mere sight of the interpreter, who bore the message, aroused the indignation of the besieged. John of Gischala replied that the holy city could not be destroyed, and that God held her fate in his hands. The Judeans then withdrew to their last point of defence, the Temple. The battering-rams were raised against the sacred walls. The unfortunate people remorselessly destroyed the colonades leading to the Antonine tower, thus cutting off all connection with that fortress. They spared no craft to tire out the Romans, even setting fire to some of the pillars attached to the Temple, and then pretending to take flight. This stratagem brought the Romans climbing over the walls, where the Judeans lay in ambush to receive them, putting them to the sword or casting them into the flames. But the fire could not be extinguished, and the beautiful colonnade of the western side was entirely destroyed.

Horrors of famine.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of the city were suffering cruelly from famine, which was sapping their life, obliterating all distinctions between rich and poor, and giving free scope to the lowest passions. Money had lost its value, for it could not purchase bread. Men fought desperately in the streets over the most loathsome and disgusting food, a handful of straw, a piece of leather, or offal thrown to the dogs. The wealthy Martha, wife

of the High Priest Joshua ben Gamala, whose wont it had been to step on carpets from her house to the Temple, was found searching the town like the very poorest for a morsel of food, even of the most revolting description.

But as if no one line of the old prophecy concerning the doom of Judea should remain unfulfilled, a terrible scene was to be enacted which struck even the enemy with horror. A woman of the name of Miriam, who had fled from Perea to the capital, actually killed and devoured her own child.

*A woman
kills and
eats her
own child.*

The rapidly increasing number of unburied corpses made the sultry summer air pestilential, and the populace fell a prey to sickness, famine, and the sword. But the army of the besieged fought on with unbroken courage, they rushed to the battlefield, although fainting with hunger, and surrounded by grim pictures of death, as bravely as had been their wont in the early days of the siege. The Romans were amazed at the unflinching heroism of the Zealots, at their devotion to the Sanctuary and to the cause of their people. In fact, they grew to look upon them as invincible, and stimulated by this belief some few of their number were actually known to desert their colors and their faith and to accept Judaism, convincing themselves, in their turn, that the holy city could never fall into the hands of the enemy. Proud as the Judeans well might be of these voluntary proselytes, at this the supreme moment of their history, they

*The Romans are
dispirited.*

volunteered to guard them as best they could from the horrors of starvation.

Meanwhile, the Romans had begun to batter the outer walls of the courts of the Temple. For six days they had been working in vain, and had then tried to fix their scaling ladders and storm the walls. But as they were repulsed with great loss of life, Titus relinquished his hopes of sparing the sacred edifice, and ordered his men to set fire to the gates. For a whole night and the next day the fire raged fiercely; then Titus commanded that it should be extinguished, and that a road should be levelled for the advance of his legions. A council of war was hastily summoned to decide upon the fate of the Sanctuary. This council consisted of six of the chief generals of the army, three of whom advised the destruction of the Temple, which, if spared, would inevitably remain as a focus for rebellion. Titus was opposed to this decision, partly on account of the Princess Berenice's feelings, and three of the council agreeing with their leader, it was decided to take the Temple, but not to destroy it.

*The fate
of the
Sanctuary.*

On the 9th Ab, the Judeans made another desperate sally, but were driven back by an overpowering force of the besiegers. But the hour of the city's doom was about to strike, and in striking leave an echo that would ring through centuries yet to come. The besieged attempted one more furious onslaught upon their enemies. They were again defeated, and again driven back to their

*A furious
sortie.*

sheltering walls. But this time they were closely followed by the Romans, one of whom seizing a burning firebrand, mounted upon a comrade's shoulders, and flung his terrible missile through the so-called golden window of the Temple. The fire blazed up; it caught the wooden beams of the sanctuary, and rose in flames heavenward. At this sight the bravest of the Judeans recoiled terror-stricken. Titus hurried to the spot with his troops, and shouted to the soldiers to extinguish the flames. But no one heeded him. The maddened soldiery plunged into the courts of the Temple, murdering all who came within their reach, and hurling their firebrands into the blazing building. Titus, unable to control his legions, and urged by curiosity, penetrated into the Holy of Holies.

The Temple is fired.

Titus endeavors to restrain his soldiers.

Penetrates the Sanctuary himself.

Meanwhile the Judeans, desperate in their death agonies, closed wildly with their assailants. The shouts of victory, the shrieks of despair, the fierce hissing of the flames, making the very earth tremble and the air vibrate, rose in one hideous din, which echoed from the tottering walls of the Sanctuary to the mountain heights of Judea. There were congregated clusters of trembling people from all the country round, who beheld in the ascending flames the sign that the glory of their nation had departed forever. Many of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, unwilling to outlive their beloved Temple, cast themselves headlong into the burning mass. But thousands of men, women, and children, in spite of the

Massacre and sack.

fierce onslaught of the legions and the rapidly increasing flames, clung fondly to the inner court. For had they not been promised by the persuasive lips of the false prophets, that God would save them by a miracle at the very moment of destruction? Alas! they fell but an easier prey to the Romans, who slew some six thousand on the spot. The Temple was burned to the ground, and only a few smouldering ruins were left, rising like gigantic ghosts from the ashes. A few of the priests had escaped to the tops of the walls, where they remained without food for some days, until they were compelled to surrender. Titus ordered their instant execution, saying "Priests must fall with their Temple." The conquering legions raised their standards in the midst of the ruins, sacrificed to their gods in the Holy Place, and saluted Titus as emperor. By a strange coincidence the second Temple had fallen upon the anniversary of the destruction of the first Temple (10th Ab, 70). Titus, who could no longer feel bound to respect the feelings of the Princess Berenice, gave orders that the Acra and Ophla, different parts of the city, should be instantly set on fire.

*Titus
executes
the priests.*

But the struggle was not yet over. The leaders of the rebellion had retreated to the upper city with some of their followers. There they conferred with Titus. John and Simon, having sworn that they would never lay down their arms, offered to surrender upon the condition that they would be permitted to pass armed through

the Roman camp. But Titus sternly bade them throw themselves upon his mercy; and so the fierce strife blazed out anew. On the 20th of Ab, the Romans began to raise their embankments, and, after eighteen days of labor, the siege of the upper city commenced. Even then the Zealots would not think of surrender. Discovering that the Idumeans were secretly making terms with Titus, they threw some of the ringleaders into prison, and executed others. But the Judean warriors were exhausted by their superhuman resistance and by their long famine, and the Romans were at last able to scale the walls and to seize the fortresses, a prelude to their spreading through the city, plundering and murdering the last of the wretched inhabitants. On the 8th of Elul, they set fire to all that remained of Jerusalem, the upper city, known by the name of Zion. The walls were entirely levelled, Titus leaving only the three fortresses of Hippicus, Mariame, and Phasaël to stand as lasting witnesses of his victory. Under the ruins of Jerusalem and her Temple lay buried the last remnant of Judea's independence. More than a million of lives had been lost during the siege. Counting those who had fallen in Galilee, Perea, and the provinces, it may be assumed that the Judeans who inhabited their native land were almost destroyed.

Siege of the upper city.

Zion is destroyed and razed.

Once more did Zion sit weeping among the ruins, weeping over her sons fallen in battle, over her daughters sold in slavery or abandoned to the savage soldiery

of Rome; but she was more desolate now than in the days of her first captivity, for hushed was the voice of the prophet, who once foretold the end of her widowhood and her mourning.

The Colosseum is begun.

[In 70, the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum are begun. In 78, Agricola begins the complete subjugation of Britain. In 79, Titus succeeds to the empire. Pompeii, situated at the base of Mount Vesuvius, is among the towns completely buried in a tremendous eruption of the volcano, which pours torrents of fine ash and molten lava over the surrounding countryside.]

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS

(A.D. 79)

PLINY

YOUR request ¹ that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, merits my acknowledgments; for, if the glorious circumstances which occasioned this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the manner of his exit will be rendered forever illustrious. Notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at this time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many works which will descend to the latest times; yet, I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I deem those to be whom the gods have distinguished with the abilities either of performing such actions as are worthy of being related, or of relating them in a

*Pliny
writes for
posterity.*

¹ Letter to Tacitus.

*Tribute to
the elder
Pliny.*

*The Plinys
notice an
unnatural
cloud.*

manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon endowments; and in that number my uncle, as his own writings and your history will prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands; and I should, indeed, have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was, at that time, with the fleet under his command, at Misenum.² On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from enjoying the benefit of the sun, and, after bathing in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study; he immediately arose, and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might more distinctly view this very singular phenomenon. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterward to proceed from Vesuvius. I can not give you a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree; for it shot up a great height in the form of a tall trunk, which spread at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I suppose, either that the force of the internal vapors which impelled the cloud upward, decreased in strength as it advanced, or that the cloud, being pressed back by its own weight, expanded itself in the manner I have mentioned; it appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes

² In the Gulf of Naples.

dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This uncommon appearance excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He accordingly ordered a light vessel to be prepared, and offered me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue the employment in which I was engaged; for it happened that he had given me a certain writing to copy. As he was going out of the house with his tablets in his hand, he was met with the mariners belonging to the galleys stationed at Retina, from which they had fled in the utmost terror; for that port being situated at the foot of Vesuvius, they had no other way to escape than by sea. They conjured him, therefore, not to proceed and expose his life to imminent and inevitable danger. In compliance with their advice, he changed his original intention, and, instead of gratifying his philosophical spirit, he resigned it to the more magnanimous principle of aiding the distressed. With this view, he ordered the fleet immediately to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Retina, but the several other towns which stood thick upon that beautiful coast. Hastening to the place, therefore, from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the appearance and progress of that dreadful scene. He was

The elder Pliny wishes to observe it more closely.

He is begged not to proceed thither.

Pliny resolves to aid the distressed.

*Cinders
fall into
the ships.*

*Notwith-
standing
the perils,
he rescues
a friend.*

*Pliny goes
calmly to
the bath
and supper.*

now so near the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the more he advanced, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones, and black pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger, not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountains, and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back; to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "befriends the brave; steer to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ,³ separated by a gulf which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. Pomponianus had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet, being within the view of it, and, indeed, extremely near, he was determined, if it should in the least increase, to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation; and embracing him with tenderness, he encouraged and exhorted him to keep up his spirits. The more to dissipate his fears, he ordered his servants, with an air of unconcern, to carry him to the baths; and, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of cheerfulness. In the meanwhile, the fire from Vesuvius flamed forth from several parts of the mountain with

³ Now called Castel è Mar di Stabia, in the Gulf of Naples.

great violence: which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to calm the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the conflagration of the villages, which the country people had abandoned. After this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for being corpulent and breathing hard, the attendants in the antechamber actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, it would have been impossible for him, if he had continued there any longer, to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and joined Pomponianus and the rest of the company, who had not been sufficiently unconcerned to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or flee to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though levigated indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened them with instant destruction. In this distress, they resolved for the fields, as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out, then, having pillows tied about their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them.

The eruption forces flight.

*Extraordi-
nary dark-
ness.*

It was now day everywhere else, but *there* a deeper darkness prevailed than in the blackest night; which, however, was in some degree dissipated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought it expedient to go down further upon the shore, in order to observe if they might safely put out to sea; but they found the waves still running high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, laid himself down upon a sail-cloth which was spread for him; when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong smell of sulphur, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor, as having always had weak lungs, and being frequently subject to a difficulty of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence, exactly in the same posture in which he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time, my mother and I, who were at Misenum— But as this has no connection with your history, so your inquiry went no further than concerning my uncle's death; with that, therefore, I will put a end to my letter. Suffer me only to add that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eyewitness of myself, or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the

*Pliny is
overcome
by the nox-
ious vapors.*

*His body is
found on
the third
day.*

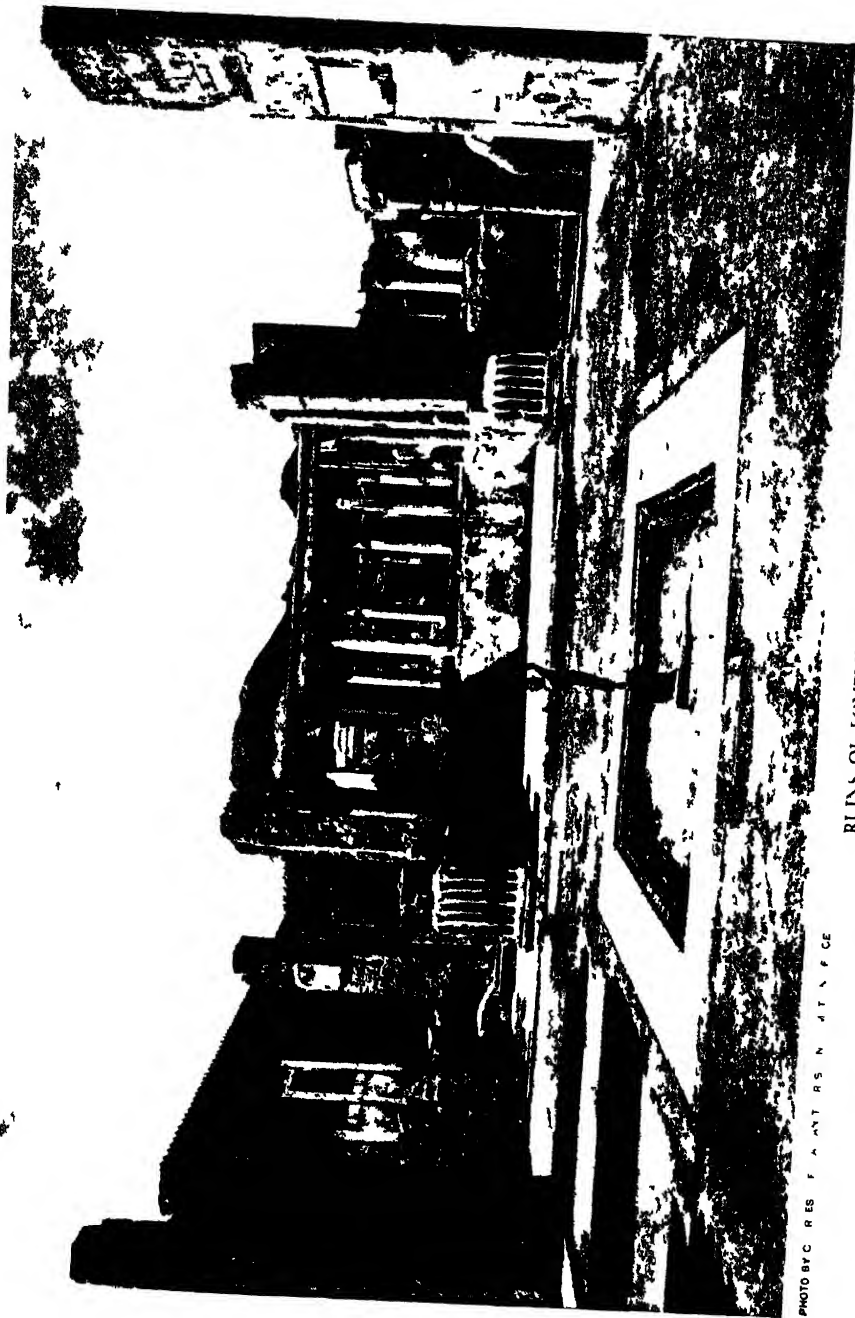


PHOTO BY C. R. E. S. F. A. N. T. R. S. N. A. T. N. F. G. E.

RUINS OF TEMPLE II (Uxucatlán)

truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between writing a letter and composing a history; between addressing a friend and addressing the public. Farewell.

The letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you, concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, the account in my former broke off—

*The
younger
Pliny con-
tinues his
narrative.*

“Though my shock’d soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.”⁴

My uncle having left us, I continued the employment which prevented my going with him till it was time to bathe, after which I went to supper, and then fell into a short and unquiet sleep. There had been, during many days before, some shocks of an earthquake, which the less alarmed us, as they are frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent that night that they not only shook everything about us, but seemed, indeed, to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I knew not whether I should call my behavior in this perilous conjuncture,

⁴ Virgil.

*Violent
earthquake
shocks.*

courage or rashness; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if I had been perfectly at my ease. While we were in this situation, a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from Spain to make him a visit, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, reproved her patience and my security; nevertheless, I still went on with my author. It was now morning, but the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered, and, though we stood upon open ground, yet, as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining without imminent danger; we therefore resolved to leave the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and (as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being advanced at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most hazardous and tremendous scene. The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated backward and forward, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain, at least, the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea-animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous

*The ter-
rors of sea
and sky.*

serpentine vapor, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this, our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me, with great warmth and earnestness: "If your brother and uncle," said he, "is safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him. Why, therefore, do you delay your escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we replied, while we were uncertain of his; upon which our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterward the cloud seemed to descend and cover the whole ocean, as, indeed, it entirely hid the island of Caprea⁵ and the promontory of Misenum. My mother conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily effect; as for herself, she said her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however, she would willingly meet death, if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and, taking her by the hand, I led her on. She complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for being the occasion of retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent.

Pliny and his mother unwilling to flee.

Pliny and his mother escape.

⁵ Now Capri.

*The fright-
ful dark-
ness and
conster-
nation*

I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest she should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarcely stepped out of the path, when darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights extinct. Nothing, then, was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy both the gods and the world together. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frightened multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length, a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in fact it was) than the return of day; however, the fire fell at a distance from us. Then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been overwhelmed and buried in the heap. I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped from me,

had not my support been founded on that miserable, though strong, consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined I was perishing with the world itself. At last this terrible darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered with ashes as with a deep snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though, indeed, with a much larger share of the latter; for the earth still continued to shake, while several enthusiastic persons ran wildly among the people, throwing out terrifying predictions, and making a kind of frantic sport of their own and their friends' wretched situation. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no intention of leaving Misenum till we should receive some account of my uncle.

*The day
dawns
at last.*

*Pliny and
his mother
return to
Misenum.*

[In 81, Domitian succeeds his brother, Titus, and, in 96, is assassinated. Trajan wages war against the Dacians (101-107), and Dacia (Wallachia, Moldavia, Eastern Hungary and Transylvania) is made a Roman province. In 113, Trajan's Column is completed at Rome. Trajan conquers the Parthians in 116, and dies in Cilicia. A bit-

*Trajan
wages war.*

ter war, between Rome and a great confederacy of the German nations, lasts from 167 to 176, when Marcus Antoninus finally defeats them. Civil wars distract the empire from 192 to 197. Severus becomes emperor in 193 and relaxes military discipline. On his death, in 211, military insurrections, civil wars and assassinations of the emperors recommence. In 226, Artaxerxes overthrows the Parthian kingdom, restores Persian royalty and attacks the Roman possessions in the East. The Goths invade the empire in 250, and the Emperor Decius is defeated and slain. For the next ten years, the Franks and Alemanni invade Gaul, Spain and Africa; the Goths attack Asia Minor and Greece; the Persians conquer Armenia and defeat and capture the Emperor Valerian. The succeeded emperors, Gallienus, Claudius and Aurelian, meet with some success against the barbarians. Aurelian (270-275) makes peace with the Goths by sacrificing Dacia. His many successes against the barbarians gain for him the title, "Restorer of the Universal Empire." One of his most brilliant campaigns was that against Palmyra.]

*Aurelian's
successes.*

FALL OF ZENOBIA AND PALMYRA

(A.D. 273)

EDWARD GIBBON

AURELIAN had no sooner secured the person and provinces of Tetricus, than he turned his arms against Zenobia, the celebrated queen of Palmyra and the East. Modern Europe has produced several illustrious women who have sustained with glory the weight of empire; nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But if we except the doubtful achievements of Semiramis, Zenobia is perhaps the only female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor, Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valor. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely, as well as the most heroic, of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for, in speaking of a lady, these trifles become important). Her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered

*Character
of Zenobia.*

A.D. 272.

*Her
beauty and
learning.*

by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed in equal perfection the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up for her own use an epitome of oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato under the tuition of the sublime Longinus.

Her valor.

This accomplished woman gave her hand to Odenathus, who, from a private station, raised himself to the dominion of the East. She soon became the friend and companion of a hero. In the intervals of war, Odenathus passionately delighted in the exercise of hunting; he pursued with ardor the wild beasts of the desert, lions, panthers, and bears; and the ardor of Zenobia in that dangerous amusement was not inferior to his own. She had inured her constitution to fatigue, disdained the use of a covered carriage, generally appeared on horseback in a military habit, and sometimes marched several miles on foot at the head of the troops. The success of Odenathus was, in a great measure, ascribed to her incomparable prudence and fortitude. Their splendid victories over the great king, whom they twice pursued as far as the gates of Ctesiphon, laid the foundations of their united fame and power. The armies which they commanded, and the provinces which they had saved, acknowledged not any other sovereigns than their invinci-

ble chiefs. The Senate and people of Rome revered a stranger who had avenged their captive emperor, and even the insensible son of Valerian accepted Odenathus for his legitimate colleague.

After a successful expedition against the Gothic plunderers of Asia, the Palmyrenian prince returned to the city of Emesa in Syria. Invincible in war, he was there cut off by treason.

With the assistance of his most faithful friends, Zenobia immediately filled the vacant throne, and governed with manly counsels Palmyra, Syria, and the East, above five years. By the death of Odenathus, that authority was at an end which the Senate had granted him only as a personal distinction; but his martial widow, disdaining both the Senate and Gallienus, obliged one of the Roman generals, who was sent against her, to retreat into Europe, with the loss of his army and his reputation. Instead of the little passions which so frequently perplex a female reign, the steady administration of Zenobia was guided by the most judicious maxims of policy. If it was expedient to pardon, she could calm her resentment; if it was necessary to punish, she could impose silence on the voice of pity. Her strict economy was accused of avarice; yet on every proper occasion she appeared magnificent and liberal. The neighboring states of Arabia, Armenia, and Persia, dreaded her enmity, and solicited her alliance. To the dominions of Odenathus, which extended from the Euphrates to the

*She reigns
over the
East and
Egypt.*

frontiers of Bithynia, his widow added the inheritance of her ancestors, the populous and fertile kingdom of Egypt. The Emperor Claudius acknowledged her merit, and was content, that, while *he* pursued the Gothic war, *she* should assert the dignity of the empire in the East. The conduct, however, of Zenobia was attended with some ambiguity; nor is it unlikely that she had conceived the design of erecting an independent and hostile monarchy. She blended with the popular manners of Roman princes the stately pomp of the courts of Asia, and exacted from her subjects the same adoration that was paid to the successors of Cyrus. She bestowed on her three sons a Latin education, and often showed them to the troops adorned with the imperial purple. For herself she reserved the diadem, with the splendid but doubtful title of Queen of the East.

Her designs.

When Aurelian passed over into Asia, against an adversary whose sex alone could render her an object of contempt, his presence restored obedience to the province of Bithynia, already shaken by the arms and intrigues of Zenobia. Advancing at the head of his legions, he accepted the submission of Ancyra, and was admitted into Tyana, after an obstinate siege, by the help of a perfidious citizen. Antioch was deserted on his approach, till the emperor, by his salutary edicts, recalled the fugitives, and granted a general pardon to all who, from necessity rather than choice, had been engaged in the service of the Palmyrenian queen. The unexpected

The expedition of Aurelian, A.D. 272.

mildness of such a conduct reconciled the minds of the Syrians, and, as far as the gates of Emesa, the wishes of the people seconded the terror of his arms.

Zenobia would have ill deserved her reputation, had she indolently permitted the Emperor of the West to approach within a hundred miles of her capital. The fate of the East was decided in two great battles. In both, the Queen of Palmyra animated the armies by her presence, and devolved the execution of her orders on Zabdas, who had already signalized his military talents by the conquest of Egypt. After the defeat of Emesa, Zenobia found it impossible to collect a third army. As far as the frontier of Egypt, the nations subject to her empire had joined the standard of the conqueror, who detached Probus, the bravest of his generals, to possess himself of the Egyptian provinces. Palmyra was the last resource of the widow of Odenathus. She retired within the walls of her capital, made every preparation for a vigorous resistance, and declared, with the intrepidity of a heroine, that the last moment of her reign and of her life should be the same.

He defeats the Palmyrenians in the battles of Antioch and Emesa.

In his march over the sandy desert between Emesa and Palmyra, the Emperor Aurelian was perpetually harassed by the Arabs; nor could he always defend his army, and especially his baggage, from those flying troops of active and daring robbers, who watched the moment of surprise, and eluded the slow pursuit of the legions. The siege of Palmyra was an object far more

Palmyra besieged by Aurelian.

*Aurelian's
letter.*

difficult and important, and the emperor, who with incessant vigor pressed the attack in person, was himself wounded with a dart. "The Roman people," says Aurelian, in an original letter, "speak with contempt of the war which I am waging against a woman. They are ignorant both of the character and of the power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations, of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons. Every part of the walls is provided with two or three *balistae*, and artificial fires are thrown from her military engines. The fear of punishment has armed her with a desperate courage. Yet still I trust in the protecting deities of Rome, who have hitherto been favorable to all my undertakings."

Doubtful, however, of the protection of the gods, and of the event of the siege, Aurelian judged it more prudent to offer terms of an advantageous capitulation; to the queen, a splendid retreat; to the citizens, their ancient privileges. His proposals were obstinately rejected, and the refusal was accompanied with insult.

*Aurelian
becomes
master of
Zenobia
and of
the city.*

The firmness of Zenobia was supported by the hope that, in a very short time, famine would compel the Roman army to repossess the desert; and by the reasonable expectation that the kings of the East, and particularly the Persian monarch, would arm in the defence of their most natural ally. But fortune and the perseverance of Aurelian overcame every obstacle. The death of Sapor, which happened about this time, distracted the councils

of Persia, and the inconsiderable succors that attempted to relieve Palmyra, were easily intercepted either by the arms or the liberality of the emperor. From every part of Syria, a regular succession of convoys safely arrived in the camp, which was increased by the return of Probus with his victorious troops from the conquest of Egypt. It was then that Zenobia resolved to fly. She mounted the fleetest of her dromedaries, and had already reached the banks of the Euphrates, about sixty miles from Palmyra, when she was overtaken by the pursuit of Aurelian's light horse, seized, and brought back a captive to the feet of the emperor. Her capital soon afterward surrendered, and was treated with unexpected lenity. *His lenity.* The arms, horses, and camels, with an immense treasure of gold, silver, silk, and precious stones, were all delivered to the conqueror, who, leaving only a garrison of six hundred archers, returned to Emesa, and employed some time in the distribution of rewards and punishments at the end of so memorable a war, which restored to the obedience of Rome those provinces that had renounced their allegiance since the captivity of Valerian.

Returning from the conquest of the East, Aurelian had already crossed the straits which divide Europe from Asia, when he was provoked by the intelligence that the Palmyrenians had massacred the governor and garrison which he had left among them, and again erected the standard of revolt. Without a moment's deliberation, he *Renewed rebellion of Palmyra.*

once more turned his face toward Syria. Antioch was alarmed by his rapid approach, and the helpless city of Palmyra felt the irresistible weight of his resentment. We have a letter of Aurelian himself, in which he acknowledges that old men, women, children, and peasants had been involved in that dreadful execution, which should have been confined to armed rebellion; and although his principal concern seems directed to the re-establishment of a temple of the sun, he discovers some pity for the remnant of the Palmyrenians, to whom he grants the permission of rebuilding and inhabiting their city. But it is easier to destroy than to restore. The seat of commerce, of arts, and of Zenobia, gradually sunk into an obscure town, a trifling fortress, and at length a miserable village.

*Palmyra
sinks into
obscurity.*

Since the foundation of Rome, no general had more nobly deserved a triumph than Aurelian; nor was a triumph ever celebrated with superior pride and magnificence. The pomp was opened by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and above two hundred of the most curious animals from every climate of the north, the east, and the south. They were followed by sixteen hundred gladiators, devoted to the cruel amusement of the amphitheatre. The wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of so many conquered nations, and the magnificent plate and wardrobe of the Syrian queen, were disposed in exact symmetry or artful disorder. The ambassadors of the most remote parts of the earth, of Ethiopia, Arabia,

*Triumph of
Aurelian.*

Persia, Bactriana, India, and China, all remarkable by their rich or singular dresses, displayed the fame and power of the Roman emperor, who exposed likewise to the public view the presents that he had received, and particularly a great number of crowns of gold, the offerings of grateful cities. The victories of Aurelian were attested by the long train of captives who reluctantly attended his triumph, Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians. Each people was distinguished by its peculiar inscription, and the title of Amazons was bestowed on ten martial heroines of the Gothic nation who had been taken in arms. But every eye, disregarding the crowd of captives, was fixed on the Emperor Tetricus, and the Queen of the East. The former, as well as his son, whom he had created Augustus, was dressed in Gallic trousers, a saffron tunic, and robe of purple. The beauteous figure of Zenobia was confined by fetters of gold; a slave supported the gold chain which encircled her neck, and she almost fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels. She preceded on foot the magnificent chariot in which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome. It was followed by two other chariots, still more sumptuous, of Odenathus and of the Persian monarch. The triumphal car of Aurelian (it had formerly been used by a Gothic king) was drawn, on this memorable occasion, either by four stags or by four elephants. The most illustrious of the Senate, the people, and the army, closed the solemn procession.

*Various
captives.*

*Zenobia led
a captive in
Aurelian's
triumph.*

*The first
Christian
emperor.*

[Diocletian divides and reorganizes the empire in 285. After his abdication, in 305, there is a period of renewed confusion and civil war. The empire is reunited by Constantine, the first Christian emperor, in 324. Six years later he removes the seat of government to Byzantium, where he founds a new city.]

THE FOUNDING OF CONSTANTINOPE

(A.D. 330)

WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER

THE reign of Constantine is remarkable in Roman history for three reasons: he was the first emperor professing Christianity; he adopted a new policy, in which we can detect some foreshadows of the speedy decay of the Western Empire; he founded a new capital, thus giving a powerful impulse to that separation of the Empire into East and West, which began under Diocletian in 286, and was completed in 364, when the brothers Valens and Valentinian wore the purple.

Constantine the Great was born at Naissus in Dacia; *Birth of Constantine, A.D. 274*
some say at Drepanum in Bithynia. His father was Constantius Chlorus (the Sallow), who ruled Gaul, Britain, and Spain; his mother Helena was the daughter of an innkeeper.

The mother being divorced, the son, who shared her fall, was left at eighteen with little fortune but his sword.

Taking service under Diocletian, he fought his way up in Egyptian and Persian wars to be a tribune of the first rank; and so popular did the brave youth become with the soldiers that Galerius, Emperor of the East, began to look upon him with a jealous eye. Just then came word that Constantius, whose health was failing, wished to see his long-estranged son. Setting out at night from Nicomedia, Constantine hurried overland to join his father at Boulogne. Together they crossed to Britain, where soon afterward the father died at York.

*Proclaimed
emperor.*

Constantine, at once proclaimed emperor by the soldiers of the West, wrote, announcing the event, to Galerius, who in answer acknowledged him as his father's successor, but conferred on him only the title of *Caesar*, reserving the higher step *Augustus* for a favorite friend. This, no doubt, galled Constantine at the moment; but, like a man of prudence, he was content to bide his time.

*Six emper-
ors at once,
A.D. 308.*

Two years later the world saw a strange sight, without parallel before or since—six emperors dividing the Roman dominion among them. In the West were Maximian, his son Maxentius, and Constantine; in the East Galerius, Licinius, and Maximin. Maximian, once the colleague of Diocletian, had already bestowed on Constantine the hand of his daughter Fausta, and the title of Augustus.

But among six emperors there could be little union. Every man's hand was soon turned against his fellow.

The first to die was old Maximian, who, falling into the hands of his son-in-law at Marseilles, was there slain in secret. The death of Galerius, from disease caused by intemperance, reduced the list still further. And then Constantine, with a sword sharpened by six years' successful war in Gaul, crossed the Alps to do battle with the effeminate Maxentius. Susa, at the foot of Mount Cenis, was stormed in a single day. Forty miles further on, at Turin, he scattered an army strong in mail-clad cavalry. Milan and Verona then fell; and the way to Rome was open.

At the Red Rocks (Saxa Rubra), nine miles from Rome, he found the army of Maxentius in line of battle, the Tiber guarding their rear. Constantine led on his Gallic horse, and made short work of the unwieldy masses of cavalry that covered his rival's flanks. The Italian footmen of the centre then fled almost without striking a blow. Thousands were driven into the Tiber. The brave Pretorians, despairing of mercy, died in heaps where they stood. A bridge near the modern Ponte Milvio was so choked with the flying soldiers that Maxentius, in trying to struggle through the crowd, was pushed into the water, and drowned by his weighty armor.

*Battle of the
Red Rocks,*
A.D. 312.

Writers of the time tell us that, before this battle, Constantine saw the vision of a cross hung in the sky, with the Greek words, 'Εν τούτῳ νίχα ("In this conquer"), written in letters of light. Henceforth his troops marched under a standard called Labarum, the top of which was

*Vision of
the cross,*
A.D. 313.

adorned with a mystic X, representing at once the cross and the initial letter of the Greek word Christ.

A.D. 313.

Entering Rome in triumph, he began at once to secure his victory. The Pretorian guards were disbanded, and scattered forever. The tax, which Maxentius had occasionally levied on the senate under the name of a free gift, was made lasting. Three of the six emperors now remained. But, war soon breaking out between Maximin and Licinius, the former was defeated near Heraclea, and died in a few months at Tarsus, most likely by poison. The two emperors then shared the power between them; Constantine holding the West and Licinius the East.

A quarrel soon arose, as might be expected from the nature of the men—Constantine, pushing, clever, and by no means troubled with a tender conscience; Licinius, underhand, artful, dangerous. It made no matter that the sister of Constantine was the wife of Licinius. War was begun. At Cibalis in Pannonia, and on the plain of Mardia in Thrace, Constantine was victorious; and the beaten emperor was compelled to yield as the price of peace all his European dominions except Thrace.

*Invasion of
Goths and
Sarmatians.*

There was then peace between the rivals for nearly eight years, during which the most notable event was a war with the Goths and Sarmatians (322). They had long been mustering on the north bank of the Danube, and now poured their swarms upon Illyricum. But they had to deal with a resolute soldier, who drove them with

hard and heavy blows back over the broad stream, and followed them into their strongest holds.

Then, in the flush of victory, he turned his sword again upon Licinius. At once all Thrace glittered with arms, and the Hellespont was white with sails. A victory, gained by Constantine at Adrianople, drove the Emperor of the East into Byzantium. Besieged there, he held out a while; but, the passage of the Hellespont being forced by Crispus, Constantine's eldest son, who led a few small ships to attack a great fleet of three-deckers, he was forced into Asia, where he was finally vanquished on the hills of Chrysopolis, now Scutari. In spite of his wife's prayers and tears, he was executed a few months later at Thessalonica, when his death left Constantine sole master of the Roman world.

*Death of
Licinius
A.D. 324.*

This emperor, influenced perhaps by his mother's early teaching, favored Christianity. He did not openly forbid Paganism, but chose rather to work by ridicule and neglect. Some rites he abolished, and some temples he closed, but only those notorious for fraud or indecency. Without depressing Paganism, he raised the new creed to the level of the old. With public money he repaired the old churches and built new ones, so that in every great city the Pagan temples were faced by Christian churches of architecture richer and more beautiful than ever. The Christian clergy were freed from taxes. Sunday was proclaimed a day of rest. And, to crown all, he removed the seat of government to a new capital, which

was essentially a Christian city, for nowhere did a Pagan temple blot the streets, shining with the white marble of Proconnesus.

*First General Council
in A.D. 325.*

In the controversies of the Church the emperor took an active but changeable part, and attended in person the first general council of bishops, held at Nicea, in Bithynia, to decide on the case of Arius, who denied the divinity of Christ. Arius was banished; but, three years afterward, Constantine, who regarded the whole question as one of slight importance, restored him to his church at Alexandria.

*Site of the
new
capital.*

The spot where Byzantium had already stood for more than 900 years was chosen as the site of the new capital. While besieging Licinius there, Constantine saw how from that central position a strong hand, wielding the sceptre of the world, could strike east or west with equal suddenness and force. At the southern end of the Bosphorus a promontory of the Thracian shore—washed on the south by the Sea of Marmora (then called Propontis), and on the north by the fine harbor of the Golden Horn—runs to within 600 yards of Asia. Seven hills rise there; and on these the city lay, commanding at once two great continents and two great inland seas.

*It commands two
continents.*

The emperor, spear in hand, heading a long line of nobles, marked out the boundary of the wall. As mile after mile went by, all wondered at the growing space; yet he still went on. "I shall advance," said he, "till the

invisible guide who marches before me thinks right to stop."

Gold without stint was lavished on the new buildings. Bronzes and marbles, wrought by the chisels of Phidias and Lysippus, were stolen from Greece and Asia to adorn the public walks. When those senators, whom the gifts and invitations of the emperor had induced to remove from Rome, reached the shores of the Bosphorus, they found waiting to receive them palaces built exactly after the model of those they had left behind. On the day of dedication the city received the name of New Rome; but this title was soon exchanged for that borne ever since—Constantinople. One result of this great change, which reduced Rome to a second-rate city, was to concentrate for a time, in the old capital, more intensely than ever, all the bitterness of Paganism. The new capital soon became the centre of a separate empire, which survived the old for nearly a thousand years.

*Its dedica-
tion, May 11
A.D. 330.*

The new policy of Constantine was marked by three chief features. 1. He scattered titles of nobility with an unsparing hand, so that there was no end of "Illustrious," "Respectable," "Most Honorable," "Most Perfect," "Egregious," men about the court. The Asiatic fashion of piling up adjectives and nouns to make swelling names of honor became all the rage; and on every side was heard, "Your Gravity," or "Your Sincerity," or "Your Sublime and Wonderful Magnitude." 2. He laid direct and heavier taxes upon the people. Forty millions

*Constantine's new
policy.*

were poured into his treasury every year. These taxes, paid chiefly in gold, but also in kind, were collected by the Curials, men high in the magistracy of the towns; and if there was any deficiency, they were compelled to make it up out of their own property. 3. In the army great and fatal changes were made. The military service was separated from the civil government, and placed under the direction of eight Masters-General. The famous legions were broken up into small bands. Numbers of Goths and other barbarians were enlisted in the Roman service, and taught to use arms, which they afterward turned upon their masters. And a distinction was made between the troops of the court and the troops of the frontier. The latter, bearing all the hard blows, received but scanty rewards; while the former, rejoicing in high pay, and living in cities among baths and theatres, speedily lost all courage and skill.

*The legions
broken up.*

The last years of Constantine were occupied with a successful war against the Goths, undertaken in aid of the Sarmatians. Three hundred thousand of the latter nation were settled under Roman protection in Thrace and Macedonia, no doubt to serve as a rampart against the encroachments of other tribes.

Constantine died at Nicomedia, aged sixty-four. He is said to have been baptized on his death-bed by an Arian bishop. According to his own last request, his body was carried over to Constantinople; and, while it lay there on a golden bed, a poor mockery of kingship,

crowned and robed in purple, every day, at the usual hour of levee, the great officers of state came to bow before the lifeless clay.

When we strip away the tinsel with which Eusebius and similar writers have decked the character of this man, we are forced to believe that there was little grand or heroic about him except his military skill. He slew his father-in-law; and, in later days, meanly jealous of justly-won laurels, he hurried his eldest son, the gallant young Crispus, from a gay feast in Rome to die by a secret and sudden death. Many of his strokes of policy were terrible blunders, full of future ruin; and his boasted profession of Christianity seems to have been scarcely better than a mere pretence, made to serve the aims of an unrelenting and unscrupulous ambition.

*Death and
character
of Constantine.*

THE GROWTH OF THE PAPACY

WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER

OUR knowledge of the Papacy in its earliest days is very dim and uncertain. Peter, the fisherman of Galilee, who, as tradition relates, was crucified with his head downward about 66, is claimed by the advocates of the Papal system, but without a shadow of historical proof, as first Bishop of Rome. No doubt for many a day the bishops of Rome were humble dwellers in a mean suburb, scouted as Jews, and despised as the apostles of some wild Eastern heresy by the magnificent priesthood of Jupiter and Apollo; and, when they did gain a place in the public eye, it was as noble witnesses for the truth, sealing their faith with their blood. Out of thirty Roman bishops of the first three centuries, nineteen suffered martyrdom. Thus cradled in darkness and baptized in blood, the great power of the imperial see struggled through the years of its infancy.

Its beginning.

Nineteen martyrs.

At first the history of the Roman Church is identical with the history of Christian truth. But unhappily there

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

came a time when streams of poison began to flow from the once pure fountain.

Before the close of the First Century Christian churches were scattered over all the known world. These were at first essentially Greek in their language, their Scriptures, and their forms of worship. It was in Africa—where, about 200, flourished Tertullian, first of the great Fathers who wrote in Latin—that Latin Christianity may be said to have had its birth. But Rome being the centre of the civilized world, the Christian communities everywhere began naturally to look to the Roman bishop as a leader in the Church.

Tertullian.

*Council of
Sardica.*

A great step in this direction was taken, when at the Council of Sardica in 343 the right of appeal to the Bishop of Rome was, though at first probably only a temporary expedient, formally conceded. In the time of Damasus the bishopric had become a prize worth contesting, and blood flowed freely during the election. Year after year consolidated and extended the power of this central see, although a powerful rival had sprung up on the Bosphorus.

*Three great
founders of
Papacy.*

Innocent I., Leo I., and Gregory the Great, were the three great founders of the Papacy.

Innocent I.

While Honorius was disgracing the name of emperor, Innocent began his pontificate. It was soon clear from his letters to the bishops in the West that he was bent on claiming for the see of Rome a complete supremacy in all matters of discipline and usage. In the midst of his

THE GROWTH OF THE PAPACY

efforts to secure this end, a terrible event occurred, which had the effect of investing him with a grandeur unknown to his predecessors. Alaric and his Goths besieged Rome. Honorius was trembling amid the swamps of Ravenna; but Innocent was within the walls of the capital; and, deserted by her emperor, Rome centred all hope in her bishop. A ransom bought off the enemy for a while; and, when, soon after, the great disaster of wreck and pillage fell upon the city, Innocent was absent in Ravenna, striving to stir the coward emperor to some show of manliness. He returned to evoke from the black ashes of Pagan Rome the temples of a Christian city. Thenceforward the pope was the greatest man in Rome.

In the latter days of Innocent the great heresy of Pelagius began to agitate the West. This man was a Briton, who passed through Rome, Africa, and Palestine, preaching that there was no original sin; that men, having perfect free-will, could keep all divine commands, by the power of nature, unaided by grace. These doctrines were combated by Augustine, Bishop of Hippo in Africa, one of the great Fathers of the Church, whose opinions soon became the standard of orthodoxy throughout the West. Innocent, leaning toward Augustine, declared Pelagius a heretic, but death prevented him from doing more. By Zozimus, the next pope, Pelagius was banished, and of his end nothing is known.

*The heresy
of Pelagius.*

Leo I., a Roman by birth, was unanimously raised to the popedom in 440. Distinguished for his stern dealings

Leo I.,

A.D. 440-461.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

with heretics, and his energetic efforts to extend the spiritual dominion of Rome, he yet, like Innocent I., owes his great place in history to the bold front he twice showed to the barbarians menacing Rome. The savage Attila was turned away by his majestic remonstrance; and, although his intercession with Genseric the Vandal, three years later, had less avail, it yet broke the force of the blow that fell on the hapless city.

*Jerome,
Ambrose,
and Augustine.*

While the Papacy was thus laying the deep foundations of its authority, a host of active intellects were busy molding its doctrines and discipline into shape. Chief among these were Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine. Jerome, the secretary of Pope Damasus, and afterward a monk of Bethlehem, gave the first great impulse to that monastic system which has been so powerful an agent in spreading the doctrines of Popery. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, vindicated the authority of the priesthood even over emperors and kings, by condemning Theodosius I. to a long and weary penance for his massacre of the Thessalonians. Augustine, already noticed, is justly called the Father of the Latin Theology.

*Conversion
of the bar-
barians.*

It must not be forgotten that the barbarians, who overthrew the Roman Empire, had already, with few exceptions, been converted to Christianity. The Goths were the first to receive the gospel; other tribes followed in quick succession, for the Teutonic character had, even in its barbaric phase, a groundwork of deep thoughtfulness, which secured a ready acceptance for Christianity.

THE GROWTH OF THE PAPACY

And when the barbaric flood had swept away every vestige of Roman temporal power, the Papacy, cherished by that very destroying power, continued to grow, gathering every year new strength and life,—a new Rome rising from the ashes of the old, far mightier than the vanished empire, for it claimed dominion over the spirits of men. In Gregory the Great, who became pope in 590, we behold the third great founder of the Papacy, and the fourth of the great Fathers of Latin Christianity. *Gregory I., A.D. 590-604.* He it was, who, while yet a humble monk of St. Andrew, being struck with the beauty of some English boys in the Roman slave market, formed the design of sending a mission to Britain and some years afterward despatched Augustine to these shores. All the West felt his energy. Spain, Africa, and Britain, were brought within the pale of the Church, while Jews and heretics were treated with mild toleration. A notable fact of this pontificate was Gregory's letter to John, Patriarch of Constantinople, who openly claimed the title of Universal Bishop. Gregory branded it as a blasphemous name, once applied, in honor of St. Peter, by the Council of Chalcedon to the Roman Bishop, but by all succeeding pontiffs rejected as injurious to the rest of the priesthood. War with the Lombards filled Gregory's hands with troubles; but in no long time these fierce warriors felt a power, against which their swords were worthless, casting its spells over them. In the days of Gregory they were converted from being heathens, or at best reckless *Conversion of the Lombards.*

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

Arians, to orthodox Christianity. He died in 604, leaving a name, as priest, ruler, and writer, second to none in the long roll of popes.

One hundred and fifty years later, when Pepin the Short made Pope Stephen II. a present of the Exarchate and Pentapolis in North Italy, the temporal power of the popes began.

[The Emperor Julian is killed in battle with the Persians in 363. In the following year, the Empire is again divided; Valentinian taking the West and Valens the East. Valentinian drives the Alemanni and other German invaders from Gaul. In 367, Valens professes Arianism and persecutes the Catholics. In 370, Valentinian restrains the avarice of the clergy. In 375, the Huns attack the Goths, who beg for Roman protection. They are allowed to cross the Danube and settle in the Roman provinces, but a war soon breaks out between them and the Romans, and they destroy the Emperor Valens and his army, and ravage the Roman territories. The Emperor Theodosius reduces them to submission in 382. In 386, the Ostrogoths also invade the Empire, but are defeated. They settle in Thrace and in Asia from 383 to 395. In 380, Arianism is destroyed in Constantinople, Theodosius issuing edicts against the heretics. In 395 the Empire is finally divided between the two sons of Theodosius. The Goths revolt, and, under Alaric, attack both the Roman Empires. In 410, Alaric pene-

THE GROWTH OF THE PAPACY

trates into Italy and sacks Rome. The Roman garrison is withdrawn from Britain to repel the attacks of the barbarians. The Goths march into Gaul in 412, and in 414 into Spain, which had already been invaded by hosts of Vandals, Suevi, Alani, and other Germanic nations. Genseric, the Vandal king, conquers the Roman province of North Africa. The Huns attack the Eastern Empire in 441, and ravage Europe as far as Constantinople. The Romans conspire against the life of Attila, king of the Huns, but he reprimands and forgives the emperor. He threatens both Empires, and demands the Princess Honoria in marriage. He invades Gaul and besieges Orleans in 451. In the great battle of Châlons, Theodoric, the king of the Visigoths, is killed, but the Huns suffer so severely that they retreat. In 452, Attila invades Italy.]

*Attila
the Hun.*

INVASION OF ITALY BY ATTLA—
FOUNDATION OF THE REPUB-
LIC OF VENICE—DESTRUC-
TION OF ATTLA'S
EMPIRE

(A.D. 452-453)

EDWARD GIBBON

NEITHER the spirit nor the forces nor the reputation of Attila were impaired by the failure of the Gallic expedition. In the ensuing spring, he repeated his demand of the Princess Honoria and her patrimonial treasures. The demand was again rejected, or eluded; and the indignant lover immediately took the field, passed the Alps, invaded Italy, and besieged Aquileia with an innumerable host of Barbarians. Those Barbarians were unskilled in methods of conducting a regular siege, which, even among the ancients, required some knowledge, or at least some practice of the mechanic arts. But the labor of many thousand provincials and captives, whose lives were sacrificed without pity, might execute the most painful and dangerous

*Attila in-
vades Italy,
A.D. 452.*

work. The skill of the Roman artists might be corrupted to the destruction of their country. The walls of Aquileia were assaulted by a formidable train of battering-rams, movable turrets, and engines, that threw stones, darts, and fire; and the monarch of the Huns employed the forcible impulse of hope, fear, emulation, and interest to subvert the only barrier which delayed the conquest of Italy. Aquileia was at that period one of the richest, the most populous and the strongest of the maritime cities of the Hadriatic coast. The Gothic auxiliaries, who appear to have served under their native princes Alaric and Antala, communicated their intrepid spirit; and the citizens still remembered their glorious and successful resistance, which their ancestors had opposed to a fierce, inexorable barbarian, who disgraced the majesty of the Roman purple. Three months were consumed without effect in the siege of Aquileia; till the want of provisions, and the clamors of his army, compelled Attila to relinquish the enterprise, and reluctantly to issue his orders that the troops should strike their tents the next morning and begin their retreat. But, as he rode round the walls, pensive, angry, and disappointed, he observed a stork preparing to leave her nest, in one of the towers, and to fly with her infant family toward the country. He seized, with the ready penetration of a statesman, this trifling incident, which chance had offered to superstition; and exclaimed, in a loud and cheerful tone, that such a domestic bird, so constantly attached to human

*Siege of
Aquileia.*

A.D. 452-453 INVASION OF ITALY BY ATTLA

society, would never have abandoned her ancient seats, unless those towers had been devoted to impending ruin and solitude. The favorable omen inspired an assurance of victory; the siege was renewed, and prosecuted with fresh vigor; a large breach was made in the part of the wall from whence the stork had taken her flight; the Huns mounted to the assault with irresistible fury; and the succeeding generation could scarcely discover the ruins of Aquileia. After this dreadful chastisement, Attila pursued his march; and, as he passed, the cities of Altinum, Concordia, and Padua were reduced into heaps of stones and ashes. The inland towns Vicenza, Verona, and Bergamo were exposed to the rapacious cruelty of the Huns. Milan and Pavia submitted, without resistance, to the loss of wealth; and applauded the unusual clemency which preserved from the flames the public, as well as private, buildings; and spared the lives of the captive multitude. The popular traditions of Comum, Turin or Modena may justly be suspected; yet they concur with more authentic evidence to prove that Attila spread his ravages over the rich plains of modern Lombardy: which are divided by the Po, and bounded by the Alps and Apennines. When he took possession of the royal palace of Milan, he was surprised, and offended, at the sight of a picture, which represented the Cæsars seated on their throne and the princes of Scythia prostrate at their feet. The revenge which Attila inflicted on this monument of Roman vanity was harmless and

Attila determines to renew the siege.

Attila's triumphant march.

Attila at Milan.

ingenious. He commanded a painter to reverse the figures and the attitudes; and the emperors were delineated on the same canvas, approaching in a suppliant posture to empty their bags of tributary gold before the throne of the Scythian monarch. The spectators must have confessed the truth and propriety of this alteration; and were perhaps tempted to apply, on this singular occasion, the well-known fable of the dispute between the lion and the man.

*Founda-
tion of the
Republic
of Venice.*

It is a saying worthy of the ferocious pride of Attila, that the grass never grew on the spot where his horse had trod. Yet the savage destroyer undesignedly laid the foundations of a republic which revived, in the feudal state of Europe, the art and spirit of commercial industry. The celebrated name of Venice, or Venezia, was formerly diffused over a large and fertile province of Italy, from the confines of Pannonia to the river Addua, and from the Po to the Rhetian and Julian Alps. Before the irruption of the Barbarians, fifty Venetian cities flourished in peace and prosperity; Aquileia was placed in the most conspicuous station; but the ancient dignity of Padua was supported by agriculture and manufactures; and the property of five hundred citizens, who were entitled to the equestrian rank, must have amounted, at the strictest computation, to one million seven hundred thousand pounds. Many families of Aquileia, Padua, and the adjacent towns, who fled from the sword of the Huns, found a safe, though obscure, refuge in the neigh-

*Wealth of
the citizens.*

boring islands. At the extremity of the Gulf, where the Hadriatic feebly imitates the tides of the ocean, near a hundred small islands are separated by shallow water from the continent, and protected from the waves by several long slips of land, which admit the entrance of vessels through some secret and narrow channels. Till the middle of the Fifth Century, these remote and sequestered spots remained without cultivation, with few inhabitants, and almost without a name. But the manners of the Venetian fugitives, their arts and their government, were gradually formed by their new situation; and one of the epistles of Cassiodorius, which describes their condition about seventy years afterward, may be considered as the primitive monument of the republic.

The Italians, who had long since renounced the exercise of arms, were surprised, after forty years' peace, by the approach of a formidable Barbarian, whom they abhorred, as the enemy of their religion as well as of their republic. Amid the general consternation, Aetius alone was incapable of fear; but it was impossible that he should achieve, alone and unassisted, any military exploits worthy of his former renown. The Barbarians who had defended Gaul refused to march to the relief of Italy; and the succors promised by the Eastern emperor were distant and doubtful. Since Aetius, at the head of his domestic troops, still maintained the field, and harassed or retarded the march of Attila, he never showed himself more truly great than at the time when

*Aetius
alone re-
tards the
march of
the Huns*

*Fabian tac-
tics of
Aetius.*

his conduct was blamed by an ignorant and ungrateful people. If the mind of Valentinian had been susceptible of any generous sentiments, he would have chosen such a general for his example and his guide. But the timid grandson of Theodosius, instead of sharing the dangers, escaped from the sound of war; and his hasty retreat from Ravenna to Rome, from an impregnable fortress to an open capital, betrayed his secret intention of abandoning Italy as soon as the danger should approach his imperial person. This shameful abdication was suspended, however, by the spirit of doubt and delay, which commonly adheres to pusillanimous counsels, and sometimes corrects their pernicious tendency. The Western emperor, with the Senate and people of Rome, embraced the more salutary resolution of deprecating, by a solemn and suppliant embassy, the wrath of Attila. This important commission was accepted by Avienus, who, from his birth and riches, his consular dignity, the numerous train of his clients, and his personal abilities, held the first rank in the Roman Senate. The specious and artful character of Avienus was admirably qualified to conduct a negotiation either of public or private interest; his colleague, Trigetius, had exercised the Pretorian prefecture of Italy; and Leo, Bishop of Rome, consented to expose his life for the safety of his flock. The genius of Leo was exercised and displayed in the public misfortunes; and he has deserved the appellation of *Great* by the successful zeal with which he labored to establish his opinions

The Emperor sends an embassy to Attila.

and his authority, under the venerable names of orthodox faith and ecclesiastical discipline. The Roman ambassadors were introduced to the tent of Attila, as he lay encamped at the place where the slow-winding Min-
 cius is lost in the foaming waves of the lake Benachus, and trampled, with his Scythian cavalry, the farms of Catullus and Virgil. The Barbarian monarch listened with favorable, and even respectful, attention; and the deliverance of Italy was purchased by the immense ransom, or dowry, of the Princess Honoria. The state of his army might facilitate the treaty, and hasten his retreat. Their martial spirit was relaxed by the wealth and indolence of a warm climate. The shepherds of the North, whose ordinary food consisted of milk and raw flesh, indulged themselves too freely in the use of bread, of wine, and of meat prepared and seasoned by the arts of
 cookery; and the progress of disease revenged, in some measure, the injuries of the Italians. When Attila declared his resolution of carrying his victorious arms to the gates of Rome, he was admonished by his friends, as well as by his enemies, that Alaric had not long survived the conquest of the eternal city. His mind, superior to real danger, was assaulted by imaginary terrors; nor could he escape the influence of superstition, which had so often been subservient to his designs. The pressing eloquence of Leo, his majestic aspect and sacerdotal robes, excited the veneration of Attila for the spiritual father of the Christians. The apparition of the two

*Attila's
reception
of the
Roman am-
bassadors.*

*Attila's
hardy war-
riors be-
come ener-
vated.*

*The appari-
tion of St.
Peter and
St. Paul.*

apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, who menaced the Barbarian with instant death if he rejected the prayer of their successor, is one of the noblest legends of ecclesiastical tradition. The safety of Rome might deserve the interposition of celestial beings; and some indulgence is due to a fable which has been represented by the pencil of Raphael and the chisel of Algardi.

Attila marries Ildico.

Before the king of the Huns evacuated Italy, he threatened to return more dreadful and more implacable, if his bride, the Princess Honoria, were not delivered to his ambassadors within the term stipulated by the treaty. Yet, in the meanwhile Attila relieved his tender anxiety by adding a beautiful maid, whose name was Ildico, to the list of his innumerable wives. Their marriage was celebrated with barbaric pomp and festivity at his wooden palace beyond the Danube; and the monarch, oppressed with wine and sleep, retired at a late hour from the banquet to the nuptial bed. His attendants continued to respect his pleasures, or his repose, the greatest part of the ensuing morning, till the unusual silence alarmed their fears and suspicions; and, after attempting to awaken Attila by loud and repeated cries, they at length broke into the royal apartment. They found the trembling bride sitting by the bedside, hiding her face with her veil, and lamenting her own danger as well as the death of the king, who had expired during the night. An artery had suddenly burst; and, as Attila lay in a supine posture, he was suffocated by a torrent of blood,

Death of Attila.

which, instead of finding a passage through the nostrils, regurgitated into the lungs and stomach. His body was solemnly exposed in the midst of the plain under a silken pavilion; and the chosen squadrons of the Huns, wheeling round in measured revolutions, chanted a funeral song to the memory of a hero, glorious in his life, invincible in his death, the father of his people, the scourge of his enemies, and the terror of the world. According to their national custom, the Barbarians cut off a part of their hair, gashed their faces with unseemly wounds, and bewailed their valiant leader as he deserved, not with the tears of women, but with the blood of warriors. The remains of Attila were inclosed within three coffins, of gold, of silver, and of iron, and privately buried in the night: the spoils of nations were thrown into his grave; the captives who had opened the ground were inhumanly massacred; and the same Huns who had indulged such excessive grief feasted with dissolute and intemperate mirth about the recent sepulchre of their king. It was reported at Constantinople that on the fortunate night in which he expired Marcian beheld in a dream the bow of Attila broken asunder; and the report may be allowed to prove how seldom the image of that formidable Barbarian was absent from the mind of a Roman emperor.

*Burial of
Attila.*

*Dream of
Marcian.*

The revolution which subverted the empire of the Huns established the fame of Attila, whose genius alone had sustained the huge and disjointed fabric. After his

*Destruction of
Attila's
empire.*

death, the boldest chieftains aspired to the rank of kings; the most powerful kings refused to acknowledge a superior; and the numerous sons, whom so many various mothers bore to the deceased monarch, divided and disputed, like a private inheritance, the sovereign command of the nations of Germany and Scythia.

[The withdrawal of the Roman Legions from Britain in 410 left the Britons at the mercy of the Picts and Scots, who began to overrun the country. The Britons call upon the Jutes for assistance. Two of their leaders land in Kent in 449.]

THE SAXON CONQUEST OF BRITAIN

(A.D. 449)

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

IT was to defend Italy against the Goths that Rome in 410 recalled her legions from Britain. The province, thus left unaided, seems to have fought bravely against its assailants, and once at least to have driven back the Picts to their mountains in a rising of despair. But the threat of fresh inroads found Britain torn with civil quarrels which made a united resistance impossible, while its Pictish enemies strengthened themselves by a league with marauders from Ireland (Scots, as they were then called), whose pirate-boats were harrying the western coast of the island, and with a yet more formidable race of pirates who had long been pillaging along the British Channel. These were the English. We do not know whether it was the pressure of other tribes or the example of their German brethren who were now moving in a general attack on the empire from their forest homes, or simply the barrenness of their coast,

*Britain and
the English.*

*Character
of the En-
glish tribes.*

which drove the hunters, farmers, fishermen of the English tribes to sea. But the daring spirit of their race already broke out in the secrecy and suddenness of their swoop, in the fierceness of their onset, in the careless glee with which they 'seized either sword or oar. "Foes are they," sang a Roman poet of the time, "fierce beyond other foes, and cunning as they are fierce; the sea is their school of war, and the storm their friend; they are sea-wolves that live on the pillage of the world." To meet the league of Pict, Scot, and Saxon by the forces of the province itself became impossible; and the one course left was to imitate the fatal policy by which the empire had invited its own doom while striving to avert it, the policy of matching barbarian against barbarian. The rulers of Britain resolved to break the league by detaching from it the freebooters who were harrying her eastern coast, and to use their new allies against the Pict. By the usual promises of land and pay, a band of warriors from Jutland were drawn for this purpose in 449 to the shores of Britain, with their chiefs, Hengest and Horsa, at their head.

*The En-
glish in
Thanet.*

It is with the landing of Hengest and his war-band at Ebbsfleet on the shores of the Isle of Thanet that English history begins. No spot in Britain can be so sacred to Englishmen as that which first felt the tread of English feet. There is little indeed to catch the eye in Ebbsfleet itself, a mere lift of higher ground, with a few gray cottages dotted over it, cut off nowadays from the sea by a

reclaimed meadow and a sea-wall. But taken as a whole, the scene has a wild beauty of its own. To the right the white curve of Ramsgate cliffs looks down on the crescent of Pegwell Bay; far away to the left, across gray marsh-levels, where smoke-wreaths mark the sites of Richborough and Sandwich, the coastline bends dimly to the fresh rise of cliffs beyond Deal. Everything in the character of the ground confirms the national tradition which fixed here the first landing-place of our English fathers, for great as the physical changes of the country have been since the Fifth Century, they have told little on its main features. It is easy to discover in the misty level of the present Minster marsh what was once a broad inlet of sea parting Thanet from the mainland of Britain, through which the pirate-boats of the first Englishmen came sailing with a fair wind to the little gravel-spit of Ebbsfleet; and Richborough, a fortress whose broken ramparts still rise above the gray flats which have taken the place of this older sea-channel, was the common landing-place of travellers from Gaul. If the warships of the pirates therefore were cruising off the coast at the moment when the bargain with the Britons was concluded, their disembarkation at Ebbsfleet, almost beneath the walls of Richborough, would be natural enough. But the after-current of events serves to show that the choice of this landing-place was the result of a settled design. Between the Briton and his hireling soldiers there could be little trust. Quarters in Thanet

*The
English
conquests,
A.D. 449-577.*

*The land-
ing-place.*

would satisfy the followers of Hengest, who still lay in sight of their fellow-pirates in the Channel, and who felt themselves secured against the treachery which had so often proved fatal to the barbarian by the broad inlet which parted their camp from the mainland. Nor was the choice less satisfactory to the provincial, trembling—and, as the event proved, justly trembling—lest in his zeal against the Pict he had introduced an even fiercer foe into Britain. His dangerous allies were cooped up in a corner of the land, and parted from it by a sea-channel which was guarded by the strongest fortresses of the coast.

The English attack.

The need of such precautions was seen in the disputes which arose as soon as the work for which the mercenaries had been hired was done. The Picts were hardly scattered to the winds in a great battle when danger came from the Jutes themselves. Their numbers probably grew fast as the news of the settlement spread among the pirates in the Channel, and with the increase of their number must have grown the difficulty of supplying rations and pay. The dispute which arose over these questions was at last closed by Hengest's men with a threat of war. The threat, however, as we have seen, was no easy one to carry out. Right across their path in any attack upon Britain stretched the inlet of sea that parted Thanet from the mainland, a strait which was then traversable only at low water by a long and dangerous ford, and guarded at either mouth by the fortresses

of Richborough and Reculver. The channel of the Medway, with the forest of the Weald bending round it from the south, furnished another line of defence in the rear, while strongholds on the sites of our Canterbury and Rochester guarded the road to London; and all around lay the soldiers, placed at the command of the Count of the Saxon Shore, to hold the coast against the barbarian. Great, however, as these difficulties were, they failed to check the sudden onset of the Jutes. The inlet seems to have been crossed, the coast-road to London seized, before any force could be collected to oppose the English advance; and it was only when they passed the Swale and looked to their right over the potteries whose refuse still strews the mudbanks of Upchurch, that their march seems to have swerved abruptly to the south. The guarded walls of Rochester probably forced them to turn southward along the ridge of low hills which forms the eastern boundary of the Medway valley. Their way led them through a district full of memories of a past which had even then faded from the minds of men; for the hill-slopes which they traversed were the grave-ground of a vanished race, and scattered among the bowlders that strewed the ground rose the cromlechs and huge barrows of the dead. One mighty relic survives in the monument now called Kit's Coty House, which had been linked in old days by an avenue of huge stones to a burial-ground near Addington. It was from a steep knoll on which the gray weather-beaten stones of this

*The line
of invasion.*

*Cromlechs
and huge
barrows.*

monument are reared that the view of their first battlefield would break on the English warriors; and a lane which still leads down from it through peaceful homesteads would guide them across the ford which has left its name in the little village of Aylesford. The Chronicle of the conquering people tells nothing of the rush that may have carried the ford, or of the fight that went struggling up through the village. It only tells that Horsa fell in the moment of victory; and the flint-heap of Horsted, which has long preserved his name, and was held in after-time to mark his grave, is thus the earliest of those monuments of English valor of which Westminster is the last and noblest shrine.

*Extermination
of the
Britons.*

The victory of Aylesford did more than give East Kent to the English; it struck the keynote of the whole English conquest of Britain. The massacre which followed the battle indicated at once the merciless nature of the struggle which had begun. While the wealthier Kentish landowners fled in panic over sea, the poorer Britons took refuge in hill and forest till hunger drove them from their lurking-places to be cut down or enslaved by their conquerors. It was in vain that some sought shelter within the walls of their churches; for the rage of the English seems to have burned fiercest against the clergy. The priests were slain at the altar, the churches fired, the peasants driven by the flames to fling themselves on a ring of pitiless steel. It is a picture such as this which distinguishes the conquest of Britain from

*Rage
against the
clergy.*

that of the other provinces of Rome. The conquest of Gaul by the Frank, or of Italy by the Lombard, proved little more than a forcible settlement of the one or the other among tributary subjects who were destined in a long course of ages to absorb their conquerors. French is the tongue, not of the Frank, but of the Gaul whom he overcame; and the fair hair of the Lombard is now all but unknown in Lombardy. But the English conquest for a hundred and fifty years was a sheer dispossession and driving back of the people whom the English conquered. In the world-wide struggle between Rome and the German invaders no land was so stubbornly fought for or so hardly won. The conquest of Britain was indeed only partly wrought out after two centuries of bitter warfare. But it was just through the long and merciless nature of the struggle that of all the German conquests this proved the most thorough and complete. So far as the English sword in these earlier days reached, Britain became England, a land, that is, not of Britons, but of Englishmen. It is possible that a few of the vanquished people may have lingered as slaves round the homesteads of their English conquerors, and a few of their household words (if these were not brought in at a later time) mingled oddly with the English tongue. But doubtful exceptions such as these leave the main facts untouched. When the steady progress of English conquest was stayed for a while by civil wars, a century and a half after Aylesford, the Briton had disappeared

*Bitterness
of the
struggle.*

from half of the land which had been his own, and the tongue, the religion, the laws of his English conqueror reigned without a rival from Essex to the Peak of Derbyshire and the mouth of the Severn, and from the British Channel to the Firth of Forth.

*Conquest
of the Sax-
on shore.*

Aylesford, however, was but the first step in this career of conquest. How stubborn the contest was may be seen from the fact that it took sixty years to complete the conquest of Southern Britain alone. It was twenty years before Kent itself was won. After a second defeat at the passage of the Cray, the Britons "forsook Kent-land and fled with much fear to London"; but the ground was soon won back again, and it was not until 465 that a series of petty conflicts made way for a decisive struggle at Wippedsfleet. Here, however, the overthrow was so terrible that all hope of saving the bulk of Kent seems to have been abandoned, and it was only on its southern shore that the Britons held their ground. Eight years later the long contest was over, and with the fall of Lymne, whose broken walls look from the slope to which they cling over the great flat of Romney Marsh, the work of the first conqueror was done. But the greed of plunder drew fresh war-bands from the German coast. New invaders, drawn from among the Saxon tribes that lay between the Elbe and the Rhine, were seen in 477, only four years later, pushing slowly along the strip of land which lay westward of Kent between the Weald and the sea. Nowhere has the physical aspect of the coun-

*Greed of
plunder.*

try been more utterly changed. The vast sheet of scrub, woodland, and waste which then bore the name of the Andredsweald stretched for more than a hundred miles from the borders of Kent to the Hampshire Downs, extending northward almost to the Thames, and leaving only a thin strip of coast along its southern edge. This coast was guarded by a great fortress which occupied the spot now called Pevensey, the future landing-place of the Norman Conqueror. The fall of this fortress of Anderida in 491 established the kingdom of the South-Saxons; "Elle and Cissa," ran the pitiless record of the conquerors, "beset Anderida, and slew all that were therein, nor was there afterward one Briton left." Another tribe of Saxons was at the same time conquering on the other side of Kent, to the north of the estuary of the Thames, and had founded the settlement of the East-Saxons, as these warriors came to be called, in the valleys of the Colne and the Stour. To the northward of the Stour, the work of conquest was taken up by the third of the tribes whom we have seen dwelling in their German homeland, whose name was destined to absorb that of Saxon or Jute, and to stamp itself on the land they won. These were the Engle, or Englishmen. Their first descents seem to have fallen on the great district which was cut off from the rest of Britain by the Wash and the Fens and long reaches of forest, the later East Anglia, where the conquerors settled as the North-folk and the South-folk, names still preserved to us in the modern counties.

*The fall of
Pevensey.*

*Engle, or
English-
men.*

With this settlement the first stage in the conquest was complete. By the close of the Fifth Century the whole coast of Britain, from the Wash to Southampton Water, was in the hands of the invaders. As yet, however, the enemy had touched little more than the coast; great masses of woodland or of fen still prisoned the Engle, the Saxon, and the Jute alike within narrow limits. But the Sixth Century can hardly have been long begun when each of the two peoples who had done the main work of conquest opened a fresh attack on the flanks of the tract they had won. On its northern flank the Engle appeared in the estuaries of the Forth and of the Humber. On its western flank, the Saxons appeared in the Southampton Water.

*Conquest
of South-
ern Britain.*

The true conquest of Southern Britain was reserved for a fresh band of Saxons, a tribe whose older name was that of the Gewissas, but who were to be more widely known as the West-Saxons. Landing westward of the strip of coast which had been won by the war-bands of Elle, they struggled under Cerdic and Cynric up from Southampton Water in 495 to the great downs where Winchester offered so rich a prize. Five thousand Britons fell in a fight which opened the country to these invaders, and a fresh victory, at Charford, in 519, set the crown of the West-Saxons on the head of Cerdic. We know little of the incidents of these conquests; nor do we know why at this juncture they seem to have been suddenly interrupted. But it is certain that a victory of

the Britons at Mount Badon in the year 520 checked the progress of the West-Saxons, and was followed by a long pause in their advance; for thirty years the great belt of woodland which then curved round from Dorset to the valley of the Thames seems to have barred the way of the assailants. What finally broke their inaction we can not tell. We only know that Cynric, whom Cerdic's death left king of the West-Saxons, again took up the work of invasion by a new advance in 552. The capture of the hill-fort of Old Sarum threw open the reaches of the Wiltshire Downs; and pushing northward to a new battle at Barbury Hill, they completed the conquest of the Marlborough Downs. From the bare uplands the invaders turned eastward to the richer valleys of our Berkshire, and after a battle with the Kentish men at Wimbledon, the land south of the Thames, which now forms our Surrey, was added to their dominions. The road along the Thames was, however, barred to them, for the district round London seems to have been already won and colonized by the East-Saxons. But a march of their king, Cuthwulf, made them masters, in 571, of the districts which now form Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire; and a few years later they swooped from the Wiltshire uplands on the rich prey that lay along the Severn. Gloucester, Cirencester, and Bath, cities which had leagued under their British kings to resist this onset, became the spoil of a Saxon victory at Deorham in 577, and the line of the great western river lay open to the

*Cynric's
conquests.*

*Conquest
of the Sever-
n valley.*

*Uriconium
destroyed.*

arms of the conquerors. Under a new king, Ceawlin, the West-Saxons penetrated to the borders of Chester, and Uriconium, a town beside the Wrekin, recently again brought to light, went up in flames. A British poet sings piteously the death-song of Uriconium, "the white town in the valley," the town of white stone gleaming among the green woodland, the hall of its chieftain left "without fire, without light, without songs," the silence broken only by the eagle's scream, "the eagle who has swallowed fresh drink, heart's blood of Kyndylan the fair." The raid, however, was repulsed, and the blow proved fatal to the power of Wessex. Though the West-Saxons were destined in the end to win the overlordship over every English people, their time had not come yet, and the leadership of the English race was to fall, for nearly a century to come, to the tribe of invaders whose fortunes we have now to follow.

*The Hum-
ber estuary.*

Rivers were the natural inlets by which the northern pirates everywhere made their way into the heart of Europe. In Britain the fortress of London barred their way along the Thames from its mouth, and drove them, as we have seen, to an advance along the southern coast and over the downs of Wiltshire, before reaching its upper waters. But the rivers which united in the estuary of the Humber led like open highways into the heart of Britain, and it was by this inlet that the great mass of the invaders penetrated into the interior of the island. Like the invaders of East Anglia, they were of

the English tribe from Sleswick. As the storm fell in the opening of the Sixth Century on the Wolds of Lincolnshire that stretch southward from the Humber, the conquerors who settled in the deserted country were known as the "Lindiswara," or "dwellers about Lindum." A part of the warriors who had entered the Humber, turning southward by the forest of Elmet, which covered the district around Leeds, followed the course of the Trent. Those who occupied the wooded country between the Trent and the Humber took from their position the name of Southumbrians. A second division, advancing along the curve of the former river and creeping down the line of its tributary, the Soar, till they reached Leicester, became known as the Middle-English. The marshes of the Fen country were settled by tribes known as the Gyrwas. The head waters of the Trent were the seat of those invaders who penetrated furthest to the west, and camped round Lichfield and Repton. This country became the borderland between Englishmen and Britons, and the settlers bore the name of 'Mercians,' men, that is, of the March or border. We know hardly anything of this conquest of Mid-Britain, and little more of the conquest of the North. Under the Romans, political power had centred in the vast district between the Humber and the Forth. York had been the capital of Britain and the seat of the Roman prefect; and the bulk of the garrison maintained in the island lay cantoned along the Roman wall. Signs of wealth and prosperity ap-

*The
Mercians.*

peared everywhere; cities rose beneath the shelter of the Roman camps; villas of British landowners studded the vale of the Ouse and the far-off uplands of the Tweed, where the shepherd trusted for security against Pictish marauders to the terror of the Roman name. This district was assailed at once from the north and from the south. A part of the invading force which entered the Humber marched over the Yorkshire wolds to found a kingdom, which was known as that of the Deiri, in the fens of Holderness and on the chalk downs eastward of York. But they were soon drawn onward, and, after a struggle of which we know nothing, York, like its neighbor cities, lay a desolate ruin, while the conquerors spread northward, slaying and burning along the valley of the Ouse. Meanwhile the pirates had appeared in the Forth, and won their way along the Tweed; Ida, and the men of fifty keels which followed him, reared the capital of the northernmost kingdom of the English, that of Bernicia, on the rock of Bamborough, and won their way slowly along the coast against a stubborn resistance which formed the theme of British songs. The strife between the kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia for supremacy in the North was closed by their being united under King Ethelric of Bernicia; and from this union was formed a new kingdom, the kingdom of Northumbria.

*The kingdom of
Bernicia.*

[The Visigoths conquer Spain and Gaul (462-472). In 472, Genseric, king of the Vandals, sacks Rome. Four


years later, Odoacer finally extinguishes the Roman Empire of the West. "Odoacer," says Gibbon, "the first Barbarian who reigned in Italy (A. D. 476 to 493) over a people who had once asserted their just superiority above the rest of mankind, was not unworthy of the high station to which his valor and fortune had exalted him. He respected, though a conqueror and a Barbarian, the institutions and even the prejudices of his subjects. Notwithstanding the prudence and success of Odoacer his kingdom exhibited the sad prospect of misery and desolation." Clovis, king of the Franks, establishes his monarchy in Gaul in 481, and is converted to Christianity in 496. He conquers the Burgundians in 502, the Goths in 507, and Aquitaine in 508. Belisarius and Narses, the generals of Justinian, Emperor of Constantinople, conquer Italy and North Africa, and, for a short time, these countries form part of the Eastern Roman Empire. A condensed and simplified system of Roman law, the foundation of modern European law, is published by Justinian.]

*Clovis
converted
to Chris-
tianity.*

THE AGE AND LAWS OF JUSTINIAN

(A.D. 527-565)

WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER

DOACER held the throne of Italy until 493, when he perished at Ravenna by the sword of Theodoric the Ostrogoth. Under the wise rule of the victor, whose chief adviser was the learned Cassiodorus, Italy revived. A waste and ruined land was soon loaded with purple grapes and yellow corn. Fair buildings rose. Once more gold and iron were dug from the earth. Romans and Ostrogoths lived in peace and plenty, although a broad line, jealously preserved by the policy of Theodoric, kept them apart. The fair-haired Goths, still wearing their furs and brogues, carried the sword; while the Romans, wrapped in the flowing toga, held the pen and filled the schools. So passed three and thirty years, until Theodoric died in 526, and then frightful scenes of blood were enacted over his fallen throne.

Theodoric rules Italy.

Some time before Theodoric's descent upon Italy, a Frank, called Chlodwig or Clovis (the name was after-

*Clovis the
Frank.*

ward softened into Louis), crossed the Somme, and drove pell-mell before him Romans, Burgundians, and Visigoths, never resting until his dominion stretched from the delta of the Rhine to the Pyrenees. During his career of victory he was baptized a Christian at Rheims in 496. Soon afterward he fixed his capital at Paris, where he died in 511. The old church is still pointed out, in which this founder of the French monarchy was buried. It is worth remembering that Theodoric married the sister of Clovis.

*Accession of
Justinian.*

During these events young Justinian was growing up in Constantinople. An uncle, Justin, a stalwart peasant of Dacia, enlisting in early life among the guards of Leo, had risen to be Emperor of the East. By him Justinian was educated, adopted, and, in 527, crowned.

Belisarius soon became the foremost name of the age. The first laurels of this great general were won in Persia; he was then chosen to lead an expedition against the Vandals of Africa. Landing there, within the same month, he led his troops into Carthage, which blazed with torches of welcome. Gelimer, the Vandal king, after a vain attempt to retrieve his fortunes, fled to the Numidian mountains, but was soon starved into a surrender, and carried to Constantinople to grace the victor's triumph. Among the spoils were the vessels of the Jewish Temple, which, carried to Rome by Titus, had been brought to Carthage by the pirate Genseric, and were now placed in the Christian Church at Jerusalem.

But the greatest achievement of Belisarius was the conquest of Italy, by which for a short time the East and the West were reunited under one sovereign. The subduing of Sicily, the capture of Naples and of Rome, mark the steps of victory by which he drove the Goths northward before him. Mustering the whole strength of their nation at Ravenna, under their king, Vitiges, they marched to besiege Belisarius in Rome. And then the genius of this great commander shone with its brightest lustre. In the first assault the Goths were nearly successful; but Belisarius, fighting dusty and blood-stained in the front of the battle, turned back the tide of war. After many days of busy preparation another grand assault was made. Hastily the walls were manned; and, as the giant lines came on, Belisarius himself, shooting the first arrow, pierced the foremost leader. A second shaft, from the same true hand, laid another low. And then a whole cloud, aimed only at the oxen which drew the towers and siege-train toward the wall, brought the attacking army to a complete standstill. It was a decided check; and, though the siege dragged on for more than a year, every effort of the Goths was met and foiled with equal skill. So hot was the defence at times, that matchless statues were often broken up, and hurled from the wall upon the Goths below. About the middle of the siege, the Pope Sylverius, convicted of having sent a letter to the Goths, promising to open one of the gates to them, was banished from the city. And at last the besiegers,

*Belisarius
and his
conquests,
A.D. 533-536*

*Pope
Sylverius
banished.*

worn out with useless toil, burned their tents and fell back to Ravenna, where before long they yielded to the triumphant Illyrian, at whose feet all Italy then lay. Milan, a city second only to Rome, had been destroyed the year before by a host of Franks, who rushed down from the Alps to aid the Goths, and enrich themselves with the plunder of the plain.

*Narses
hampers
Belisarius.*

Through all these brilliant achievements Belisarius had been greatly vexed and hampered by intriguing rivals, especially the ambitious Narses. And now his star began to pale. In two campaigns (541-542), he drove back over the Euphrates the Persian king Nushirvan, who had ruined Antioch, and was planning a raid upon Jerusalem. A report having reached the camp that Justinian was dying, the general let fall some rash words, which implied that the Empress Theodora—once an actress of most wicked life—was unworthy to succeed to the throne. For this he was recalled, disgraced, and heavily fined, his life being spared only for the sake of his profligate wife Antonina, who was then in high favor with the Empress.

*The Goths
take Rome.*

Sent to Italy again in 544 to oppose Totilas, a brave and clever Goth, who was making manful efforts to restore the empire of Theodoric, Belisarius was forced to stand idly by with insufficient forces, while the Goths took Rome, having reduced the citizens to feed on mice and nettles (546). He recovered the city in a month or two, and then held out against every attack; but during

the remainder of his stay in Italy his strength was frittered away in the south of the peninsula, where Totilas pressed him hard. At length, in 548, he got leave to return home.

Then, having narrowly escaped murder, he lived in private until 559, when he was called into the field to meet an inroad of Bulgarians, who, coming originally from Mount Ural, had crossed the frozen Danube, and were now only twenty miles from Constantinople. The stout old soldier, having beaten back the savages, came home to be treated coldly, and dismissed without thanks. Soon after, accused of plotting to murder the Emperor, he was stripped of all his wealth, and imprisoned in his own house. His freedom was restored, but the death-blow had been given; he lived only eight months longer.

*Treatment
of Belisarius.*

We are all familiar with the bent figure of a blind old man, begging for alms in the streets, though he was once the great General Belisarius, conqueror of Africa and Italy. Painters and poets have seized eagerly on the romantic story; but it is doubted by most historians.

It was left for Narses, purse-bearer to Justinian, the rival and successor of Belisarius, to destroy the Ostrogothic kingdom in Italy. Lombards, Heruli, and Huns following his banner, he defeated and slew Totilas at Tadinæ in 522, and then occupied Rome, which was taken and retaken five times during the reign of Justinian. But his task was not finished until Teias, last of

*Narses destroys the
Ostrogothic kingdom.*

*The Ostro-
goths leave
Italy.*

the Ostrogothic kings, fell at the foot of Vesuvius. Most of the surviving Ostrogoths were then allowed to leave Italy with part of their wealth. And thus, having held the peninsula for sixty years, they pass from our sight. Narses, having then repelled a swarm of Franks and Alemanni, who ravaged Italy from north to south, was made the first Exarch of Ravenna, and continued for many years to rule with prudence and vigor.

*Legisla-
tion of
Justinian.*

It is now time we should turn to the greatest glory of Justinian's reign—his reduction of Roman law to a simple and condensed system. For centuries the laws had been multiplying. Every decree of every emperor—even heedless words spoken by the veriest fool or blackest villain in that most checkered line from Adrian to Justinian—became a binding law. Nobody could know the law, for on any point there might be a dozen contradictory decisions. Justinian set himself, with the aid of Tribonian, and other learned men, to work this chaos into order. His system consists of four great parts: 1. The "Code," a condensation of all earlier systems, was first published in 529. 2. Not less valuable were the "Institutes," a volume treating of the elements of Roman law, intended for students, and published in 533. 3. In the same year appeared the "Digest," or "Pandects" (the latter word means "comprising all"), which, in fifty volumes, gave the essence of the Roman jurisprudence. This great work was finished in three years; and some idea of the cutting-down found needful may be gathered

from the fact, that three millions of sentences were reduced to one hundred and fifty thousand. 4. The "Novels" embraced the new laws issued by Justinian himself.

During all this reign the old rivalry between the Blue and Green factions of the Circus convulsed the capital. It reached a crisis in 532, when a destructive riot, called *The riot, Nika* (Victory), from the watchword of the combatants, *Nika, 532.* raged for five days. Blues and Greens united against the emperor, who was on the point of fleeing, when the firmness of his wife restrained him. The Blues returned to their allegiance; and the blood of 30,000 of their wretched foes soaked the sand of the Hippodrome. The secret of silk-making, which had been jealously guarded by the Chinese, was now made known to Europe by two monks, who brought the eggs of the silkworm from the East, hidden in a hollow cane. Justinian adorned his capital with twenty-five churches, of which the chief was St. Sophia, gleaming with gems and many-colored marble. In 541 the Roman Consulship—once the world's proudest dignity, but long since dwindled into an empty title—ceased to exist; it was not, however, till three centuries later, that the "grand old name" was abolished by law.

Justinian died in 565, aged eighty-three. Leaving no heirs, he was succeeded by his nephew, Justin II. He *Death of Justinian.* was active, temperate, good-natured; but the slave of an imperious and vicious wife. In his religious views he was

capricious and intolerant; in early days a persecutor of heresy—in old age himself a heretic.

*Empire
invaded.*

[Alboin, king of the Lombards, destroys the king and kingdom of the Gepidæ in 566, and the next year undertakes the conquest of Italy. The Eastern Empire and Persia are engaged in a long struggle for fifty years; Chosroes invades the Empire and conquers Syria (611), Palestine (614), Egypt (616), and Asia Minor. Heraclius delivers Constantinople from the Persians and Avars in 626. The next year he puts Chosroes to flight, and the latter is then deposed and murdered by his son. Peace is concluded between the two Empires in 628.]

THE HEGIRA

(A.D. 622)

EDWARD HENRY PALMER

THE chief seat of the cult of the deities of Arabia was Mecca, also called Bekka, both names signifying a place of concourse; another name of the city is Umm el Qurâ, "the mother of cities," or *Mecca, the sacred city.* It was built about the middle of the Fifth Century of our era by the Qurâis on their obtaining possession of the Kaabah, the most ancient shrine in the country. It is situated in a narrow, sandy valley, shut in by bare mountains. The soil around the city is stony and unproductive, and the inhabitants are obliged to import their own provisions. To furnish this supply with more regularity, Hâshim, Mohammed's grandfather, appointed two caravans, one in winter and the other in summer, to set out yearly.

The Kaabah is mentioned by Diodorus as a famous temple, whose sanctity was even then revered by all the Arabians; its origin must therefore be ascribed to a very remote period. The name, which simply means "a cube,"

*The Ka
abah and
its history.*

was given it on account of its shape, it being built square of unhewn stones. It was supposed to have been built by Adam from a model brought from heaven, and to have been subsequently restored by Seth, and later on by Abraham and Ishmael.

*The well
Zem-Zem*

The well Zem-Zem, among the most venerated objects in the sacred precincts of Mecca, is believed to be the spring which Hagar discovered when she fled out into the wilderness with her son Ishmael. It was a small stream flowing from one of the surrounding hills, and this having, in course of time, dried up, 'Abd al Mutalib, Mohammed's grandfather, caused the well to be dug on the spot whence the spring originally issued.

The Kaabah, so far as the dim legends of antiquity throw any light on the subject, remained for a long period in the hands of the descendants of Ishmael, and on their migrating to other parts of the peninsula its guardianship became vested in their kinsmen, the Jorhamites. The Jorhamites were defeated and deposed by a coalition of the Benu Bakr and Benu 'Huzâ'hah, and the charge of the Kaabah remained with the last-mentioned tribe.

Quzâi, an ancestor of the prophet, making common cause with the Benu Kenânah, defeated the Benu Bakr and Benu 'Huzâ'hah and restored the custody of the Kaabah to his own tribe, the Qurâis.

From Quzâi it descended to his eldest son, 'Abd ed Dar, from whom the principal offices were, however,

transferred to his brother, 'Abd Menâf. 'Abd Menâf left four sons, 'Abd Shems, Hâshim, al Muttalib and Nâufel. To Hâshim was intrusted the guardianship of the Kaabah and the right of supplying food to the pilgrims, together with the principedom of Mecca. Hâshim and his son, 'Abd al Muttalib, filled the office with so much liberality that the wealth of the family, though considerable, was nearly all dissipated, and the rival family of Ommaiyeh, son of 'Abd Shems, took over the more expensive offices, with the prestige which they naturally carried.

*Ancestry
of Moham-
med.*

'Abd al Muttalib's youngest son, 'Abd alah, married a kinswoman settled at Yathrib (Medînah), by whom he had one posthumous child, Mohammed, the future prophet.

The exact date generally given of Mohammed's birth is April 20, 571, but all that is absolutely certain is that he was born in the Year of the Elephant. All that the child inherited from his father was five camels and a slave girl.

*Birth of
Moham-
med.*

Mohammed had reached his fortieth year when the first revelations came to him. They were the almost natural outcome of his mode of life and habit of thought, and especially of his physical constitution. From youth upward he had suffered from a nervous disorder which tradition calls epilepsy, but the symptoms of which more closely resemble certain hysterical phenomena well known and diagnosed in the present time, and which

are almost always accompanied with hallucinations, abnormal exercise of the mental functions, and not unfrequently with a certain amount of deception, both voluntary and otherwise.

The thought that he might be, after all, mad or possessed (magnum), was terrible to Mohammed. He struggled for a long time against the idea, and endeavored to support himself by belief in the reality of the divine mission which he had received upon Mount 'Hirâ; but no more revelations came, nothing occurred to give him further confidence and hope, and Mohammed began to feel that such a life could be endured no longer. The "Fatrah," or "intermission," as this period, without revelation, was called, lasted for two and a half or three years.

The Fatrah.

Dark thoughts of suicide presented themselves to his mind, and on more than one occasion he climbed the steep side of Mount 'Hirâ, or Mount Thabîr, with the desperate intention of putting an end to his unquiet life by hurling himself from one of the precipitous cliffs. But a mysterious power appeared to hold him back, and at length the long-looked-for vision came, which was to confirm him in his prophetic mission.

The revelations.

And now the revelations came in rapid succession. He no longer doubted the reality of the inspiration, and his conviction of the unity of God and of his divine commission to preach it was indelibly impressed upon his mind.

To the great mass of the citizens of Mecca the new

doctrine was simply 'Hanîfism, to which they had become accustomed, and they did not at first trouble themselves at all about the matter. Mohammed's claim, however, to be the Apostle of God called forth more opposition, causing some to hate him for his presumption, and others to ridicule him for his pretensions; some regarded him in the light of one possessed, while another class looked upon him as a mere vulgar soothsayer.

*How Mecca
accepted
the new
prophet.*

But in preaching the unity of Allâh, Mohammed was attacking the very existence of the idols, in the guardianship of which consisted not only the supremacy of Mecca, but the welfare and importance of the state. The chiefs of the Qurâis therefore began to look with no favorable eye upon the prophet, whom they regarded as a dangerous political innovator. But Mohammed came of the most noble family in Mecca, and could not be attacked or suppressed without calling down upon the aggressors the certain vengeance of his protector, Abu Tâlib, and his clan. A deputation of the chiefs, therefore, waited upon Abu Tâlib and begged him to enforce silence upon his nephew, or to withdraw protection, which latter alternative was equivalent to handing him over to the summary vengeance of his foes. This Abu Tâlib firmly but politely refused to do, and it was not until they added threats to their entreaties that he consented even to remonstrate with his nephew.

So hostile was now the attitude of the Qurâis that the believers of Mecca prepared for flight, and at last there

were only left in Mecca three members of the community, Mohammed himself, Abu Bekr, and Ali.

*Hostility of
the Qurâis.*

The Qurâis now held a solemn council of war, at which, on the suggestion of Abu Gahl, it was determined that eleven men, each a prominent member of one of the noble families of the town, should simultaneously attack and murder Mohammed, and by thus dividing the responsibility should avoid the consequences of the blood feud; for, as they rightly judged, the Hâsimis, not being sufficiently powerful to take the blood revenge on so many families, would be obliged to accept the blood money instead.

*Mohammed
is warned
and es-
capes.*

Mohammed had timely warning of this design, and giving Ali his mantle bade him pretend to sleep on the couch usually occupied by himself, and so divert the attention of the would-be murderers who were watching around his house. In the meantime Mohammed and Abu Bekr escaped by a back window in the house of the latter, and the two hid themselves in a cavern on Mount Thaur, an hour and a half distant from Mecca, before the Qurâis had discovered the ruse and heard of their flight. A hot pursuit was immediately organized.

For three days they lay concealed, their enemies once coming so near that Abu Bekr, trembling, said, "We are but two." "Nay," said Mohammed, "we are three; for God is with us." The legend tells us that a spider had woven its web across the mouth of the cave, so that the

Qurâis, thinking that no one had entered in, passed it over in their search.

At length they ventured once more to set out, and, mounted on fleet camels, reached Yathrib in safety. Three days after they were joined by Ali, who had been allowed to leave after a few hours' imprisonment.

This was the celebrated Higrâh, or flight, from which the Mohammedan era dates. It took place on June 16, in the year of our Lord 622. The city of Yathrib was henceforth known as Madînat en Nebî, "the city of the prophet," or simply El Medînah. *The Hegira, A.D. 622.*

Once established at El Medînah, Mohammed proceeded to regulate the rites and ceremonies of his religion, built a mosque to serve as a place of prayer and hall of general assembly, and appointed Bilâl, the Abyssinian slave who had been so faithful throughout the former persecutions, as crier to call the believers to the five daily prayers. His next care was to reconcile, as far as possible, the various opposing parties of the city, and this was by no means an easy task. Soon afterward he turned his attention to his native city, which had rejected him and driven him out; and feeling himself now sufficiently strong to take the offensive, he began to preach the Holy War. *Mohammed establishes himself at El Medînah. He begins to preach the Holy War.*

For six years neither he nor his followers had visited the Kaabah, or performed the sacred rites of the pilgrimage, and in the year 628 he resolved to attempt it. The time chosen was in the sacred month of DHu'l

Qa'hdah, when the Lesser Pilgrimage was wont to be performed, rather than DHu'l Higgeh, that of the Greater Pilgrimage, as less likely to lead to a collision with the other tribes. Fifteen hundred men only accompanied Mohammed, bearing no other arms than those usually allowed to pilgrims, a sheathed sword for each.

The Meccans contemplated Mohammed's advance with no small apprehension, and not believing in his pacific intentions, resolved to bar his progress. Mohammed, thus checked, turned aside toward 'Hudâibîyeh, on the frontier of the sacred territory.

*The ten
years'
truce.*

Here after some negotiations a treaty was concluded in which a truce of ten years was agreed upon; any of the Meccans who pleased should be at liberty to join Mohammed, and *vice versa*, any of the Muslims who chose might enter the Meccan ranks; only those who were clients of powerful chiefs were not to be allowed to become Muslims without the consent of their patrons. Mohammed and his followers were not to enter Mecca that year, but the next year they were to be permitted to do so and to remain for three days.

This was, in reality, a great triumph for Mohammed, as it recognized his position as an independent prince, while the ten years' truce not only enabled him without hindrance to propagate his doctrines at Mecca, but, by removing the constant danger in which he stood from that city, gave him the opportunity of turning his attention elsewhere.

He now not only endeavored to reduce the Bedawîn tribes to submission, but wrote letters to the great kings and emperors of the world, to the Persian Khosrou, to the Byzantine Emperor, and to the Abyssinian Naggâsî, peremptorily bidding them embrace the faith and submit to his rule. The replies that he received were not flattering to his pride, but he or his immediate successors were, ere long, to repeat the summons in a form that admitted neither of denial nor delay.

*Tries to
enforce his
teaching.*

One potentate only, the governor of Egypt, Maqauqas, returned a favorable answer, and he sent, among other presents, two slave girls, one of whom, a Coptic girl named Mary, Mohammed took to himself, and by so doing estranged his numerous wives, and was only reconciled by a revelation.

In 629, in the month of DHu'l Qa'hdah (February), the long-expected pilgrimage took place. With two thousand followers the prophet entered the Holy City, and the Meccans having retired to the neighboring hills, all passed off quietly.

*Moham-
med enters
Mecca.*

In March, 632, he made his last pilgrimage to Mecca, the "Farewell Pilgrimage," as the Muslims call it, and standing upon Mount Arafât he addressed the assembled multitude—more than forty thousand of pilgrims—bade them stand firm by the faith that he had taught them, and called God to witness that he had delivered his message and fulfilled his mission.

*Moham-
med's last
pilgrimage.*

In June he fell sick, and himself perceived that his end

*Last hours
of Moham-
med.*

was drawing nigh. On Monday, June 8, feeling better, he went to the Mosque of Medînah, where Abu Bekr was conducting the prayers before a crowded congregation who had flocked there to hear news of the prophet. Mohammed's entry was quite unexpected, but in spite of the weakness evident from his faltering gait, his countenance was bright, and his voice as clear and commanding as ever. Mounting the lower steps of the pulpit, he said a few last words to the people, and, having given some parting injunctions to Osâma, whom he had intrusted with the command of an army to Syria, Mohammed returned to his house and lay down to rest in 'Ayesha's chamber. Here, resting his head upon her bosom, the prophet of Arabia fell asleep.

*Estimate
of Moham-
med.*

In forming our estimate of Mohammed's character and of the religion which we are accustomed to call by his name, we must put aside the theories of imposture and enthusiasm, as well as that of divine inspiration. Even the theory of his being a great political reformer does not contain the whole truth; and although it is certain that his personal character exercised a most important influence on his doctrine, yet it is not by any means evident that it even molded it into its present shape.

The enthusiasm which he himself inspired, and the readiness with which such men as Abu Bekr and Omar, Arabs of the noblest birth, ranged themselves among his followers, who consisted for the most part of men of the

lowest rank, slaves, freedmen, and the like, prove that he could have been no mere impostor.

The early portions of the Qur'ân are the genuine rhapsodies of an enthusiast who believed himself inspired, and Mohammed himself points to them in the later Sûrahs as irrefragable proofs of the divine origin of his mission. In his later history, however, there are evidences of that tendency to pious fraud which the profession of a prophet necessarily involves. Although commenced in perfect good faith, such a profession must place the enthusiast at last in an embarrassing position, and the very desire to prove the truth of what he himself believes may reduce him to the alternative of resorting to a pious fraud or of relinquishing all the results which he has previously attained.

*The
Qur'ân.*

At the outset of his career he turned to the Jews, imagining that, as he claimed to restore the original religion of Abraham, and appealed to the Jewish scriptures for confirmation of his teaching, they would support him. Disappointed in this quarter, he treated them with more bitter hostility than any other of his opponents.

*Mohammed
turns to the
Jews for
support*

In the latter part of his career he took but little notice either of the Jews or Christians, and when he does mention the latter, it is without any of the conciliatory spirit which he at first displayed to them, and they are not only sharply reproved for their errors, but are included in the general mass of infidels against whom the true believers are to fight.

THE CONQUEST OF PERSIA

(A.D. 632-641)

EDWARD GIBBON

IN the victorious days of the Roman republic, it had been the aim of the Senate to confine their consuls and legions to a single war, and completely to suppress a first enemy before they provoked the hostilities of a second. These timid maxims of policy were disdained by the magnanimity or enthusiasm of the Arabian caliphs. With the same vigor and success they invaded the successors of Augustus and those of Artaxerxes; and the rival monarchies at the same instant became the prey of an enemy whom they had been so long accustomed to despise. In the ten years of the administration of Omar, the Saracens reduced to his obedience thirty-six thousand cities or castles, destroyed four thousand churches or temples of the unbelievers, and edified fourteen hundred mosques for the exercise of the religion of Mahomet. One hundred years after his flight from Mecca, the arms and the reign of his successors extended from India to the Atlantic ocean, over the various and *Roman policy.*

distant provinces, which may be comprised under the names of, I. Persia; II. Syria; III. Egypt; IV. Africa; and, V. Spain.

*Invasion
of Persia,
A.D. 632.*

In the first year of the first caliph, his lieutenant, Caled, the sword of God, and the scourge of the infidels, advanced to the banks of the Euphrates, and reduced the cities of Anbar and Hira. Westward of the ruins of Babylon, a tribe of sedentary Arabs had fixed themselves on the verge of the desert; and Hira was the seat of a race of kings who had embraced the Christian religion, and reigned above six hundred years under the shadow of the throne of Persia. The last of the Mondars was defeated and slain by Caled; his son was sent a captive to Medina; his nobles bowed before the successor of the prophet; the people were tempted by the example and success of their countrymen; and the caliph accepted, as the first-fruits of foreign conquest, an annual tribute of seventy thousand pieces of gold. The conquerors, and even their historians, were astonished by the dawn of their future greatness: "In the same year," says Elmacin, "Caled fought many signal battles; an immense multitude of the infidels was slaughtered; and spoils, infinite and innumerable, were acquired by the victorious Moslems." But the invincible Caled was soon transferred to the Syrian war: the invasion of the Persian frontier was conducted by less active or less prudent commanders: the Saracens were repulsed with loss in the passage of the Euphrates; and, though they chastised the insolent pur-

*Spoils
of the
Moslems.*

suit of the Magians, their remaining forces still hovered in the desert of Babylon.

The indignation and fears of the Persians suspended for a moment their intestine divisions. By the unanimous sentence of the priests and nobles, their queen, Arzema, was deposed; the sixth of the transient usurpers, who had arisen and vanished in three or four years, since the death of Chosroes and the retreat of Heraclius. Her tiara was placed on the head of Yezdegerd, the grandson of Chosroes; and the same era, which coincides with an astronomical period, has recorded the fall of the Sassanian dynasty and the religion of Zoroaster. The youth and inexperience of the prince, he was only fifteen years of age, declined a perilous encounter: the royal standard was delivered into the hands of his general, Rustam; and a remnant of thirty thousand regular troops was swelled in truth, or in opinion, to one hundred and twenty thousand subjects, or allies, of the great king. The Moslems, whose numbers were reinforced from twelve to thirty thousand, had pitched their camp in the plains of Cadesia: and their line, though it consisted of fewer *men*, could produce more *soldiers* than the unwieldy host of the infidels. I shall here observe what I must often repeat, that the charge of the Arabs was not, like that of the Greeks and Romans, the effort of a firm and compact infantry: their military force was chiefly formed of cavalry and archers; and the engagement, which was often interrupted and often renewed by single combats

*Fear
unites the
Persians.*

*Battle of
Cadesia,
A.D. 636.*

*Arab
tactics.*

and flying skirmishes, might be protracted without any decisive event to the continuance of several days. The periods of the battle of Cadesia were distinguished by their peculiar appellations. The first, from the well-timed appearance of six thousand of the Syrian brethren, was denominated the day of *succor*. The day of *concussion* might express the disorder of one, or perhaps of both, of the contending armies. The third, a nocturnal tumult, received the whimsical name of the night of *barking*, from the discordant clamors, which were compared to the inarticulate sounds of the fiercest animals. The morning of the succeeding day determined the fate of Persia; and a seasonable whirlwind drove a cloud of dust against the faces of the unbelievers. The clangor of arms was re-echoed to the tent of Rustam, who, far unlike the ancient hero of his name, was gently reclining in a cool and tranquil shade, amid the baggage of his camp, and the train of mules that were laden with gold and silver. On the sound of danger he started from his couch; but his flight was overtaken by a valiant Arab, who caught him by the foot, struck off his head, hoisted it on a lance, and instantly returning to the field of battle, carried slaughter and dismay among the thickest ranks of the Persians. The Saracens confess a loss of seven thousand five hundred men; and the battle of Cadesia is justly described by the epithets of obstinate and atrocious. The standard of the monarchy was overthrown and captured in the field—a leathern apron of a

*Death of
Rustam.*

blacksmith, who, in ancient times, had arisen the deliverer of Persia; but this badge of heroic poverty was disguised, and almost concealed, by a profusion of precious gems. After this victory, the wealthy province of Irak, or Assyria, submitted to the caliph, and his conquests were firmly established by the speedy foundation of *Foundation of Bassora.* Bassora, a place which ever commands the trade and navigation of the Persians. At the distance of fourscore miles from the gulf, the Euphrates and Tigris unite in a broad and direct current, which is aptly styled the river of the Arabs. In the midway, between the junction and the mouth of these famous streams, the new settlement was planted on the western bank: the first colony was composed of eight hundred Moslems; but the influence of the situation soon reared a flourishing and populous capital. The air, though excessively hot, is pure and healthy: the meadows are filled with palm-trees and cattle; and one of the adjacent valleys has been celebrated among the four paradises or gardens of Asia. Under the first caliphs, the jurisdiction of this Arabian colony extended over the southern provinces of Persia: the city has been sanctified by the tombs of the companions and martyrs; and the vessels of Europe still frequent the port of Bassora, as a convenient station and passage of the Indian trade.

After the defeat of Cadesia, a country intersected by rivers and canals might have opposed an insuperable barrier to the victorious cavalry; and the walls of Ctesi-

*Sack of
Madyan,
A.D. 637.*

phon or Madyan, which had resisted the battering-rams of the Romans, would not have yielded to the darts of the Saracens. But the flying Persians were overcome by the belief that the last day of their religion and empire was at hand: the strongest posts were abandoned by treachery or cowardice; and the king, with a part of his family and treasures, escaped to Holwan at the foot of the Median hills. In the third month after the battle, Said, the lieutenant of Omar, passed the Tigris without opposition; the capital was taken by assault; and the disorderly resistance of the people gave a keener edge to the sabres of the Moslems, who shouted with religious transport, "This is the white palace of Chosroes; this is the promise of the apostle of God!" The naked robbers of the desert were suddenly enriched beyond the measure of their hope or knowledge. Each chamber revealed a new treasure secreted with art, or ostentatiously displayed; the gold and silver, the various wardrobes and precious furniture, surpassed (says Abulfeda) the estimate of fancy or numbers; and another historian defines the untold and almost infinite mass, by the fabulous computation of three thousands of thousands of thousands of pieces of gold. Some minute though curious facts represent the contrast of riches and ignorance. From the remote islands of the Indian ocean, a large provision of camphire had been imported, which is employed with a mixture of wax to illuminate the palaces of the east. Strangers to the name and properties of that

*Wealth of
the spoil.*

odoriferous gum, the Saracens, mistaking it for salt, mingled the camphire in their bread, and were astonished at the bitterness of the taste. One of the apartments of the palace was decorated with a carpet of silk, sixty cubits in length, and as many in breadth: a paradise or garden was depicted on the ground; the flowers, fruits, and shrubs, were imitated by the figures of the gold embroidery, and the colors of the precious stones; and the ample square was encircled by a variegated and verdant border. The Arabian general persuaded his soldiers to relinquish their claim, in the reasonable hope, that the eyes of the caliph would be delighted with the splendid workmanship of nature and industry. Regardless of the merit of art, and the pomp of royalty, the rigid Omar divided the prize among his brethren of Medina: the picture was destroyed: but such was the intrinsic value of the materials, that the share of Ali alone was sold for twenty thousand drams. A mule that carried away the tiara and cuirass, the belt and bracelets, of Chosroes, was overtaken by the pursuers; the gorgeous trophy was presented to the commander of the faithful; and the gravest of the companions condescended to smile when they beheld the white beard, hairy arms, and uncouth figure of the veteran, who was invested with the spoils of the Great King. The sack of Ctesiphon was followed by its desertion and gradual decay. The Saracens disliked the air and situation of the place, and Omar was advised by his general to remove the seat of government to the west-

*The
wonderful
carpet.*

*Decay of
Ctesiphon.*

*Foundation
of Cufa.*

*The king
takes flight.*

*Battle of
Nehavend.*

ern side of the Euphrates. In every age the foundation and ruin of the Assyrian cities have been easy and rapid: the country is destitute of stone and timber; and the most solid structures are composed of bricks baked in the sun, and joined by a cement of the native bitumen. The name of *Cufa*¹ describes a habitation of reeds and earth; but the importance of the new capital was supported by the numbers, wealth, and spirit, of a colony of veterans; and their licentiousness was indulged by the wisest caliphs, who were apprehensive of provoking the revolt of a hundred thousand swords: "Ye men of Cufa," said Ali, who solicited their aid, "you have been always conspicuous by your valor. You conquered the Persian king, and scattered his forces, till you had taken possession of his inheritance." This mighty conquest was achieved by the battles of Jalula and Nehavend. After the loss of the former, Yezdegerd fled from Holwan, and concealed his shame and despair in the mountains of Farsistan, from whence Cyrus had descended with his equal and valiant companions. The courage of the nation survived that of the monarch: among the hills to the south of Ecbatana or Hamadan, one hundred and fifty thousand Persians made a third and final stand for their religion and country; and the decisive battle of Nehavend was styled by the Arabs the victory of victories. If it be true that the flying general of the Persians was stopped and overtaken

¹ The site may have been occupied originally by a small hill of the name.

A.D. 632-709

THE CONQUEST OF PERSIA

in a crowd of mules and camels laden with honey, the incident, however slight or singular, will denote the luxurious impediments of an oriental army.

[In 632, the Arabs attacked the Eastern Roman Empire. During the next seventy-five years, they conquered Syria, Egypt, and Northern Africa. In 709, they crossed the Straits of Gibraltar and attacked Spain.]

ARAB CONQUEST OF SPAIN

(A.D. 709-713)

EDWARD GIBBON

IN the progress of conquest from the north and south, the Goths and the Saracens encountered each other on the confines of Europe and Africa. In the opinion of the latter, the difference of religion is a reasonable ground of enmity and warfare. As early as the time of Othman their piratical squadrons had ravaged the coasts of Andalusia; nor had they forgotten the relief of Carthage by the Gothic succors. In that age, as well as in the present, the kings of Spain were possessed of the fortress of Ceuta; one of the columns of Hercules, which is divided by a narrow strait from the opposite pillar or point of Europe. A small portion of Mauritania was still wanting to the African conquest; but Musa, in the pride of victory, was repulsed from the walls of Ceuta, by the vigilance and courage of Count Julian, the general of the Goths. From his disappointment and perplexity, Musa was relieved by an unexpected message of the Christian chief, who offered his place, his person,

First temptations and designs of the Arabs.

and his sword, to the successors of Mahomet, and solicited the disgraceful honor of introducing their arms into the heart of Spain. If we inquire into the cause of his treachery, the Spaniards will repeat the popular story of his daughter Cava; of a virgin who was seduced, or ravished, by her sovereign; of a father who sacrificed his religion and country to the thirst of revenge. After the decease or deposition of Witiza, his two sons were supplanted by the ambition of Roderic, a noble Goth, whose father, the duke or governor of a province, had fallen a victim to the preceding tyranny. The monarchy was still elective; but the sons of Witiza, educated on the steps of the throne, were impatient of a private station. Their resentment was the more dangerous, as it was varnished with the dissimulation of courts: their followers were excited by the remembrance of favors and the promise of a revolution; and their uncle Oppas, archbishop of Toledo and Seville, was the first person in the church, and the second in the state. It is probable that Julian was involved in the disgrace of the unsuccessful faction; that he had little to hope and much to fear from the new reign; and that the imprudent king could not forget or forgive the injuries which Roderic and his family had sustained. The merit and influence of the count rendered him a useful or formidable subject: his estates were ample, his followers bold and numerous, and it was too fatally shown that, by his Andalusian and Mauritanian commands, he held in his hand the keys

*State of
the Gothic
monarchy.*

*Degener-
acy of the
Goths.*

of the Spanish monarchy. Too feeble, however, to meet his sovereign in arms, he sought the aid of a foreign power; and his rash invitation of the Moors and Arabs produced the calamities of eight hundred years. In his epistles, or in a personal interview, he revealed the wealth and nakedness of his country; the weakness of an unpopular prince; the degeneracy of an effeminate people. The Goths were no longer the victorious barbarians who had humbled the pride of Rome, despoiled the queen of nations, and penetrated from the Danube to the Atlantic Ocean. Secluded from the world by the Pyrenean mountains, the successors of Alaric had slumbered in a long peace; the walls of the cities were mouldered into dust; the youth had abandoned the exercise of arms; and the presumption of their ancient renown would expose them in a field of battle to the first assault of the invaders. The ambitious Saracen was fired by the ease and importance of the attempt; but the execution was delayed till he had consulted the commander of the faithful; and his messenger returned with the permission of Walid to annex the unknown kingdoms of the West to the religion and throne of the caliphs.

*Count
Julian seeks
aid from
Moors and
Arabs.*

In his residence of Tangier, Musa, with secrecy and caution, continued his correspondence and hastened his preparations. But the remorse of the conspirators was soothed by the fallacious assurance that he should content himself with the glory and spoil, without aspiring

to establish the Moslems beyond the sea that separates Africa from Europe.

*The first
descent of
the Arabs.*

Before Musa would trust an army of the faithful to the traitors and infidels of a foreign land, he made a less dangerous trial of their strength and veracity. One hundred Arabs and four hundred Africans passed over in four vessels from Tangier, or Ceuta; the place of their descent on the opposite shore of the strait is marked by the name of Tarik their chief. From their first station they marched eighteen miles through a hilly country to the castle and town of Julian: on which (it is still called Algezire) they bestowed the name of the Green Island, from a verdant cape that advances into the sea. Their hospitable entertainment, the Christians who joined their standard, their inroad into a fertile and unguarded province, the richness of their spoil, and the safety of their return, announced to their brethren the most favorable omens of victory. In the ensuing spring, five thousand veterans and volunteers were embarked under the command of Tarik, a dauntless and skilful soldier, who surpassed the expectation of his chief; and the necessary transports were provided by the industry of their too faithful ally. The Saracens landed at the pillar or point of Europe; the corrupt and familiar appellation of Gibraltar (*Gebel al Tarik*) describes the mountain of Tarik. The adjacent governors informed the court of Toledo of the descent and progress of the Arabs; and the defeat of his lieutenant Edeco, who had been commanded to

*Tarik's
expedition.*

Gibraltar.

seize and bind the presumptuous strangers, admonished Roderic of the magnitude of the danger. At the royal summons, the dukes and counts, the bishops and nobles of the Gothic monarchy assembled at the head of their followers. His army consisted of ninety or a hundred thousand men; a formidable power, if their fidelity and discipline had been adequate to their numbers. The troops of Tarik had been augmented to twelve thousand Saracens; but the Christian malcontents were attracted by the influence of Julian, and a crowd of Africans most greedily tasted the temporal blessings of the Koran. In the neighborhood of Cadiz, the town of Xeres has been illustrated by the encounter which determined the fate of the kingdom; the stream of the Gaudalete, which falls into the bay, divided the two camps, and marked the advancing and retreating skirmishes of three successive and bloody days. On the fourth day, the two armies joined a more serious and decisive issue: but Alaric would have blushed at the sight of his unworthy successor, sustaining on his head a diadem of pearls, incumbered with a flowing robe of gold and silken embroidery, and reclining on a litter or car of ivory drawn by two white mules. Notwithstanding the valor of the Saracens, they fainted under the weight of multitudes, and the plain of Xeres was overspread with sixteen thousand of their dead bodies. "My brethren," said Tarik to his surviving companions, "the enemy is before you, the sea is behind: whither would ye fly? Follow your general: I

*The four
days' battle.*

am resolved either to lose my life, or to trample on the prostrate king of the Romans." Besides the resource of despair, he confided in the secret correspondence and nocturnal interviews of Count Julian with the sons and the brother of Witiza.

Total defeat of the Goths.

The two princes and the archbishop of Toledo occupied the most important post: their well-timed defection broke the ranks of the Christians; each warrior was prompted by fear of suspicion to consult his personal safety; and the remains of the Gothic army were scattered or destroyed in the flight and pursuit of the three following days. Amid the general disorder, Roderic started from his car, and mounted Orelia, the fleetest of his horses; but he escaped from a soldier's death to perish more ignobly in the waters of the Betis or Guadalquivir. His diadem, his robes, and his courser, were found on the bank; but as the body of the Gothic prince was lost in the waves, the pride and ignorance of the caliph must have been gratified with some meaner head, which was exposed in triumph before the palace of Damascus.

Ruin of The Gothic monarchy.

Count Julian had plunged so deep into guilt and infamy that his only hope was in the ruin of his country. After the battle of Xeres he recommended the most effectual measures to the victorious Saracen. "The king of the Goths is slain; their princes are fled before you, the army is routed, the nation is astonished. Secure with sufficient detachments the cities of Betica; but in person, and without delay, march to the royal city of To-

ledo, and allow not the distracted Christians either time or tranquillity for the election of a new monarch." Tarik listened to his advice. A Roman captive and proselyte, who had been enfranchised by the caliph himself, assaulted Cordova with seven hundred horse: he swam the river, surprised the town, and drove the Christians into the great church, where they defended themselves above three months. Another detachment reduced the seacoast of Betica, which in the last period of the Moorish power has comprised in a narrow space the populous kingdom of Grenada. The march of Tarik from the Betis to the Tagus was directed through the Sierra Morena, that separates Andalusia and Castile, till he appeared in arms under the walls of Toledo. The most zealous of the Catholics had escaped with the relics of their saints: and if the gates were shut, it was only till the victor had subscribed a fair and reasonable capitulation. The voluntary exiles were allowed to depart with their effects; seven churches were appropriated to the Christian worship; the archbishop and his clergy were at liberty to exercise their functions, the monks to practice or neglect their penance; and the Goths and Romans were left in all civil and criminal cases to the subordinate jurisdiction of their own laws and magistrates. But if the justice of Tarik protected the Christians, his gratitude and policy rewarded the Jews, to whose secret or open aid he was indebted for his most important acquisitions. Persecuted by the kings and synods of Spain, who

*Fall of
Cordova.*

*The
Jews are
rewarded.*

had often pressed the alternative of banishment or baptism, that outcast nation embraced the moment of revenge: the comparison of their past and present state was the pledge of their fidelity; and the alliance between the disciples of Moses and of Mahomet was maintained till the final era of their common expulsion. From the royal seat of Toledo, the Arabian leader spread his conquests to the north, over the modern realms of Castile and Leon; but it is needless to enumerate the cities that yielded on his approach, or again to describe the table of emerald, transported from the east by the Romans, acquired by the Goths among the spoils of Rome, and presented by the Arabs to the throne of Damascus. Beyond the Asturian mountains, the maritime town of Gijon was the term of the lieutenant of Musa, who had performed with the speed of a traveller his victorious march of seven hundred miles from the rock of Gibraltar to the Bay of Biscay. The failure of land compelled him to retreat; and he was recalled to Toledo, to excuse his presumption of subduing a kingdom in the absence of his general. Spain, which, in a more savage and disorderly state, had resisted, two hundred years, the arms of the Romans, was overrun in a few months by those of the Saracens; and such was the eagerness of submission and treaty that the governor of Cordova is recorded as the only chief who fell, without conditions, a prisoner into their hands. The cause of the Goths had been irrevocably judged in the field of Xeres; and, in the

*Tarık's
victorious
march.*

national dismay, each part of the monarchy declined a contest with the antagonist who had vanquished the united strength of the whole.

To disarm the Christians, superstition likewise contributed her terrors: and the subtle Arab encouraged the report of dreams, omens, and prophecies, and of the portraits of the destined conquerors of Spain, that were discovered on breaking open an apartment of the royal palace. Yet a spark of the vital flame was still alive: some invincible fugitives preferred a life of poverty and freedom in the Asturian valleys; the hardy mountaineer repulsed the slaves of the caliph: and the sword of Pelagius has been transformed into the sceptre of the Catholic kings.

Omens and prophecies.

On the intelligence of this rapid success, the applause of Musa degenerated into envy; and he began, not to complain, but to fear, that Tarik would leave him nothing to subdue. At the head of ten thousand Arabs and eight thousand Africans, he passed over in person from Mauritania to Spain: the first of his companions were the noblest of the Koreish: his eldest son was left in the command of Africa; the three younger brethren were of an age and spirit to second the boldest enterprises of their father. At his landing in Algezire, he was respectfully entertained by Count Julian, who stifled his inward remorse, and testified, both in words and actions, that the victory of the Arabs had not impaired his attachment to their cause. Some enemies yet remained for the sword

Musa takes command.

of Musa. The tardy repentance of the Goths had compared their own numbers and those of the invaders; the cities from which the march of Tarik had declined considered themselves as impregnable; and the bravest patriots defended the fortifications of Seville and Merida.

*He reduces
Seville and
Merida.*

They were successively besieged and reduced by the labor of Musa, who transported his camp from the Betis to the Anas, from the Guadalquivir to the Guadiana. When he beheld the works of Roman magnificence, the bridge, the aqueducts, the triumphal arches, and the theatre, of the ancient metropolis of Lusitania, "I should imagine," said he to his four companions, "that the human race must have united their art and power in the foundation of this city: happy is the man who shall become its master!" He aspired to that happiness, but the Emeritans sustained on this occasion the honor of their descent from the veteran legionaries of Augustus. Disdaining the confinement of their walls, they gave battle to the Arabs on the plain; but an ambuscade rising from the shelter of a quarry, or a ruin, chastised their indiscretion, and intercepted their return. The wooden turrets of assault were rolled forward to the foot of the rampart; but the defence of Merida was obstinate and long; and the Castle of the Martyrs was a perpetual testimony of the losses of the Moslems. The constancy of the besieged was at length subdued by famine and despair; and the prudent victor disguised his impatience under the names of clemency and esteem. The alternative of exile or

*Wonders of
the ancient
metropolis.*

*Castle
of the
Martyrs.*

tribute was allowed; the churches were divided between the two religions; and the wealth of those who had fallen in the siege, or retired to Gallicia, was confiscated as the reward of the faithful. In the midway between Merida and Toledo, the lieutenant of Musa saluted the vicergerent of the caliph, and conducted him to the palace of the Gothic kings. Their first interview was cold and formal: a rigid account was exacted of the treasures of Spain: the character of Tarik was exposed to suspicion and obloquy; and the hero was imprisoned, reviled, and ignominiously scourged by the hand, or the command, of Musa. Yet so strict was the discipline, so pure the zeal, or so tame the spirit, of the primitive Moslems, that, after this public indignity, Tarik could serve and be trusted in the reduction of the Tarragonese province. A mosque was erected at Saragossa, by the liberality of the Koreish: the port of Barcelona was opened to the vessels of Syria; and the Goths were pursued beyond the Pyrenean Mountains into their Gallic province of Septimania or Languedoc. In the church of St. Mary at Carcassone, Musa found, but it is improbable that he left, seven equestrian statues of massy silver: and from his *term* or column of Narbonne, he returned on his footsteps to the Gallician and Lusitanian shores of the ocean. During the absence of the father, his son Abdelaziz chastised the insurgents of Seville, and reduced, from Malaga to Valentia, the seacoast of the Mediterranean. In this revolution, many partial calamities were inflicted by the carnal or religious

*Meeting of
Musa and
Tarik.*

*Musa's
treatment
of Tarik.*

*Seville
rebels.*

passions of the enthusiasts: some churches were profaned by the new worship; some relics or images were confounded with idols: the rebels were put to the sword; and one town (an obscure place between Cordova and Seville) was razed to its foundations. Yet if we compare the invasion of Spain by the Goths, or its recovery by the kings of Castile and Aragon, we must applaud the moderation and discipline of the Arabian conquerors.

*Moderation
of the Arabs.*

[The Arabs besieged Constantinople from 668 to 675, when they received tribute and desisted; and again in 716. Their failure and retreat in 718 was partly due to the invention and employment of the Greek fire. In 721, they undertook the invasion of France.]

*Invention
of Greek
fire.*

THE BATTLE OF TOURS

(A.D. 732)

E. S. CREASY

THE conquests which the Saracens effected over the southern and eastern provinces of Rome were far more rapid than those achieved by the Germans in the north, and the new organizations of society which the Moslems introduced were summarily and uniformly enforced. Exactly a century passed between the death of Mohammed and the date of the battle of Tours. During that century the followers of the Prophet had torn away half the Roman empire; and besides their conquests over Persia, the Saracens had overrun Syria, Egypt, Africa, and Spain, in an unchecked and apparently irresistible career of victory. Nor, at the commencement of the Fifth Century of our era, was the Mohammedan world divided against itself, as it subsequently became. All these vast regions obeyed the caliph; throughout them all, from the Pyrenees to the Oxus, the name of Mohammed was invoked in prayer, and the Koran revered as the book of the law.

*Conquests
of the
Saracens.*

*Extent of
the caliph's
empire.*

It was under one of their ablest and most renowned commanders, with a veteran army, and with every apparent advantage of time, place, and circumstance, that the Arabs made their great effort at the conquest of Europe north of the Pyrenees.

*Adminis-
tration
of Abderrahman.*

In addition to his cardinal military virtues, Abderrahman is described by the Arab writers as a model of integrity and justice. The first two years of his second administration in Spain were occupied in severe reforms of the abuses which under his predecessors had crept into the system of government, and in extensive preparations for his intended conquest in Gaul. Besides the troops which he collected from his province, he obtained from Africa a large body of chosen Berber cavalry, officered by Arabs of proved skill and valor; and in the summer of 732, he crossed the Pyrenees at the head of an army which some Arab writers rate at eighty thousand strong, while some of the Christian chroniclers swell its numbers to many hundreds of thousands more.

*Charles
Martel.*

The Merovingian kings had sunk into absolute insignificance, and had become mere puppets of royalty before the Eighth Century. Charles Martel, like his father, Pepin Heristal, was Duke of the Austrasian Franks, the bravest and most thoroughly Germanic part of the nation, and exercised, in the name of the titular king, what little paramount authority the turbulent minor rulers of districts and towns could be persuaded or compelled to acknowledge. Engaged with his national

competitors in perpetual conflicts for power, and in more serious struggles for safety against the fierce tribes of the unconverted Frisians, Bavarians, Saxons, and Thuringians, who at that epoch assailed with peculiar ferocity the Christianized Germans on the left bank of the Rhine, Charles Martel added experienced skill to his natural courage, and he had likewise formed a militia of veterans among the Franks.

His struggles for power and safety.

The Monkish chroniclers, from whom we are obliged to glean a narrative of this memorable campaign, bear full evidence to the terror which the Saracen invasion inspired, and to the agony of that great struggle. The Saracens, say they, and their king, who was called Abdirames, came out of Spain, with all their wives, and their children, and their substance, in such great multitudes that no man could reckon or estimate them. They brought with them all their armor, and whatever they had, as if they were henceforth always to dwell in France.

Great Saracen invasion.

"Then Abderrahman, seeing the land filled with the multitude of his army, pierces through the mountains, tramples over rough and level ground, plunders far into the country of the Franks, and smites all with the sword, insomuch that when Eudo came to battle with him at the river Garonne, and fled before him, God alone knows the number of the slain. Then Abderrahman pursued after Count Eudo, and while he strives to spoil and burn the holy shrine at Tours, he encounters the chief of

*A seven
days' battle.*

the Austrasian Franks, Charles, a man of war from his youth up, to whom Eudo had sent warning. There for nearly seven days they strive intensely, and at last they set themselves in battle array, and the nations of the North, standing firm as a wall, and impenetrable as a zone of ice, utterly slay the Arabs with the edge of the sword."

The European writers all concur in speaking of the fall of Abderrahman as one of the principal causes of the defeat of the Arabs; who, according to one writer, after finding that their leader was slain, dispersed in the night, to the agreeable surprise of the Christians, who expected the next morning to see them issue from their tents and renew the combat.

*The
Arabian
version.*

They tell us how there was a war between the count of the Frankish frontier and the Moslems, and how the count gathered together all his people, and fought for a time with doubtful success. "But," say the Arabian chroniclers, "Abderrahman drove them back; and the men of Abderrahman were puffed up in spirit by their repeated successes, and they were full of trust in the valor and the practice in war of their emir. So the Moslems smote their enemies, and passed the river Garonne, and laid waste the country, and took captives without number. And that army went through all places like a desolating storm. Prosperity made these warriors insatiable. At the passage of the river, Abderrahman overthrew the count, and the count retired into his stronghold, but the

*The coun-
try laid
waste.*

Moslems fought against it, and entered it by force and slew the count; for everything gave way to their cimeters, which were the robbers of lives. All the nations of the Franks trembled at that terrible army, and they betook them to their king, Calvus, and told him of the havoc made by the Moslem horsemen, and how they rode at their will through all the land of Narbonne, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, and they told the king of the death of their count. Then the king bade them be of good cheer, and offered to aid them. And in the 114th year he mounted his horse, and he took with him a host that could not be numbered, and went against the Moslems. And he came upon them at the great city of Tours. And Abderrahman and other prudent cavaliers saw the disorder of the Moslem troops, who were loaded with spoil; but they did not venture to displease the soldiers by ordering them to abandon everything except their arms and war-horses. And Abderrahman trusted in the valor of his soldiers, and in the good fortune which had ever attended him. But (the Arab writer remarks) such defect of discipline always is fatal to armies. So Abderrahman and his host attacked Tours to gain still more spoil, and they fought against it so fiercely that they stormed the city almost before the eyes of the army that came to save it; and the fury and cruelty of the Moslems toward the inhabitants of the city was like the fury and cruelty of raging tigers.

The Moslems without discipline.

“Near the river Owar, the two great hosts of the two

*The great
struggle.*

languages and the two creeds were set in array against each other. The hearts of Abderrahman, his captains, and his men, were filled with wrath and pride, and they were the first to begin the fight. The Moslem horsemen dashed fierce and frequent forward against the battalions of the Franks, who resisted manfully, and many fell dead on either side until the going down of the sun. Night parted the two armies; but in the gray of the morning the Moslems returned to the battle. Their cavaliers had soon hewn their way into the centre of the Christian host. But many of the Moslems were fearful for the safety of the spoil which they had stored in their tents, and a false cry arose in their ranks that some of the enemy were plundering the camp; whereupon several squadrons of the Moslem horsemen rode off to protect their tents. But it seemed as if they fled; and all the host was troubled. And while Abderrahman strove to check their tumult, and to lead them back to battle, the warriors of the Franks came around him, and he was pierced through with many spears, so that he died. Then all the host fled before the enemy, and many died in the flight. This deadly defeat of the Moslems, and the loss of the great leader and good cavalier Abderrahman, took place in the hundred and fifteenth year."

*Death
of Abder-
rahman.*

It would be difficult to expect from an adversary a more explicit confession of having been thoroughly vanquished than the Arabs here accord to the Europeans. The points on which their narrative differs from those

of the Christians—as to how many days the conflict lasted, whether the assailed city was actually rescued or not, and the like—are of little moment compared with the admitted great fact that there was a decisive trial of strength between Frank and Saracen, in which the former conquered. The enduring importance of the battle of Tours in the eyes of the Moslems is attested not only by the expressions of “the deadly battle” and “the disgraceful overthrow” which their writers constantly employ when referring to it, but also by the fact that no more serious attempts at conquest beyond the Pyrenees were made by the Saracens. Charles Martel, and his son and grandson, were left at leisure to consolidate and extend their power. The new Christian Roman empire of the West, which the genius of Charlemagne founded, and throughout which his iron will imposed peace on the old anarchy of creeds and races, did not indeed retain its integrity after its great ruler’s death. Fresh troubles came over Europe; but Christendom, though disunited, was safe. The progress of civilization, and the development of the nationalities and governments of modern Europe from that time forth went forward in not uninterrupted, but ultimately certain, career.

*Signifi-
cance of
the victory.*

*Christen-
dom safe.*

[In 749, the Magians of Persia fell, and the next six years saw the elevation of the Abbasides and the fall of the Ommiades. From 781 to 805, Haroun al Rashid warred against the Eastern Empire. Rome was attacked

by the Lombards from 730 to 752, and was delivered by Pepin in 754. Twenty years later, Charlemagne conquered Lombardy. The years from 774 to 800 saw the final separation of the Popes from the Eastern Empire. Charlemagne was crowned Emperor of Rome and of the West in 800.]

*Emperor
of Rome.*

THE CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE

(A.D. 800)

JAMES BRYCE

IT was toward Rome as their ecclesiastical capital that the thoughts and hopes of the men of the Sixth and Seventh Centuries were constantly directed. Yet not from Rome, feeble and corrupt, nor on the exhausted soil of Italy, was the deliverer to arise. Just *The coming deliverer.* when, as we may suppose, the vision of the renewal of imperial authority in the Western provinces was beginning to vanish away, there appeared in the furthest corner of Europe, sprung of a race but lately brought within the pale of civilization, a line of chieftains devoted to the service of the Holy See, and among them one whose power and heroic character pointed him out as worthy of a dignity to which doctrine and tradition had attached a sanctity almost divine.

Since the invasion of Alboin, Italy had groaned under a complication of evils. The Lombards, who had entered *The Lombards.* along with that chief in 568, had settled in considerable

*Harassing
invaders.*

numbers in the valley of the Po, and founded the duchies of Spoleto and Benevento, leaving the rest of the country to be governed by the exarch of Ravenna as viceroy of the Eastern crown. This subjection was, however, little better than nominal. Although too few to occupy the whole peninsula, the invaders were yet strong enough to harass every part of it by inroads which met with no resistance from the population, unused to arms and without the spirit to use them in self-defence. More cruel and repulsive, if we may believe the evidence of their enemies, than any other of the Northern tribes, the Lombards were certainly singular in their aversion to the clergy, never admitting them to the national councils. Tormented by their repeated attacks, Rome sought help in vain from Byzantium, whose forces, scarce able to repel from their walls the Avars and Saracens, could give no support to the distant exarch of Ravenna. The Popes were the Emperor's subjects; they awaited his confirmation, like other bishops; they had more than once been the victims of his anger. But as the city became more accustomed in independence, and the Pope rose to a predominance, real if not yet legal, his tone grew bolder than that of the Eastern patriarchs. In the controversies that had raged in the Church, he had had the wisdom or good fortune to espouse (though not always from the first) the orthodox side; it was now by another quarrel of religion that his deliverance from an unwelcome yoke was accomplished.

*Popes and
the Emperor.*



OPENING CHARACTERS, IOMB TWO CENTURIES AFTER HIS CORONATION (I & 247 259)
FROM THE PUNTING AT KALIBA II

The Emperor Leo, born among the Isaurian Mountains, where a purer faith may yet have lingered, and stung by the Mohammedan taunt of idolatry, determined to abolish the worship of images, which seemed fast obscuring the more spiritual part of Christianity. An attempt sufficient to cause tumults among the submissive Greeks, excited in Italy a fiercer commotion. The populace rose with one heart in defence of what had become to them more than a symbol; the exarch was slain; the Pope, though unwilling to sever himself from the lawful head and protector of the Church, must yet excommunicate the prince whom he could not reclaim from so hateful a heresy. Liudprand, king of the Lombards, improved his opportunity: falling on the exarch as the champion of images, on Rome as the minister of the Greek Emperor, he overran the one, and all but succeeded in capturing the other. The Pope escaped for the moment, but saw his peril; placed between a heretic and a robber, he turned his gaze beyond the Alps, to a Catholic who had just achieved a signal deliverance for Christendom on the field of Poitiers. Gregory II. had already opened communications with Charles Martel, mayor of the palace, and virtual ruler of the Frankish realm. As the crisis becomes more pressing, Gregory III. finds in the same quarter his only hope, and appeals to him, in urgent letters, to haste to the succor of Holy Church. Some accounts add that Charles was offered, in the name of the Roman people, the office of consul and patrician.

The Emperor Leo determines to abolish the worship of images.

The Pope's peril.

Friendship of the Frankish monarchs with Rome

*Rising
German
power.*

It is at least certain that here begins the connection of the old imperial seat with the rising German power: here first the pontiff leads a political movement, and shakes off the ties that bound him to his legitimate sovereign. Charles died before he could obey the call; but his son, Pepin (surnamed the Short), made good use of the new friendship with Rome. He was the third of his family who ruled the Franks with a monarch's full power: it seemed time to abolish the pageant of Merovingian royalty; yet a departure from the ancient line might shock the feelings of the people. A course was taken whose dangers no one then foresaw: the Holy See, now for the first time invoked as an international power, pronounced the deposition of Childeric, and gave to the royal office of his successor, Pepin, a sanctity hitherto unknown; adding to the old Frankish election, which consisted in raising the chief on a shield amid the clash of arms, the Roman diadem and the Hebrew rite of anointing. The compact between the chair of Peter and the Teutonic throne was hardly sealed, when the latter was summoned to discharge his share of the duties. Twice did Aistulf the Lombard assail Rome, twice did Pepin descend to the rescue: the second time at the bidding of a letter written in the name of St. Peter himself. Aistulf could make no resistance; and the Frank bestowed of the Papal chair all that belonged to the exarchate in North Italy, receiving as the meed of his services the title of Patrician. Hence the phrase is always "Patricius

*The
compact.*

Romanorum"; not, as in former times, "Patricius" alone: hence it is usually associated with the terms "defensor" and "protector." And since "defence" implies a corresponding measure of obedience on the part of those who profit by it, there must have been conceded to the new patrician more or less of positive authority in Rome, although not such as to extinguish the supremacy of the Emperor.

*The title
Patrician.*

So long indeed as the Franks were separated by a hostile kingdom from their new allies, this control remained little better than nominal. But when on Pepin's death the restless Lombards again took up arms and menaced the possessions of the Church, Pepin's son Charles, or Charlemagne, swept down like a whirlwind from the Alps at the call of Pope Hadrian, seized King Desiderius in his capital, himself assumed the Lombard crown, and made northern Italy thenceforward an integral part of the Frankish Empire. Proceeding to Rome at the head of his victorious army, the first of a long line of Teutonic kings who were to find her love more deadly than her hate, he was received by Hadrian with distinguished honors, and welcomed by the people as their leader and deliverer. Yet even then, whether out of policy or from that sentiment of reverence to which his ambitious mind did not refuse to bow, he was moderate in claims of jurisdiction, he yielded to the pontiff the place of honor in processions, and renewed, although in the guise of a lord and conqueror, the gift of the Exarchate and Pen-

*Charle-
magne
conquers
Lombardy.*

*Charles and
Hadrian.*

tapolis, which Pepin had made to the Roman Church twenty years before.

It is with a strange sense, half of sadness, half of amusement, that in watching the progress of this grand historical drama, we recognize the meaner motives by which its chief actors were influenced. The Frankish King and Roman Pontiff were for the time the two most powerful forces that urged the movement of the world, leading it on by swift steps to a mighty crisis of its fate, themselves guided, as it might well seem, by the purest zeal for its spiritual welfare. Their words and acts, their whole character and bearing in the sight of expectant Christendom, were worthy of men destined to leave an indelible impress on their own and many succeeding ages. Nevertheless, in them, too, appears the undercurrent of vulgar human desires and passions. The lofty and fervent mind of Charles was not free from the stirrings of personal ambition: yet these may be excused, if not defended, as almost inseparable from an intense and restless genius, which, be it never so unselfish in its ends, must, in pursuing them, fix upon everything its grasp and raise out of everything its monument. The policy of the Popes was prompted by motives less noble. Ever since the extinction of the Western Empire had emancipated the ecclesiastical potentate from secular control, the first and most abiding object of his schemes and prayers had been the acquisition of territorial wealth in

*Charles
ambitious.*

the neighborhood of his capital. He had, indeed, a sort of justification—for Rome, a city with neither trade nor industry, was crowded with poor, for whom it devolved on the Bishop to provide. Yet the pursuit was one which could not fail to pervert the purposes of the Popes and give a sinister character to all they did. It was this fear for the lands of the Church far more than for religion or the safety of the city—neither of which was really endangered by the Lombard attacks—that had prompted their passionate appeals to Charles Martel and Pepin; it was now the well-grounded hope of having these possessions confirmed and extended by Pepin's greater son that made the Roman ecclesiastics so forward in his cause. And it was the same lust after worldly wealth and pomp, mingled with the dawning prospect of an independent principality, that now began to seduce them into a long course of guile and intrigue. For this is probably the very time, although the exact date can not be established, to which must be assigned the extraordinary forgery of the Donation of Constantine, whereby it was pretended that power over Italy and the whole West had been granted by the first Christian Emperor to Pope Sylvester and his successors in the Chair of the Apostle.

*The policy
of the
Popes.*

*The dona-
tion of Con-
stantine.*

For the next twenty-four years, Italy remained quiet. The government of Rome was carried on in the name of the Patrician Charles, although it does not appear that he sent thither any official representative; while at the same time both the city and the exarchate continued

*Attack
on Pope
Leo III.*

to admit the nominal supremacy of the Eastern Emperor, employing the years of his reign to date documents. In 796, Leo the Third succeeded Pope Hadrian, and signalized his devotion to the Frankish throne by sending to Charles the banner of the city and the keys of the holiest of all Rome's shrines, the confession of St. Peter, asking that some officer should be deputed to the city to receive from the people their oath of allegiance to the Patrician. He had soon need to seek the Patrician's help himself. In 798, a sedition broke out: the Pope, going in solemn procession from the Lateran to the church of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, was attacked by a band of armed men, headed by two officials of his court, nephews of his predecessor; was wounded and left for dead, and with difficulty succeeded in escaping to Spoleto, whence he fled northward into the Frankish lands. Charles had led his army against the revolted Saxons: thither Leo following overtook him at Paderborn in Westphalia. The King received with respect his spiritual father, entertained and conferred with him for some time, and at length sent him back to Rome under the escort of Angilbert, one of his trustiest ministers; promising to follow ere long in person. After some months, peace was restored in Saxony, and in the autumn of 799 Charles descended from the Alps once more, while Leo revolved deeply the great scheme for whose accomplishment the time was now ripe.

Three hundred and twenty-four years had passed since

the last Cæsar of the West resigned his power into the hands of the Senate, and left to his Eastern brother the sole leadership of the Roman world. To the latter Italy had from that time been nominally subject; but it was only during one brief interval between the death of Teia, the last Ostrogothic king, and the descent of Alboin, the first Lombard, that his power had been really effective. In the further provinces, Gaul, Spain, Britain, it was only a memory. But the idea of a Roman Empire as a necessary part of the world's order had not vanished: it had been admitted by those who seemed to be destroying it; it had been cherished by the Church; was still recalled by laws and customs; was dear to the subject populations, who fondly looked back to the days when slavery was at least mitigated by peace and order. We have seen the Teuton endeavoring everywhere to identify himself with the system he overthrew. As the Goths, Burgundians, and Franks sought the title of consul or patrician, as the Lombard kings when they renounced their Arianism styled themselves Flavii, so even in distant England the fierce Saxon and Anglian conquerors used the names of Roman dignities, and before long began to call themselves *imperatores* and *basileis* of Britain. Within the last century and a half the rise of Moham medanism had brought out the common Christianity of Europe into a fuller relief. The false prophet had left one religion, one empire, one Commander of the Faithful. the Christian commonwealth needed more than

*Dream of
a Roman
Empire.*

*The aim of
the Teuton.*

*Govern-
ment of
the Eastern
Empire.*

*Motives of
the Pope.*

*Church
and State.*

ever an efficient head and centre. Such leadership it could nowise find in the Court of the Bosphorus, growing ever feebler and more alien to the West. The name of "respublica," permanent at the elder Rome, had never been applied to the Eastern Empire. Its government was from the first half Greek, half Asiatic; and had now drifted away from its ancient traditions into the forms of an Oriental despotism. Claudian had already sneered at "Greek Quirites": the general use, since Heraclius' reign, of the Greek tongue, and the difference of manners and usages, made the taunt now more deserved. The Pope had no reason to wish well to the Byzantine princes, who while insulting his weakness had given him no help against the savage Lombards, and who for nearly seventy years had been contaminated by a heresy the more odious that it touched not speculative points of doctrine, but the most familiar usages of worship. In North Italy their power was extinct: no pontiff since Zacharias had asked their confirmation of his election: nay, the appointment of the intruding Frank to the patriciate, an office which it belonged to the Emperor to confer, was of itself an act of rebellion. Nevertheless their rights subsisted: they were still, and while they retained the imperial name, must so long continue titular sovereigns of the Roman city. Nor could the spiritual head of Christendom dispense with the temporal; without the Roman Empire there could not be a Roman, nor by necessary consequence (as men thought) a Catholic and Apostolic

Church. For, as will be shown more fully hereafter, men could not separate in fact what was indissoluble in thought: Christianity must stand or fall along with the great Christian state: they were but two names for the same thing. Thus urged, the Pope took a step which some among his predecessors are said to have already contemplated, and toward which the events of the last fifty years had pointed. The moment was opportune. The widowed Empress Irene, equally famous for her beauty, her talents, and her crimes, had deposed and blinded her son Constantine VI.: a woman, an usurper, almost a parricide, sullied the throne of the world. By what right, it might well be asked, did the factions of Byzantium impose a master on the original seat of empire? It was time to provide better for the most august of human offices: an election at Rome was as valid as at Constantinople—the possessor of the real power should also be clothed with the outward dignity. Nor could it be doubted where that possessor was to be found. The Frank had been always faithful to Rome: his baptism was the enlistment of a new barbarian auxiliary. His services against Arian heretics and Lombard marauders, against the Saracen of Spain and the Avar of Pannonia, had earned him the title of Champion of the Faith and Defender of the Holy Sec. He was now unquestioned lord of Western Europe, whose subject nations, Celtic and Teutonic, were eager to be called by his name and to imitate his customs. In Charles, the hero who united

*The Em-
press Irene.*

*Reasons for
selecting
Charle-
magne.*

under one sceptre so many races, who ruled all as the vicegerent of God, the pontiff might well see, as later ages saw, the new golden head of a second image, erected on the ruins of that whose mingled iron and clay seemed crumbling to nothingness behind the impregnable bulwarks of Constantinople.

*Charle-
magne in
Rome.*

At length the Frankish host entered Rome. The Pope's cause was heard; his innocence, already vindicated by a miracle, was pronounced by the Patrician in full synod; his accusers condemned in his stead. Charles remained in the city for some weeks; and on Christmas day, 800, he heard mass in the basilica of St. Peter. On the spot where now the gigantic dome of Bramante and Michelangelo towers over the buildings of the modern city, the spot which tradition had hallowed as that of the Apostle's martyrdom, Constantine the Great had erected the oldest and stateliest temple of Christian Rome. Nothing could be less like than was this basilica to those northern cathedrals, shadowy, fantastic, irregular, crowded with pillars, fringed all around by clustering shrines and chapels, which are to most of us the types of medieval architecture. In its plan and decorations, in the spacious sunny hall, the roof plain as that of a Greek temple, the long row of Corinthian columns, the vivid mosaics on its walls, in its brightness, its sternness, its simplicity, it had preserved every feature of Roman art, and had remained a perfect expression of Roman character. Out of the transept, a flight of steps led up to the high altar

*The
Basilica.*

underneath and just beyond the great arch, the arch of triumph, as it was called: behind in the semicircular apse sat the clergy, rising tier above tier around its walls; in the midst, high above the rest, and looking down past the altar over the multitude, was placed the bishop's throne, itself the curule chair of some forgotten magistrate. From that chair the Pope now rose, as the reading of the Gospel ended, advanced to where Charles—who had exchanged his simple Frankish dress for the sandals and the chlamys of a Roman patrician—knelt in prayer by the high altar, and as in the sight of all he placed upon the brow of the barbarian chieftain the diadem of the Cæsars, then bent in obeisance before him, the church rang to the shout of the multitude, again free, again the lords and centre of the world, “Karolo Augusto a Deo coronato magno et pacifico imperatori vita et victoria.” In that shout, echoed by the Franks without, was pronounced the union, so long in preparation, so mighty in its consequences, of the Roman and the Teuton, of the memories and the civilization of the South with the fresh energy of the North, and from that moment modern history begins.

The coronation.

Union of Roman and Teuton.

[The Arabs subdue the isle of Crete in 823, and Sicily in 827. In 846, the Saracens invade Rome. In 827, Egbert, King of Wessex, acquires supremacy over the other Anglo-Saxon kingdoms. In 832, the first Danish fleet attacks the English coast. It is from this date the Vikings

*Discov-
ery of
Greenland.*

ravage the coasts for two centuries, and in some cases make permanent conquests both in Great Britain and all Western Europe. In 983, Greenland was discovered and settled by Erik the Red. Vinland (America) was seen and visited by several Norsemen (986-1011). In 871, Alfred the Great comes to the throne, and, after a struggle full of vicissitudes, delivers his kingdom for a time from the Danish invaders.]

THE NORMANS IN FRANCE AND ITALY

(A.D. 800-1000)

WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER

THE Emperor Charlemagne, looking out one day over the blue Mediterranean, saw the snake-like *Charlemagne's forebodings.* galleys of the Norsemen stealing along the horizon, and, as he looked on them, he wept for his descendants.

Already for many a year, as soon as the spring sunshine had unlocked the sea, these Vikings—sea-kings as they called themselves—stirred by a restless warlike *The Vikings* spirit, had pushed out from the deep, rocky *fjords* of Scandinavia, steering south and southwest. In the names Norway and Normandy we still trace their old home, and the scene of one of their most successful descents. A branch of the great Teutonic family, they had spread over Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, from which lands, centuries earlier, had come the famous Goths, Teutons too.

To guard the mouth of the Elbe against the Norse-

Hamburg. men, Charlemagne built there a strong castle, which served as a nucleus for the great town of Hamburg. Before his reign their warlike fire had spent itself within the circle of their own lands. We read, in particular, of a desperate battle fought in 740, on the heath of Braavalla, between Harold Goldtooth the Dane, and Sigurd Ring the Swedish King. Harold, old and blind, died like a hero on the field; and Sigurd ruled in Scandinavia.

Harold and Sigurd.

But then, sweeping both shores of the North Sea, began their wider rangings, which have left deep and lasting marks upon European history. One of the earliest of these rovers, Regnar Lodbrok, Sigurd's son, seized by Saxon Ella, as he was ravaging Lindisfarne, shouted his war-song to the last, while snakes were stinging him to death in a Northumbrian dungeon.

Ferocity of the Vikings.

Words can not paint the ferocity of these northern warriors. Blood was their passion; and they plunged into battle like tigers on the spring. Everything that could feed their craving for war they found in their religion and their songs. Their chief god, Odin, was the *beau idéal* of a Norse warrior; and the highest delight they hoped for in Valhalla, their heaven, was to drink endless draughts of mead from the skulls of their enemies. There was, they thought, no surer passport to heaven than a bloody death amid heaps of slain. And their songs, sung by *Skalds*, when the feast was over, and still heard among the simple fur-clad fishermen, who alone remain

to represent the wild *Vikinger*, ring with clashing swords, and all the fierce music of battle to the death.

But into the very centre of this dark raging barbarism sparks of truth fell, which brightened and blazed until the fierce idolatry lay in ashes. Ansgar, the Apostle of the North, and first Archbishop of Hamburg, pressing with a few monks through fen and forest, early in the Ninth Century, preached the Cross at the court of Biörn, on the banks of the Maelarn. *Ansgar.*

England and France, as was natural from their position, suffered most in the descents of the Norsemen. During a part of the time that Harold Haarfager (Fair-haired) reigned in Norway (863 to 931), Alfred, king of Wessex, the mightiest of all the Norsemen's foes, was laying the foundation of British greatness. Little more than a century later, Alfred's crown passed to the Norseman Canute, and Norsemen wore it for twenty-four years. Then a little gap, and William, no longer a Norseman, but a Norman—mark well the change of name, for it denotes a deeper change of rough sea-kings into steel-clad knights—sat as Conqueror on the English throne, and set the wild Norse blood flowing down through the whole line of British sovereigns. *Norse blood in British sovereigns.*

According to the Norse custom of piercing a land to the heart through its rivers, a swarm of boats, gilt and painted like dragons, pushed up the Seine in 901. The captain of these pirates was Rolf Ganger, or Rollo. Seizing and fortifying Rouen, they made it the centre of a

marauding warfare that lasted for years. Wherever a branch-stream met the main current, up they went to its very springs. New arrivals swelled the fleet; the discontented Frankish peasants flocked to Rouen; Paris was twice besieged. Charles the Simple, terror-stricken and helpless, yielded up, by a treaty concluded at St. Clair on the Epte, the rich fields of Normandy and Bretagne to Rollo, who, as duke of Normandy and peer of France, took an oath of fealty to him. Already another Norse chief, Hastings, noted for his dash upon England in Alfred's later years, had settled on French soil as Count of Chartres.

*Rollo
attacks
Normandy,
A.D. 911.*

The infusion of Norse blood among the kings and people of England has just been noticed. Here then is the same fresh, vigorous stream flowing into France; and, certainly, of the many elements which have combined to make the French a great nation, this is not the least important. The old love of the salt waves still haunts *la belle Normandie*, from whose smiling fields have come the greatest admirals and best sailors of France. Rollo's men, marrying French wives, soon laid aside the rude Norse speech, except a few nautical words, which are still sung out by French captains to French crews. They began to speak the common French dialect. Their love of enterprise turned into new channels. The pirates became plowmen; but every day the plowmen grew more polished and poetic. Earing and sowing and reaping for their daily bread, they still cherished in their breasts a

*The Norse
men settle
down.*

delight in the daring and the marvellous. Chivalry took deep root among them. Their poets, no longer skin-clad *skalds*, but gay *trouvères*, still sang of war, but in strains that gave the earliest shape and polish to that graceful language, in which La Fontaine and Molière have written; and in the great arena of the Crusades no knights dealt harder blows at the Infidels, or splintered lances more gracefully in the tilt-yard, than did the offspring of those rough, old, yellow-haired Vikings who, but two hundred years before, had swept up the Seine in their dragon-ships, yelling the praises of the blood-stained Odin.

*Speedy
renewment
of the
Normans.*

But not by sea only did the Norsemen spread. The northeast of Europe was filled with Slavonian tribes, by whom two chief cities were founded—Novgorod on Lake Ilmen, and Kiev on the Dnieper. Some Norsemen, known as *Waeregs* (rovers)—the name was afterward Grecized into Varangians—were invited to rule over one of these tribes, who were plagued with quarrels among their own chiefs. With others Ruric the Jute answered the call; and entering Novgorod, he founded a kingdom, out of which has grown the great empire of Russia. Oleg, guardian of Ruric's son, added much to the power of the Russo-Norsemen by the conquest of Kiev. The Christian worship, according to the forms of the Greek Church, was first made known in Russia under Olga, the daughter-in-law of Ruric; and it was formally adopted as the state religion by her grandson Vladimir

The Varangians.

*Greek
Church in
Russia.*

I., who was baptized in 980. For 736 years (862-1598) Ruric's descendants, of whom the last was Feodor, filled the Russian throne.

Through Russia the Norsemen reached Constantinople; but thither they came not to conquer, but to defend. Vladimir having dismissed his Danish guard, they took service under the Byzantine emperors; and nowhere could be seen finer troops than these Varangian life-guards, with their dark bear-skins and glittering steel, the heavy broadsword swinging by their sides, and the two-edged axe poised on their shoulders. None but Scandinavians were at first allowed to enlist in their ranks; but, when William of Normandy scattered the Saxons at Hastings, some of the fugitives were admitted as recruits.

*Norman,
Southern
Italy.*

A few Norman pilgrims, returning in 1016 from the Holy Land, helped the Prince of Salerno in Southern Italy to repel an attack of Saracen pirates. Here then was a new field of warlike enterprise, where sharp swords were sure to bring a good price; and hither flocked over the Alps thousands of Norman adventurers. They at first took service under the Byzantine emperors, whose *catapans*, or governors, were struggling to recover Sicily from the Saracens; but irritated at the mean rewards they received for hard fighting, they seized Apulia and Calabria for the balance due. Foremost in the warlike band were two brothers from Hauteville in lower Normandy—Robert Guiscard, Duke of Apulia, and

*Apulia and
Calabria
seized.*

Roger, Count of Sicily. Guiscard, a stalwart, handsome Norman, whose ruddy cheek and drooping mustache of golden flax almost won the heart of his fair foe, Anna Comnena, made two inroads upon Greece. In the first of these was fought the great battle of Durazzo, where, by a strange destiny, the Varangian life-guards of the Byzantine camp met their countrymen in battle, and were beaten. The conquest of Sicily from the Saracens was achieved by Roger, whose son of the same name was crowned first King of the fertile island. In less than a century, however, this Norman power in the south of Italy melted away, and the rough Norse warriors, having played out their part in history right well by giving new life to worn-out Europe, soon disappear from our view as a distinct nation.

*Norman
power
melts away*

THE BEGINNINGS OF RUSSIA

(A.D. 862)

ALFRED RAMBAUD

THE great barbaric invasions in the Fourth Century of our era formed a period of change and terrible catastrophe in Eastern Europe. The Goths, under Hermanaric, founded a vast empire in Eastern Scythia. The Huns, under Attila, overthrew this Gothic dominion, and a cloud of Finnish peoples, Avars and Bulgarians, followed later by Magyars and Khagais, hurried swiftly on the traces of the Huns. In the midst of this strife and medley of peoples, the Slavs came to the front with their own marked character, and appeared in history under their proper name. They were described by the Greek chroniclers and by the Emperors Maurice and Constantine Porphyrogenitus. They clashed against the Roman Empire of the East; they began the secular duel between the Greek and Slavonic races, a duel which is still being waged for the prize of mastery in the peninsula of the Balkans. Certain tribes formed a separate group among the others, and received the name of the

Barbaric invasions of the Fourth Century.

*The Slavs
and their
desire for
new gov-
ernment.*

Russian Slavs. Nestor, the first Russian historian, a monk of Kief, of the Twelfth Century, has described their geographical distribution as it existed two hundred years before his time. The *Slavs*, properly so-called, inhabited the basin of the Ilmen, and the west bank of Lake Peïpus; their towns, Novgorod, Pskof, Izborsk, appear in the very beginning of the history of Russia. While the Slavs of the south paid tribute to the Khagars, the Slavs of Ilmen, exhausted by their divisions, decided on calling in the Varangians. “ ‘Let us seek,’ they said, ‘a prince who will govern us and reason with us justly.’ Then,” continues Nestor, “the Tchouds, the Slavs (Novgorod), the Krivitches, and other confederate races, said to the princes of Varangia, ‘Our land is great and fruitful, but it lacks order and justice; come and take possession and govern us.’ ”

Who were these Varangians? To what race did they belong? No questions in the early history of Russia are more eagerly debated.

*The Varan-
gians.*

The Varangians were Slavs, and came either from the Slav shores of the Baltic, or from some Scandinavian region where the Slavs had founded a colony. The word *Russia* is not of Swedish origin; it is applied very early to the country of the Dnieper. To come from *Rouss* or to go to *Rouss* are expressions to be met with in the ancient documents, and Rouss there signifies the country of Kief. Arabic writers give the name of Russians to a nation they consider very numerous, and they mean by

the designation, in this case, not Scandinavians, but indigenous Slavs.

The Varangians were not a nation, but a band of warriors formed of exiled adventurers, some Slavs, others Scandinavians. The partisans of this opinion show us the Slav and Scandinavian races from very early times in frequent commercial and political relations. The leaders of the band were generally Scandinavian, but part of the soldiers were Slav. This hypothesis, which diminishes the Norman element in the Varangians, serves to explain how the establishment of these adventurers in the country but little affected the Slavs of the Ilmen and the Dnieper. It explains, too, the rapid absorption of the newcomers in the conquered race, an absorption so complete that the grandson of Rurik, Sviatoslaf, already bears a Slav name, while his great-grandson, Vladimir, remains in the memory of the people as the type of a Slav prince. Whether the Varangians were pure Scandinavians, or whether they were mingled with Slav adventurers, it seems certain that the former element predominated, and we may identify these men from the North with the sea-kings so celebrated in the West during the decay of the Carolings. M. Samokvassof has lately opened, near Tchernigof, the *black tomb* containing the bones and arms of an unknown prince who lived in the Tenth Century, and was probably a Varangian. His coat-of-mail and pointed helmet completely resemble the arms of the Norman warriors. The Russian princes

*Settlement
among the
Slavs.*

*is not of
a prince
proper.*

that we find in the early miniatures are clothed and armed like the Norman chiefs in the Bayeux Tapestry of Queen Matilda. It is therefore not surprising that, in our own age, art has made almost identical representations of Rurik on the monument lately erected at Novgorod and of William the Conqueror on the monument of Falaise.

*Called in by
the Slavs*

The spontaneous appeal of the Slavs to the Varangian princes may seem to us strange. We might believe that the annalist, like the old French historians, has tried to disguise the fact of a conquest, by representing that the Slavs submitted voluntarily to the Varangians of Rurik, as the Gauls are supposed to have done to the Franks of Clovis. In reality there was no conquest, a statement which is proved by the fact that the municipal organization remained intact, that the *vetché* continued to deliberate by the side of the prince, the local army to fight in conjunction with the band of adventurers.

As early as 859, the Varangians exacted tribute from the Slavs of Ilmen and the Krivitches, as well as the Tchouds, Vesses, and Merians. The natives had once expelled the Varangians, but as divisions once more became rife among them, they decided that they needed a strong government, and recalled the Varangians in 862. Whether the name of *Russia* or of *Rouss* was originally derived from a province of Sweden, or from the banks of the Dnieper, the fact remains that with the arrival of the Varangians in Slavonia, the true history of Russia

commences. It was the one-thousandth anniversary of this event that was commemorated at Novgorod in 1862. With the Varangians the Russian name became famous in Eastern Europe. It was the epoch of brilliant and adventurous expeditions; it was the heroic age of Russia.

*The heroic
age of
Russia.*

At the call of the Slavs, Rurik, Sineous and Trouvor, three Varangian brothers, whose Scandinavian names signify the *Peaceful*, the *Victorious*, and the *Faithful*, gathered together "their brothers and their families," that is, their warriors or *droujines* (resembling the *truste* of the Frank kings), crossed the Baltic and took up their position on the borders of the territory they were summoned to defend. Rurik, the eldest, established himself on the Lake Ladoga, near to which, on the southern side, he founded the city of Ladoga; Sineous on the White Lake (Biéloe-Ozéro), in the Vess country; Trouvor at Izborsk, to hold the Livonians in check. When the two latter died, Rurik established himself at Novgorod, where he built, not a town, as Nestor would have us believe, but a castle. It is thus we must explain the pretended foundation by his orders of Polotsk and of Rostof, which had existed long before the arrival of the Varangians. What he probably did was to transform ancient *gorodichtchés* with ramparts of mud into fortresses. Two other Varangians, Askold and Dir, who were not of the family of Rurik, went down to Kief, and reigned over the Polians. It was they who began the expeditions

*The home
of Rurik.*

*Rurik
goes to
Novgorod.*

against *Tzargrad* (Byzantium), the *queen of cities*. With two hundred vessels, says Nestor, they entered the Sound, in old Slav, *Soud* (the Bosphorus or the Golden Horn), and besieged Constantinople. But the patriarch Photius, according to the Byzantine accounts, took the wonder-working robe of Our Lady of Blachernes, and plunged it in the waves. A fierce tempest instantly arose, and the whole Russian fleet was destroyed.

Rurik's
successor,
Oleg

Rurik's successor was not his son Igor, then a minor, but the *eldest* member of the family, his fourth brother, the enterprising Oleg. At the head of an army composed of Varangians, Slavs and Finns, he marched to the south, received the submission of Smolensk and Loubetch, and arrived under the walls of Kief.

Kief
made the
"Mother of
Russian
cities."

By means of treachery Oleg took Askold and Dir prisoners, and put them to death, observing: "You are neither princes yourselves, nor of the blood of princes; this is the son of Rurik," pointing to Igor. The tomb of Askold is still shown near Kief. Oleg was charmed with his new conquest, and took up his abode there, saying, "Let Kief be the mother of Russian cities." The Varangian chief held communication both with the Baltic and the Black Sea by means of Novgorod, Smolensk, and Kief. He subdued the Novgorodians, the Krivitches, the Merians, the Drevlians, the Severians, the Polians, the Rodimitches, and thus united nearly all the Russian tribes under his sceptre. It was about this time that the Hungarians crossed the Dnieper near Kief, and invaded

Pannonia. The Magyar chronicles speak of their having defeated Oleg; Nestor is silent on the subject.

In 907, Oleg collected a large army from among the tributary races, equipped 2,000 boats, and prepared to invade Tzargrad by land and sea. Russian legends have embellished this expedition with many wonderful details. Oleg built wheels to his vessels, and spread their sails; blown by the wind they reached the gates of the city. Leo VI., the Philosopher, horror-stricken, agreed to pay tribute, but the Greeks tried to get rid of the Russians by offering them poisoned food. Oleg divined their perfidy. He imposed a heavy contribution, a commercial treaty advantageous to the Russians, and suspended his shield on the Golden Door. *Oleg's expeditions.*

To his subjects Oleg was more than a hero. Terror-stricken by his wisdom, this "foolish and idolatrous people" looked on him as a sorcerer. In the Scandinavian sagas we find many instances of chiefs, such as Odin, Gylf and Raude, being at the same time great warriors and great magicians. It is strange that neither Greek, Frank, nor Venetian historians allude to this campaign. Nestor cites the names of the Russian envoys who negotiated the peace, and gives the text of the treaty.

A magician had predicted to Oleg that his favorite horse would cause his death. It was kept apart from him, and when, five years after, the animal died, he insisted on being taken to see its body, as a triumph over the ignorance and imposture of the sorcerers. But from the *Oleg's death predicted by sorcerers.*

skull of the horse issued a serpent which inflicted a mortal sting on the foot of the hero.

Expeditions of Igor, the son of Rurik.

Igor led a third expedition against Tzargrad. The Dnieper conducted, as it were of her own will, the Russian flotilla to the seas of Greece. Igor had 10,000 vessels according to the Greek historians, 1,000 according to the more probable calculation of Luitprand. This would allow 400,000 men in the first case, and only 40,000 in the second. Instead of attacking the town, he cruelly ravaged the Greek provinces. The Byzantine admirals and generals united, and destroyed the Russian army in a series of engagements by the aid of Greek fire. Nestor has not copied the numerous details the Byzantine historians give of this battle, but we have the evidence of Luitprand, Bishop of Cremona, derived from his father-in-law, the ambassador of the King of Italy at Constantinople, who saw with his own eyes the defeat of Igor, and was present at the sacrifice of prisoners, beheaded by order of the Emperor Romanus Lecapenus. In 944, Igor secured the help of the formidable Patzinaks, and organized an expedition to avenge his defeat. The Greek Emperor, now seriously alarmed, offered to pay tribute, and signed a new commercial treaty, of which the text is given by Nestor. Byzantine and Western writers do not mention this second expedition of Igor. On his return from Russia, he was assassinated by the Drevlians, from whom he had tried to exact tribute. Leo the Deacon, a Greek writer, says he

The Greek Emperor agrees to pay tribute.

was torn in pieces by means of two young trees, bent forcibly to the earth, and then allowed to take their natural direction (945).

Olga, widow of Igor, assumed the regency in the name of her son, Sviatoslaf, then a minor. Her first care was to revenge herself on the Drevlians. In Nestor's account it is impossible to distinguish between the history and the epic. The Russian chronicler relates in detail how the Drevlians sent two deputations to Olga to appease her, and to offer her the hand of their prince, and how she disposed of them by treachery, burying some alive, and causing others to be stifled in a bathing-house. Next, says Nestor, she besieged their city, Korosthenes, and she offered them peace on payment of a tribute of three pigeons and three sparrows for each house. Lighted tow was tied to the tails of the birds, and they were set free. They flew straight home to the wooden town, where the barns and thatched roofs instantly took fire. Lastly, the legend relates that Olga massacred part of the Korosthenians, and the rest became slaves.

Olga's revenge for the murder of Igor

This vindictive Scandinavian woman, in spite of all, was destined to be the first apostle of Russia. Nestor relates that she went to Tzargrad to the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, astonished him by the strength and adroitness of her character, and was baptized under the name of Helen, the Greek Czar being her godfather.

Olga, the apostle of Christianity.

The man destined to conclude the work of propaganda begun by Olga, did not at first seem fitted for this

great task. Vladimir, like Clovis, was at first nothing but a barbarian—wily, voluptuous and bloody. Only while Clovis after his baptism is not perceptibly better than he was before, and becomes the assassin of his royal Frankish relations, the Russian annalist seems to wish to show a contrast between the life led by Vladimir prior to his conversion and the life he led after it. We see in the popular songs of what a marvellous cycle of legends Vladimir has become the centre; but in these *bylinas* he is neither Vladimír, the Baptist, nor the Saint Vladimír of the orthodox Church, but a solar hero, successor of the divinities whom he destroyed. To the people, still pagans at heart, Vladimir is always the “Beautiful Sun” of Kief.

*Vladimir, a
solar hero.*

CONSOLIDATION OF GERMANY BY HENRY I.

(A.D. 919-936)

SUTHERLAND MENZIES

THE accounts left us of the election of Henry are widely varied. If we follow those of the ancient writers, it would appear that the princes and nobles of Franconia, following the advice of Conrad, their late king, assembled at Fritzlar, at the commencement of the year 919, and chose for their king Duke Henry, in presence of the united Saxons and Franco-nians. It is true that a great many writers relate how the envoys who went to offer Henry the crown found him in his territories of the Harz, occupied at the moment of their arrival with snaring birds; from a fondness for which pastime he obtained the surname of *the Fowler* (*Henricus Auceps*). Whatever may have been the circumstances of his election, the Archbishop of Mainz offered to consecrate him king, but Henry declared it was sufficient that he was called to rule over Germany by God's grace and the choice of the people; and, there-

*Henry I.,
the Fowler,
A.D. 919-939.*

fore, he entreated the prelate to reserve the holy oil for some more pious monarch.

*Internal
dissensions.*

Some internal dissensions troubled the beginning of his reign, but proved of little consequence; for the hopes of Otto the Illustrious and King Conrad were fulfilled, and Saxony and Franconia remained in amicable relation with one another. The Dukes of Swabia and Bavaria, on their return from Hungary, refused him obedience; but he recalled them promptly to their duty by force of arms, and retained them in it by the gentler power of words of peace, so that, in 921, all Germany obeyed King Henry; and after that date his empire was no further troubled by any intestine war; but it was only after fighting several battles that he conquered Lorraine, which always kept balancing between France and Germany. Later, he strengthened his union with it by giving his daughter, Gerberge, in marriage to its Duke, Giselbert; and, during seven centuries, that fine country remained reunited to Germany.

*Lorraine
reunited to
Germany,
A.D. 922.*

*Henry's
foreign
foes.*

Henry was then able to occupy himself with his enemies without the realm, the Slavonians and Hungarians. They thought themselves able to continue their manœuvres with the German states as formerly; but found, on their rencontre with Henry, an adversary who arrested them. On the first occasion, it is true, Henry was compelled to give way to their fury, and they carried their ravages into the heart of Saxony. However, he had the good fortune, one day when he made a sortie

upon them from the castle of Werle, near Goslar, to take prisoner one of the most distinguished of their princes; and, for his ransom, a suspension of arms was agreed upon for nine years, during which the Hungarians swore that they would not enter Germany. Probably they reckoned upon doubly recuperating themselves for the time thereby lost; but Henry employed so usefully those nine years in active preparations to meet the enemy, that when they returned, they found Germany quite changed.

Nine years' truce with the Hungarians,
A.D. 913-932.

The Hungarians were entirely ignorant of the art of besieging fortified places; and when they were unable to make a rapid booty in an expedition, they did not willingly return. It was especially in his hereditary territories that Henry caused the fortresses and walled towns to be strengthened; for, accustomed to despise any defence save that of their swords and shields, the Germans had suffered the few strongholds they possessed to fall into ruin. But, in order to garrison those places, he decreed that every ninth man liable for military service should leave the cultivation of the soil, and join in the defence of the fortresses; that he should therein occupy himself with all the constructions necessary to offer, in case of invasion, a secure asylum; and that the rest should give for that purpose, annually, a third of their agricultural produce, to be stored as provision for the garrison in time of danger.

Henry, after having passed some years in these prepa-

rations, resolved, in order to exercise his warriors, to reduce to reason the peoples bordering on Germany to the north and east; who, if they were not as formidable as the Hungarians, were not less hostile. He defeated the Slavonians in the marches of Brandebourg, the Hevelles upon the Havel, and conquered Brennabourg (Brandebourg), which he besieged during a winter so severe that his army encamped upon the frozen Havel. He afterward subdued the Daleminziens who dwelt on the banks of the Elbe, from Meissen as far as Bohemia. Henry undertook also an expedition against the Bohemians, besieged their Duke Wenzeslas in Prague, his capital, and forced him to submission. Since then the kings of Germany have always demanded homage from the dukes of Bohemia.

*Frontier
campaigns,
A.D. 928-929.*

Meanwhile, the nine years' truce with the Hungarians had expired, and they sent a deputation into Germany to demand the ancient tribute which that country had shamefully paid them. But Henry, to show them in what contempt they were held by the Germans, sent to the deputies, by way of tribute, a mangy dog, with ears and tail cropped. It was an ancient custom exceedingly insulting to those who received the gift. The bellicose Hungarians grew furious at it, and made their preparations to wreak a terrible vengeance. Onward they marched next year (933) into Germany with two armies, thirsting for battle. One force, attacked by the Saxons and Thuringians, not far from Sondershausen, had its leaders

*Sanguinary
conflict
with Hun-
garians,
A.D. 933.*

slain, and was itself cut to pieces. The other, and the strongest force, on reaching the Saale, learned in the night the arrival of the king, and the destruction of their compatriots. The Hungarians, terror-stricken at the news, abandoned their camp, and lighted huge fires on the heights as signals to reassemble those who were dispersed in search of pillage. Henry, who overtook them next morning, having exhorted his soldiers in a few fiery words to avenge that day their devastated country, kinsmen massacred or carried into slavery, unfurled before them the banner of the Archangel Michael, and charged the Hungarians with the cry of *Kyrie eleison* (Lord have mercy!), which was echoed back by the terrible *Hui! Hui!* of the barbarians. After a bloody conflict the whole army of the invaders was either slain or put to flight; and Henry, falling on his knees, with all his soldiers, offered up a solemn thanksgiving to heaven for the victory. The anniversary of this deliverance from the Hungarians is still celebrated in the parish church of Keuschberg, and the name of King Henry acclaimed therein by all those assembled.

*Henry
offers
thanks.*

In 934, Henry covered himself with glory in an expedition against the Danes, who were ravaging the coasts of the Frisons and Saxons. He entered their country at the head of his army, forced their King, Gorm, to make peace, established at Sleswig a strong barrier, and even founded a margraviat, which he peopled with a colony of Saxons. One of the members of the royal family was

*Expedition
against the
Danes,
A.D. 934.*

*Retreat of
the Danes.*

even converted to Christianity; either Knut the eldest, or perhaps Harold, the second son of Gorm. Thus Henry I., before the end of his glorious career, had the satisfaction of seeing those men of the North, who during a century had terrified Europe, retreat before him within their confines, and recognize his power.

REVIVAL OF THE IMPERIAL DIGNITY

(A.D. 962)

JAMES SIME

WHEN Henry had defeated all his enemies, he thought of going to Rome to claim the imperial crown; but he was never able to do so. In 935 he fell sick, and next year he died at Memleben. Before his death he had summoned a Diet at Erfurt, and got the nobles to promise that they would recognize his son Otto as his successor. *Death of Henry I.*

In accordance with the promise given to Henry by the nobles, Otto was elected and crowned king at Aachen in 936. He was twenty-four years of age when he began to reign, and had been married during his father's lifetime to Eadgyth or Edith, daughter of the English King Edward, and granddaughter of Alfred. Henry had added so much to the kingly power that at Otto's coronation the Dukes for the first time performed the nominally menial offices of the royal household. The Duke of Lotharingia acted as chamberlain; the Duke of Fran- *Otto I.*

Early rebellions suppressed.

conia as carver; the Duke of Swabia as cup-bearer; and the Duke of Bavaria as master of the horse. In a short time, however, the Dukes of Franconia and Lotharingia joined Thankmar, Otto's half-brother, in a rebellion against the young King. Thankmar was soon slain; but his place was taken by the King's full brother Henry, who had always hankered after the crown. Otto fought bravely in defence of his rights, and he was at last victorious. The Dukes of Franconia and Lotharingia both fell, and Henry, after being several times forgiven, submitted. He received the duchy of Bavaria, which fell vacant in 945; and he greatly distinguished himself by his attacks on the Hungarians. Otto kept the Duchy of Franconia in his own hands, and gave that of Lotharingia to Count Conrad, who afterward married Luitgard, Otto's only daughter. When, in 949, Duke Hermann of Swabia died, Otto's son Ludolf, who had married Hermann's daughter, was appointed his successor. All the great Duchies were thus brought into the hands either of Otto himself or of members of his family, so that he became very powerful. He was by no means content to be a mere nominal King. The Dukes, although nearly related to him, knew, when doing homage for their Duchies, that he would insist on his rights to the uttermost, and that he had sufficient power to enforce them.

Otto no nominal King.

Wars of Otto I.

Otto was not only strong at home; he early made himself feared in other countries. He several times took part

in the quarrels of the West Frankish kingdom, and helped his brother-in-law, King Lewis, against the Dukes of France and Normandy. The Danes won back for a time the territory which Henry the Fowler had conquered; but Otto made war on them, compelled Harold Blue Tooth to become his man, and set up the Mark of Schleswig for the defence of the German border. The Duke of Poland had also to do homage for his Duchy. From this time till the Thirteenth Century, Denmark and Poland were always looked on as fiefs of the German crown. Otto's Margraves, Hermann Billung and Gero, long fought bravely against the Slavs, and won Slavonic land—the former along the shores of the Baltic, the latter between the Middle Elbe and the Oder. In all lands conquered by him, Otto was careful to plant German colonies. He also founded bishoprics, and used every means to make the people Christian. In 968, he founded the archbishopric of Magdeburg.

In 951, an appeal was made to Otto on behalf of the beautiful Queen Adelheid, to whom Berengar, the Lombard King, wished to marry his son Adalbert. Otto went to Italy, and as his wife Edith had died six years before, he married Queen Adelheid. He took the title of King of the Lombards, but afterward confirmed Berengar in the possession of Lombardy as his vassal. Soon after this Otto's son Ludolf, Duke of Swabia, rebelled; and he was joined by Conrad of Lotharingia, the Archbishop of Mainz, and other nobles. After much fighting the re-

*Otto in
Italy.*

*Rebellion
in Ger-
many.*

bellion was at last put down. Otto gave the Duchy of Lotharingia to his brother, Bruno, Archbishop of Köln, and Swabia to Burchard, the son-in-law of Henry of Bavaria. William, Otto's eldest son, having entered the Church, was made Archbishop of Mainz.

*Defeat of
the Hun-
garians.*

Taking advantage of the troubled state of Germany, the Hungarians had again begun to invade the country. In 955, they entered Bavaria in vast numbers. Otto had now put down Ludolf's rebellion, and was able to turn his whole strength against the enemy. A great battle was fought on the banks of the Lech, near Augsburg. Otto encouraged his troops by taking direct part in the battle, and he was bravely seconded by Conrad, who wished to wipe out the memory of his rebellion against his father-in-law. At last the Hungarians had to fly, and many thousands of them were slain. The victory was dearly bought, for Conrad and many other nobles fell. But the end was worth the sacrifice. By this victory Otto completed the work which his father had begun. The Hungarians now ceased to invade Germany, and till the Thirteenth Century their kings were usually, at least in name, subject to the German kings.

*Otto I.
becomes
Emperor.*

In 961, Otto's young son Otto was crowned king in Aachen. The elder Otto then went to Italy, which had again fallen into confusion. During this second visit, he caused himself to be crowned King of Lombardy, and on February 2, 962, he was crowned Roman Emperor by the Pope. His three immediate predecessors on the Ger-

man throne had been neither Kings of Lombardy nor Emperors; but from this time the German Kings claimed as their right both the Lombard and the imperial crowns. Otto and his successors thought very little of their royal as compared with their imperial title. They still remained German Kings; but after their coronation at Rome they were usually thought and spoken of only as Emperors. An Emperor held a much higher position than a mere feudal sovereign, and claimed from his subjects a more thorough submission.

The connection of the German kingdom with the Empire had many important results in Germany. Up to Otto's time there had been very little truly national feeling among the Germans. They thought of themselves as Franks, Saxons, Swabians, and so forth; hardly at all as a united people. But when their Kings acquired the right to be crowned Roman Emperors they themselves became the imperial race. They began, therefore, to take pride in the common German name. A feeling of nationality was thus aroused, which never afterward quite left the Germans even in their darkest periods. On the whole, however, Germany was not the better for its connection with the Empire. By being Emperors the German Kings became involved in struggles with which their native kingdom had nothing to do. They thus wasted much German blood and treasure; and they lost almost all real power. While they were absent, sometimes for years at a time, carrying on distant wars, their great vassals at

*Effects of
the connec-
tion of Ger-
many with
the Empire,*

*Germany
nation-
alized.*

home ruled as sovereign princes within their dominions. When the Emperors returned, and tried to assert their right as feudal Kings, they too often found that they had spent nearly all their strength, and could do very little against a united and powerful aristocracy. Germany was thus kept from growing up, like France and England, into a firm monarchy, and was in the end divided into many practically independent small states.

The last years of Otto's life were spent almost wholly in Italy, where he exercised to the full his imperial right. In 967, King Otto was crowned Emperor, and from that time reigned as "Co-emperor" with his father. He was married in 972 to Theophanô, the daughter of the Eastern Emperor Nicephorus. In the same year the elder Otto returned to Germany, where he died in 973. During his lifetime he had been called Otto the Great, and he deserved the title, for he began an important epoch in history and raised his country to a great height of splendor.

*Death of
Otto I.*

His title.

DANISH CONQUEST OF ENGLAND

(A.D. 1002)

CHARLES KNIGHT

THERE had been no attack of the Danes since the reign of Athelstan. In 980, Sweyn, the banished son of the King of Denmark, was devastating the British shores. Where were now the three thousand six hundred ships with which Edgar, according to his absurd panegyrists, made annual progress round the coasts? In 980, Southampton was "ravaged by a ship force, and the most part of the townsmen slain and led captive. And that same year was Tanet-land ravaged." In 981, "was much havoc done everywhere by the seacoast, as well among the men of Devon as among the Welsh." In 982, "landed among the men of Dorset, three ships of pirates; and they ravaged in Portland. That same year London was burned." These are the simple notices of the Saxon Chronicle. There was no principle of resistance in the country, even to drive off the three ships that landed among the men of Dorset; for

*Sweyn's
devas-
tations.*

the men of Dorset, as other men, were quarrelling about the occupation of the monasteries, instead of arming for the defence of their homes. There was a noble who held the earldom of Mercia, Alfric, the son of Alferc. The father had been a courageous opponent of Dunstan, and was accused of having participated in the murder of Edward. The son engaged in a conspiracy against Ethelred, and he was banished. But he was soon restored to his former honors; for the government was too weak to restrain or to punish powerful nobles, even when they engaged in treasonable plots against the monarch, or joined in rebellions.

In a few years the attacks of the Danes became much more systematic. In 991, they landed in East Anglia; and here, alone, they found a sturdy resistance, among those of their own lineage. Brithnorth, the earldorman, met them with a courage which has been celebrated in Saxon verse; but at Maldon, he fell by the "hassagay"—a weapon of which the fierce Saracens had shown the use to the fiercer pirates. The Danes ravaged Ipswich. "And in that year it was decreed that tribute, for the first time, should be given to the Danish-men, on account of the great terror which they caused by the sea-coast. That was at first ten thousand pounds: this counsel advised first Archbishop Sidric." It was a fatal counsel; "an infamous precedent, and totally unworthy the character of men, by money to redeem liberty, which no violence can ever extirpate from a noble mind." So

*Battle of
Maldon.*

Dane-geld.

thought, most truly, brave old William of Malmesbury—a chronicler whose prejudices were those of his order, his sense and learning his own.

The history of England for the next quarter of a century is, in many respects, the most melancholy of its annals. It has been related in detail by modern historians; but it will be scarcely necessary for us to go through the dreary chapter of bloodshed, treachery, cowardice, and imbecility. It is impossible that a martial race should have become suddenly so weak; a free government so incapable; a loyal nobility so traitorous; a Christian people so cruel;—only because a timid and frivolous king had been set up to rule over them. Nor was it because peace, as it was called, had been in the land for an unusual period. There was no real peace, because there was no national concord. Wessex had not been in arms against East Anglia; nor Mercia against Northumbria. But there was enmity in the hearts of West Saxons, East Anglians, Mercians, and Northumbrians, against their own kindred. Foreign mercenaries, too, had been gradually settling under the encouragement of the peaceable king; and foreign ecclesiastics had been filling the religious houses of his ambitious minister. Under Ethelred, the private vices of the great chieftains took a new direction in public corruption. Treachery and rivalry were in the court and the camp. The army was undisciplined. Their “commanders, if ever they met to confer, immediately chose different

*Internal
dissension.*

sides, and rarely or never united in one good plan; for they gave more attention to private quarrels than to public exigencies." This looks like a passage of modern history; but it is from a chronicle of seven hundred years ago. It is well that we can not ascribe to recent times what is added by the old writer. "If in the midst of present danger they had resolved on any good plan, it was immediately communicated to the enemy by traitors." The impoverishment of the land was the inevitable result of the weakness and wickedness of its rulers. Again and again came the Danes; for they had found a more certain treasure in the Dane-geld—the tribute which the cowardice of the government levied upon the people—than in any casual plunder of towns and villages. In 991, they were bribed and bought off with ten thousand pounds of silver; in 994, with sixteen thousand; in 1001, with twenty-four thousand; in 1007, with thirty-six thousand; and in 1012, with forty-eight thousand. A pound of silver was worth about three pounds of modern money and would have purchased eight oxen, or fifty sheep. We may estimate the sufferings of the people in the payment of the Dane-geld, during twenty years, when we consider that one hundred and thirty-four thousand pounds were equal to six million seven hundred thousand sheep, or one million and seventy-two thousand oxen. The ordinary price of a hide of land was about five pounds of silver, and thus one hundred and thirty-four thousand pounds of silver would

*Treachery
and
treason.*

*Prices and
values.*

have purchased twenty-six thousand eight hundred hides, each of which maintained a free man's family. Taking the hide of arable land, with its appurtenances of woods and common lands, at a hundred acres, this Danish tribute was equal to the fee-simple of all the land of Norfolk and Suffolk, or nearly one-tenth of the whole acreage of England. But, wherever they planted their feet, there the invaders would be fed. Famine followed in their steps. There is one unvarying record in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle: "The king and his witan desired that they should be sent to, and promised *tribute and food*." This record, which continues year after year, is occasionally varied by some notice of a gleam of public spirit, such as this: "And forces were often gathered against them; but so soon as they should have joined battle, then was there ever, through some cause, flight begun; and in the end they ever had the victory." What a picture does the following brief and simple narrative of this national ruin present of an imbecile government and of a divided people: "Then went they again to their ships with their booty. And when they went to their ships, then ought the forces again to have gone out against them until they should land; but then the forces went home; and when they were eastward, then were the forces kept westward; and when they were southward, then were our forces northward. Then were all the witan summoned to the king; and they were then to counsel how this land might be defended. But although

*Famine and
national
ruin.*

*The Danes
meet no
opposition.*

something might then be counselled, it did not stand even one month. At last there was no head-man who would assemble forces, but each fled as he best might; nor, at the last, would even one shire assist another."

*Period of
shame and
weakness.*

Amid the misery and disgrace of this "heavy time," as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle calls this period, there is one event more terrible and full of shame than the weakness which yielded tribute, or the cowardice which fled from battle. There were many of the old Danish settlers in England who had become a part of the nation, with homes to protect as much as their Saxon neighbors. Many had intermarried with the older inhabitants. During these new assaults of their terrible countrymen, the Danes had probably become insolent and overbearing; so that "the common people were so of them oppressed, that for fear and dread they called them, in every house as they had rule of, Lord Dane." In 1002, Ethelred had married Emma, the sister of the Duke of Normandy. Immediately after his marriage, on the feast of St. Brice, the king issued orders for a massacre of the Danes within the district over which he had authority. On that terrible 13th of November, as bloody a tragedy was enacted in this country as the history of religious persecution or national hatred can furnish in any country. The old writer we have just quoted says, that, "as common fame telleth, this murder began at a little town in Hertfordshire, within twenty-four miles of London, called Welwynne." This place is not far from the ancient boundary

*The mas-
sacre of
St. Brice.*

*As bloody
a tragedy
is ever
enacted.*



ENGLISH SHIPS ATTACKING THE DANES (Pages 291-304)

FROM THE PUNING BY C. GILL

of the Saxon and Danish territory; and it is not unlikely that the people were much intermixed. The poet of the "Night Thoughts," who dwelt in this charming village, could have found no more solemn theme of death and woe than this sad history. Men, women, children, were indiscriminately butchered. The sister of Sweyn, the Northman, who was married in England, and had adopted the Christian faith, was among the victims. In the agony of her last hours the heroic Gunhilda warned her murderers that a terrible retribution would come upon England for this national crime. In less than a year Sweyn was in the land with fire and desolation.

From the year 1003 to 1007, the retribution which Gunhilda had foreseen was going on. Devastation came after devastation, and tribute was exacted after tribute. The people in a brief time would pay no longer; and a bolder and wiser policy was adopted. A man in harness was to be provided upon every eight hides of land, and a vessel from every three hundred and ten hides. Out of the latter contribution came the precedent for that claim for "ship-money," to the resistance of which claim we probably owe the power yet to build ships, and to man them, and to feel more secure through these bulwarks than if every landing-place were covered with walls of granite. But vessels of war, and men in harness, are worthless without brave and faithful leaders. A vast naval force, in 1009, was assembled at Sandwich. There were so many ships as were never before, according to

The terrible retribution.

"Ship-money."

*Ruin of
the fleet.*

the Chronicle. But there was a quarrel among the commanders, and a great wind cast the ships upon the land. "Then was it as if it had been all hopeless; and the king went his way home, and the caldormen and the high witan, and thus lightly left the ships; and then afterward, the people who were in the ships brought them to London; and they let the whole nation's toil thus lightly pass away." At this period there was treachery on every side. There were minor traitors who were punished; but the great traitor, Alfric, who again and again betrayed his country, retained all his ancient power. There was another traitor, the King's favorite, Edric; who, after a series of intrigues against his weak master, finally joined the Danish forces with a large body of men, and assisted in the ravage of Canterbury. The one true and bold heart was to be found in Alphege, the Archbishop of Canterbury. He exhorted the people to defend their city; and for twenty days there was a vigorous defence. But another traitor, by name Elfmar, secretly admitted the enemy. The Danes burned the city, and carried off the inhabitants as slaves. They demanded ransom if they spared the life of the primate; but he nobly said that he had no goods of his own to offer for ransom, and that the goods of the Church should not be given up for his own life. They dragged him from his squalid prison, and setting him in the midst of a company of drunken revellers, they threw their weapons at him, and the bones of their coarse banquet; and amid

*One true
and bold
heart.*

*Notorious
traitors.*

the cries of "Gold, Bishop, gold," he was struck to the earth, and the blow of an axe ended his sufferings.

There came, at last, a fleet from Denmark—not for plunder or tribute, but for conquest. The chief devastator had been Thurkill, who, for three years, had been carrying on a predatory war on his own account. But, in 1012, having received a vast sum from Ethelred, he became a mercenary under the English. The King of Denmark came with his great fleet, decorated with all the tawdry devices of barbaric pomp, to carry on a war of extermination. His commands were to ravage the fields, to burn the houses, to put every male to the edge of the sword. Lighting his war-beacons wherever he went on his march from the Humber, he was at length under the walls of London. Ethelred and his Danish officer, Thurkill, successfully defended the city. Sweyn retreated to Bath, and there proclaimed himself King of England, and received homage from all the western nobles, and from those of the north. Ethelred now fled to the Isle of Wight, and London surrendered. All the misfortunes of the country are imputed to the unhappy King. But he appears to have come nigher to the truth, in the address which he made to his few faithful adherents. He imputed his misfortunes to the treachery of his generals. The country was subdued; the coast was watched. They had more to apprehend from their own countrymen than from their enemies. He should send his wife and children to Richard of Normandy. If he could not with

*Sweyn's
invasion.*

*Fall of
London.*

him find an honorable asylum, he should not want spirit to die where he was, undishonored. To Richard of Normandy the King went. He had been a faithless husband, but he was received with kindness. In 1014, Sweyn died. His army proclaimed his son Canute as King; but Ethelred was recalled by "all the witan who were in England, clergy and laity." They recalled him upon terms—"that no lord were dearer to them than their natural lord, if he would rule them rightlier than he had done before." This condition (in which it is held "we may discern the germ of Magna Charta, and of all the subsequent compacts between the king and the people of England") was accepted by Ethelred, in these words: "He would be to them a loving lord, and amend all those things which they all abhorred; and each of those things should be forgiven which had been done or said to him, on condition that they all, with one consent, would be obedient to him without deceit." Ethelred came home; and it was declared that "every Danish king should be an outlaw from England forever." But there was a Danish King in England who made little of empty words. The recall of Ethelred was, most probably, the act only of a part of the nation. Canute held possession of a large portion of the land. Edric, the ancient traitor, kept his old power with his old guile. Edmund, the son of Ethelred, was well qualified by his bodily strength, which gave him the name of "Ironsides," and by his energetic valor, to be that leader which the Saxon

*The germ
of Magna
Charta.*

*Recall of
Ethelred.*

*Edmund
Ironsides.*

race had so long needed. Edric was circumventing Edmund at every step. In the meantime Canute was establishing his full claim to sovereignty. In the April of 1016, Ethelred died. The citizens of London proclaimed Edmund King. A council sitting at Southampton, which had previously decreed that every Danish King should be an outlaw, took the oaths to Canute. There was instant preparation for war on both sides. Canute had a great fleet in the Thames. Edmund marched boldly into Wessex, and was there accepted as King. He then raised the siege of London. Battle after battle ensued; and the Ironside would have cleared the land of his enemies, but for that false confidence which had ruined his father. He trusted once more to Edric; and in the moment of victory, the betrayer, who had a command in the Saxon army, suddenly cried out, "Flee, English, flee; dead is Edmund." The English fled. Edmund and Canute agreed to divide the sovereignty. In a very short time Edmund died, and his death is attributed, reasonably enough, to the hand of Edric. Whether or not Canute had given greater "warrant" than "the winking of authority," it is recorded that when Edric came to urge rewards for service, Canute told him that a new lord could expect little fealty from one who had murdered his old lord; and that, upon this hint, Eric of Northumbria slew the traitor with his battle-axe.

*Death of
Ethelred.*

*Treason
of Edric.*

Canute the Dane is in 1017 sole King of England. He calls upon the witan to annul the division of the

*Canute
sole King
of England.*

kingdom by declaring that Edmund had reserved no right of succession, and that Canute was to be the guardian of his children. This guardianship consisted in outlawing them. The infant boys were sent to the King of Sweden, with such intimation of the usurper's wishes as an unscrupulous prince would have readily acted upon. But the King of Sweden removed them to a safe asylum in Hungary. The children grew to manhood; and the younger, Edmund, became the father of Edgar Atheling, and of Margaret, the Queen of Malcolm of Scotland. Edwy, the brother of the heroic King Edmund, was slain by command of Canute. There were two other claimants to the English throne, Edward and Alfred, the sons of Ethelred by his wife Emma of Normandy. Their rights were asserted by their uncle Richard; but Canute settled the dispute by marrying their mother. His proscriptions of English nobles had no limit but his own will; and their forfeited property was bestowed upon his Danish instruments. Then was that tyranny at its height which so long rankled in the Saxon heart; and another day of St. Brice was dreaded by the lordly Northmen. A law imposed a fine upon any township where a Dane was killed. A Saxon might be murdered without such penalty. The Danish thanes were surrounded by their countrymen in the great cities. London, which had so stoutly resisted the intruders, received their yoke. We find many indelible traces of their presence in the land. A place of public assembly became the

*Claimants
to the En-
glish throne.*

Danish "husting." The Northmen's saint, St. Olave, has given his name to London churches. "Knuts'-delfe" is the dike near the Peterborough marshes.

The impression of his character which Canute has left upon the English mind is not that of the barbarous conqueror. We can not say of him, as one of our great masters of English said of Alfred, "He left learning where he found ignorance; justice, where he found oppression; peace, where he found distraction." But he came, with a powerful will, to make a foreign domination endurable by a show of impartiality and to substitute the strength of despotism for the feebleness of anarchy. When he ceased to be an enemy of England he became a real friend. His power was too strong to be disputed; and he therefore wielded it with moderation, after the contest for supremacy was fairly over. He, the Emperor of the Anglo-Saxons, as he chose to be called, was also King of Swedes, and Danes, and Norwegians. He was an unmitigated despot in his own half-Christian lands; but he adapted his English rule to the higher civilization of his most important kingdom. In 1030, he made a pilgrimage to Rome, with his staff and wallet; and amid the passes of the Alps, or beside the ruins of the Cæsars, he thought humbly of his past life, and made new resolves for his future career. His letter to "all the nations of the English," which he sent from Denmark after his return from Rome, has one passage which may make us believe that power and prosperity

*Character
of Canute.*

*He makes a
pilgrimage
to Rome.*

*His
remorse.*

are not always corrupting: "And now, be it known to you all, that I have dedicated my life to God, to govern my kingdoms with justice, and to observe the right in all things. If, in the time that is past, and in the violence and carelessness of youth, I have violated justice, it is my intention, by the help of God, to make full compensation. Therefore I beg and command those unto whom I have intrusted the government, as they wish to preserve my good will, and save their own souls, to do no injustice either to poor or rich. Let those who are noble, and those who are not, equally obtain their rights, according to the laws, from which no deviation shall be allowed, either from fear of me, or through favor to the powerful, or for the purpose of supplying my treasury. I want no money raised by injustice." Canute died in 1035.

*Harold
becomes
king.*

[In 1042, on the death of the last of the sons of Canute, the Saxon line was restored in England in the person of Edward the Confessor. On his death, Harold, the great Earl of Wessex, was elected king (1066).]

NORMAN CONQUEST OF ENGLAND

(A.D. 1066)

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

FOR half a century the two countries had been drawing nearer together. At the close of the reign of Richard the Fearless, the Danish descents upon the English coast had found support in Normandy, and their fleet had wintered in her ports. It was to revenge these attacks that Ethelred had despatched a fleet across the Channel to ravage the Cotentin, but the fleet was repulsed, and the strife appeased by Ethelred's marriage with Emma, a sister of Richard the Good. Ethelred with his children found shelter in Normandy from the Danish kings, and, if Norman accounts are to be trusted, contrary winds alone prevented a Norman fleet from undertaking their restoration. The peaceful recall of Edward to the throne seemed to open England to Norman ambition, and Godwine was no sooner banished than Duke William appeared at the English court, and received, as he afterward asserted, a promise of suc-

*England
and the
Normans.*

*Norman
ambition*

*Harold's
oath.*

cession to its throne from the King. Such a promise, unconfirmed by the national assembly of the Wise Men, was utterly valueless, and for the moment Godwine's recall put an end to William's hopes. They are said to have been revived by a storm which threw Harold, while cruising in the Channel, on the French coast, and William forced him to swear on the relics of saints to support the Duke's claim as the price of his own return to England: but the news of the King's death was at once followed by that of Harold's accession, and after a burst of furious passion the Duke prepared to enforce his claim by arms. William did not claim the crown. He claimed simply the right which he afterward used when his sword had won it, of presenting himself for election by the nation, and he believed himself entitled so to present himself by the direct commendation of the Confessor. The actual election of Harold which stood in his way, hurried as it was, he did not recognize as valid. But with this constitutional claim was inextricably mingled his resentment at the private wrong which Harold had done him, and a resolve to exact vengeance on the man whom he regarded as untrue to his oath.

*William's
resentment.*

The difficulties in the way of his enterprise were indeed enormous. He could reckon on no support within England itself. At home he had to extort the consent of his own reluctant baronage; to gather a motley host from every quarter of France, and to keep it together for months; to create a fleet, to cut down the very trees, to

build, to launch, to man the vessels; and to find time amid all this for the common business of government, for negotiations with Denmark and the Empire, with France, Brittany, and Anjou, with Flanders and with Rome. His rival's difficulties were hardly less than his own. Harold was threatened with invasion not only by William but by his brother Tostig, who had taken refuge in Norway and secured the aid of its king, Harald Hardrada. The fleet and army he had gathered lay watching for months along the coast. His one standing force was his body of hus-carls, but their numbers only enabled them to act as the nucleus of an army. On the other hand, the Land-fyrd, or general levy of fighting-men, was a body easy to raise for any single encounter, but hard to keep together. To assemble such a force was to bring labor to a standstill. The men gathered under the King's standard were the farmers and plowmen of their fields. The ships were the fishing-vessels of the coast. In September the task of holding them together became impossible, but their dispersion had hardly taken place when the two clouds which had so long been gathering burst at once upon the realm. A change of wind released the landlocked armament of William; but before changing, the wind which prisoned the Duke had flung the host of Harald Hardrada on the coast of Yorkshire. The King hastened with his household troops to the north, and repulsed the invaders in a decisive overthrow at Stamford Bridge, in the neighborhood of York; but ere

*Difficulties
confronting
the rivals.*

*Battle of
Stamford
Bridge.*

he could hurry back to London the Norman host had crossed the sea, and William, who had anchored on the 28th off Pevensey, was ravaging the coast to bring his rival to an engagement. His merciless ravages succeeded, as they were intended, in drawing Harold from London to the south; but the King wisely refused to attack with the forces he had hastily summoned to his banner. If he were forced to give battle, he resolved to give it on ground he had himself chosen, and advancing near enough to the coast to check William's ravages, he intrenched himself on a hill known afterward as that of Senlac, a low spur of the Sussex Downs near Hastings. His position covered London, and drove William to concentrate his forces. With a host subsisting by pillage, to concentrate is to starve; and no alternative was left to William but a decisive victory or ruin.

*The battle
of Senlac,
Oct. 14.*

Along the higher ground that leads from Hastings the Duke led his men in the dim dawn of an October morning to the mound of Telham. It was from this point that the Normans saw the host of the English gathered thickly behind a rough trench and a stockade on the height of Senlac. Marshy ground covered their right; on the left, the most exposed part of the position, the hus-carls or body-guard of Harold, men in full armor and wielding huge axes, were grouped round the Golden Dragon of Wessex and the standard of the King. The rest of the ground was covered by thick masses of half-armed rustics who had flocked at Harold's summons to

the fight with the stranger. It was against the centre of this formidable position that William arrayed his Norman knighthood, while the mercenary forces he had gathered in France and Brittany were ordered to attack its flanks. A general charge of the Norman foot opened the battle; in front rode the minstrel Taillefer, tossing his sword in the air and catching it again while he chanted the song of Roland. He was the first of the host who struck a blow, and he was the first to fall. The charge broke vainly on the stout stockade behind which the English warriors plied axe and javelin with fierce cries of "Out, out," and the repulse of the Norman footmen was followed by a repulse of the Norman horse. Again and again the Duke rallied and led them to the fatal stockade. All the fury of fight that glowed in his Norseman's blood, all the headlong valor that had spurred him over the slopes of Val-ès-dunes, mingled that day with the coolness of head, the dogged perseverance, the inexhaustible faculty of resource which had shone at Mortemer and Varaville. His Breton troops, entangled in the marshy ground on his left, broke in disorder, and as panic spread through the army a cry arose that the Duke was slain. "I live," shouted William, as he tore off his helmet, "and by God's help will conquer yet." Maddened by repulse, the Duke spurred right at the standard; unhorsed, his terrible mace struck down Gyrth, the King's brother; again dismounted, a blow from his hand hurled to the ground an unmannerly

*Taillefer,
the minstrel.*

*William's
heroic
efforts.*

rider who would not lend him his steed. Amid the roar and tumult of the battle he turned the flight he had arrested into the means of victory. Broken as the stockade was by his desperate onset, the shield-wall of the warriors behind it still held the Normans at bay till William by a feint of flight drew a part of the English force from their post of vantage. Turning on his disorderly pursuers, the Duke cut them to pieces, broke through the abandoned line, and made himself master of the central ground. Meanwhile the French and Bretons made good their ascent on either flank. At three the hill seemed won, at six the fight still raged around the standard, where Harold's hus-carls stood stubbornly at bay on a spot marked afterward by the high altar of Battle Abbey. An order from the Duke at last brought his archers to the front, and their arrow-flight told heavily on the dense masses crowded around the King. As the sun went down a shaft pierced Harold's right eye; he fell between the royal ensigns, and the battle closed with a desperate melly over his corpse. While night covered the flight of the English, the conqueror pitched his tent on the very spot where his rival had fallen, and "sate down to eat and drink among the dead."

His ruse.

*Death of
Harold.*

Securing Romney and Dover, the Duke marched by Canterbury upon London. Faction and intrigue were doing his work for him as he advanced. Harold's brothers had fallen with the King on the field of Senlac, and there was none of the house of Godwine to contest

the crown; while of the old royal line there remained but a single boy, Edgar the Atheling, son of the eldest of Edmund Ironside's children, who had fled before Cnut's persecution as far as Hungary for shelter. Boy as he was, he was chosen king; but the choice gave little strength to the national cause. The widow of the Confessor surrendered Winchester to the Duke. The bishops gathered at London inclined to submission. The citizens themselves faltered as William, passing by their walls, gave Southwark to the flames. The throne of the boy-king really rested for support on the Earls of Mercia and Northumbria, Edwine and Morkere; and William, crossing the Thames at Wallingford and marching into Hertfordshire, threatened to cut them off from their earldoms. The masterly movement brought about an instant submission. Edwine and Morkere retreated hastily home from London, and the city gave way at once. Edgar himself was at the head of the deputation who came to offer the crown to the Norman Duke. "They bowed to him," says the English annalist pathetically, "for need." They bowed to the Norman as they had bowed to the Dane, and William accepted the crown in the spirit of Cnut. London indeed was secured by the erection of a fortress which afterward grew into the Tower, but William desired to reign not as a conqueror but as a lawful king. He received the crown at Westminster from the hands of Archbishop Eldred, amid shouts of "Yea, Yea," from his new English subjects. Fines from the greater

*Edgar
Atheling
is chosen
king.*

*William
receives
the crown.*

landowners atoned for a resistance which was now counted as rebellion; but with this exception every measure of the new sovereign indicated his desire of ruling as a successor of Edward or Alfred. As yet indeed the greater part of England remained quietly aloof from him, and he can hardly be said to have been recognized as king by Northumberland or the greater part of Mercia. But to the east of a line which stretched from Norwich to Dorsetshire his rule was unquestioned, and over this portion he ruled as an English king. His soldiers were kept in strict order. No change was made in law or custom. The privileges of London were recognized by a royal writ which still remains, the most venerable of its muniments, among the city's archives. Peace and order were restored. William even attempted, though in vain, to learn the English tongue that he might personally administer justice to the suitors in his court. The kingdom seemed so tranquil that only a few months had passed after the battle of Senlac when William, leaving England in charge of his brother, Odo Bishop of Bayeux, and his minister, William Fitz-Osbern, returned for a while to Normandy.

*General
submission.*

[Under Henry III. "the Black" (1039-1056), the imperial power was at its highest point. He helped to introduce the *Tregua Dei*, or "Truce of God," which was first introduced by the clergy in 1034. In 1046, Henry undertook an expedition to Rome, where he caused a

*"Truce of
God."*

synod to depose three rival popes—Sylvester III., Benedict IX., and Gregory VI.—and appointed the Bishop of Bamberg Pope as Clement II., who crowned him Emperor at Christmas. The three succeeding popes were also appointed by Henry. His son, Henry IV., also interfered in the affairs of Italy. In 1073, Hildebrand became Pope as Gregory VII., and immediately the Empire and the Papacy became embroiled on the question of investitures.]

*Three
rival
popes.*

EMPIRE VS. PAPACY: HENRY IV. AT CANOSSA

(A.D. 1076)

T. F. TOUT

HENRY IV.'s reign now really began. A thorough Swabian, his favorite ministers were Swabians of no high degree, and he had no faith in the goodwill or loyalty of the men of the north. He had kept vacant the Saxon dukedom. On every hill-top of Saxony and Thuringia he built strong castles, whose lawless garrisons plundered and outraged the peasantry. There was ever fierce ill-will between northern and southern Germany during the Middle Ages. The policy of the southern Emperor soon filled the north with anger, and the Saxon nobles prepared for armed resistance. In 1073, Henry fitted out an expedition whose professed destination was against the Poles. It was believed in Saxony that his real object was to subdue the Saxons and hand them over to the Swabians. Accordingly in the summer of 1073 a general Saxon revolt broke out, headed by the natural leaders of Saxony, both

The Saxon revolt.

Henry imprisoned at Harzburg.

in Church and State, including the Archbishop of Magdeburg, the deposed Duke Otto of Bavaria, and the fierce Margrave Dedi, already an unsuccessful rebel. The insurgents demanded the instant demolition of the castles, the dismissal of Henry's evil counsellors, and the restitution of their lands that he had violently seized. On receiving no answer, they shut up Henry in the strong castle of Harzburg, whence he escaped with the utmost difficulty to the friendly cloister of Hersfeld. In the course of the summer the rebels destroyed many of the new castles. The levies summoned for the Polish campaign refused to turn their arms against the Saxons, and Henry saw himself powerless amid the general falling away.

A meeting at Gerstungen, where Henry's friends strove to mediate with the rebels, led to a suggestion that the king should be deposed. Only at Worms and in the Swabian cities did Henry receive any real support. He gathered together a small army and strove to fight a winter campaign against the Saxons, but failed so completely that he was forced to accept their terms. However, hostilities were renewed in 1075, when Henry won a considerable victory at Hohenburg on the Unstrut, and forced the Saxons to make an unconditional submission. Otto of Nordheim, the Archbishop of Magdeburg, and the other leaders were imprisoned. On the ruins of Saxon liberty Henry now aspired to build up a despotism.

Hildebrand was now pope. During the funeral service

of Alexander II. at St. John's in the Lateran, a great *Pope* shout arose from the multitude in the church that Hildebrand should be their bishop. The Cardinal, Hugh the *Hildebrand.* White, addressed the assembly. "You know, brethren," he said, "how, since the time of Leo IX., Hildebrand has exalted the Roman Church, and freed our city. We can not find a better pope than he. Indeed, we can not find his equal. Let us then elect him, who, having been ordained in our church, is known to us all, and thoroughly approved by us." There was the great shout in answer: "Saint Peter has chosen Hildebrand to be Pope!" In spite of his resistance, Hildebrand was dragged to the church of St. Peter ad Vincula, and immediately enthroned. The cardinals had no mind to upset this irregular election, strangely contrary though it was to the provisions of Nicholas II. The German bishops, alarmed at Hildebrand's reputation for severity, urged the King to quash the appointment, but Henry contented himself with sending to Rome to inquire into the circumstances of the election. Hildebrand showed great moderation, and actually postponed his consecration until Henry's consent had been obtained. This, Henry had no wish to withhold. On June 29, 1073, Hildebrand was hallowed bishop. By assuming the name of Gregory VII., he proclaimed to the world the invalidity of the deposition of his old master at the Synod of Sutri.

*The
election
irregular.*

The wonderful self-control which the new Pope had shown so long did not desert him in his new position.

*Infirmities
of Greg-
ory VII.*

Physically, there was little to denote the mighty mind within his puny body. He was of low stature, short-legged and corpulent. He spoke with a stammer, and his dull complexion was only lighted up by his glittering eyes. He was not a man of much learning or originality, and contributed little toward the theory of the papal or sacerdotal power. But he was one of the greatest practical men of the Middle Ages; and his single-minded wish to do what was right betokened a dignity of moral nature that was rare indeed in the Eleventh Century. His power over men's minds was enormous, even to their own despite. The fierce and fanatical Peter Damiani called him his "holy Satan." "Thy will," said he, "has ever been a command to me—evil but lawful. Would that I had always served God and St. Peter as faithfully as I have served thee." Even as archdeacon he assumed so great a state, and lived in such constant intercourse with the world, that monastic zealots like Damiani were scandalized, and some moderns have questioned (though groundlessly) whether he was ever a professed monk at all. Profoundly convinced of the truth of the Cluniac doctrines, he showed a fierce and almost unscrupulous statecraft in realizing them that filled even Cluny with alarm. His ideal was to reform the world by establishing a sort of universal monarchy for the Papacy. He saw all round him that kings and princes were powerless for good, but mighty for evil. He saw churchmen living greedy and corrupt lives for want of higher direction

*His power
over men's
minds*

His policy.

and control. Looking at a world distraught by feudal anarchy, his ambition was to restore the "peace of God," civilization, and order, by submitting the Church to the Papacy, and the world to the Church. "Human pride," he wrote, "has created the power of kings; God's mercy has created the power of bishops. The Pope is the master of emperors. He is rendered holy by the merits of his predecessor, St. Peter. The Roman Church has never erred, and Holy Scripture proves that it never can err. To resist it is to resist God." For the next twelve years he strove with all his might to make his power felt throughout Christendom. Sometimes his enthusiasm *His influence.* caused him to advance claims that even his best friends would not admit, as when William the Conqueror was constrained to repudiate the Holy See's claims of feudal sovereignty over England, which, after similar pretensions had been recognized by the Normans in Sicily, Gregory and his successors were prone to assert whenever opportunity offered. The remotest parts of Europe felt the weight of his influence. But the intense conviction of the righteousness of his aims, that made compromise seem to him treason to the truth, did something to detract from the success of his statecraft. He was too absolute, too rigid, too obstinate, too extreme to play his part with entire advantage to himself and his cause. Yet with all his defects there is no grander figure in history.

Gregory realized the magnitude of his task, but he never shrank from it. "I would that you knew," wrote

His difficulties.

he to the Abbot of Cluny, "the anguish that assails my soul. The Church of the East has gone astray from the Catholic faith. If I look to the west, the north, or the south, I find but few bishops whose appointments and whose lives are in accordance with the laws of the Church, or who govern God's people through love and not through worldly ambition. Among princes I know not one who sets the honor of God before his own, or justice before gain. If I did not hope that I could be of use to the Church, I would not remain at Rome a day." From the very first he was beset on every side with difficulties. Even the alliance with the Normans was uncertain. Robert Guiscard, with his brother Roger, waged war against Gregory's faithful vassal, Richard of Capua; and Robert, who threatened the papal possession of Benevento, went so far that he incurred excommunication. Philip of France, "the worst of the tyrants who enslaved the Church," had to be threatened with interdict. A project to unite the Eastern with the Western Church broke down lamentably. A contest with Henry IV. soon became inevitable. But Gregory abated nothing of his high claims. In February, 1075, he held a synod at Rome, at which severe decrees against simony and the marriage of clerks were issued. The practice of lay investiture, by which secular princes were wont to grant bishoprics and abbeys by the conferring of spiritual symbols such as the ring and staff, had long been regarded by the Cluniacs as the most glaring of temporal

The practice of lay investitures forbidden.

aggressions against the spiritual power. This practice was now sternly forbidden. "If any one," declared the synod, "henceforth receive from the hand of any lay person a bishopric or abbey, let him not be considered as abbot or bishop, and let the favor of St. Peter and the gate of the Church be forbidden to him. If an emperor, a king, a duke, a count, or any other lay person presume to give investiture of any ecclesiastical dignity, let him be excommunicated." This decree gave the signal for the great Investiture Contest, and for the greater struggle of Papacy and Empire that convulsed Europe, save during occasional breaks, for the next two centuries. ^

Up to the issue of the decree as to investitures, the relation between Gregory and Henry IV. had not been unfriendly. Henry had admitted that he had not always respected the rights of the Church, but had promised amendment for the future. But to give up investitures would have been to change the whole imperial system of government. He was now freed, by his victory at Hohenburg, from the Saxon revolt. The German bishops, afraid of the Pope's strictness, encouraged his resistance, and even in Italy he had many partisans. The Patarini were driven out of Milan, and Henry scrupled not to invest a new archbishop with the see of St. Ambrose. Even at Rome, Gregory barely escaped assassination while celebrating mass. In January, 1076, Henry summoned a German council to Worms. Strange and incredible crimes were freely attributed to the Pope, and

*Relations
between
Pope and
Emperor.*

the majority of the German bishops pronounced him deposed. Henry himself wrote in strange terms to the Pope: "Henry, king not by usurpation but by God's grace, to Hildebrand, henceforth no pope but false monk,—Christ has called us to our kingdom, while he has never called thee to the priesthood. Thou hast attacked me, a consecrated king, who can not be judged but by God himself. Condemned by our bishops and by ourselves, come down from the place that thou hast usurped. Let the see of St. Peter be held by another, who will not seek to cover violence under the cloak of religion, and who will teach the wholesome doctrine of St. Peter. I, Henry, king by the grace of God, with all of my bishops, say unto thee—'Come down, come down.' "

*Henry's
letter to
the Pope.*

In February, 1076, Gregory held a great synod in the Vatican, at which the Empress Agnes was present, with a great multitude of Italian and French bishops. A clerk from Parma named Roland delivered the King's letter to the Pope before the council. There was a great tumult, and Roland would have atoned for his boldness with his life but for the Pope's personal intervention. Henry was now formally excommunicated and deposed. "Blessed Peter," declared Gregory, "thou and the Mother of God and all the saints are witness that the Roman Church has called upon me to govern it in my own despite. As thy representative I have received from God the power to bind and to loose in heaven and on earth. For the

*Henry ex-
communicated and
deposed.*

honor and security of thy Church, in the name of God Almighty, I prohibit Henry the King, son of Henry the Emperor, who has risen with unheard-of pride against thy Church, from ruling Germany and Italy. I release all Christians from the oaths of fealty they may have taken to him, and I order that no one shall obey him."

War was thus declared between Pope and King. Though the position of both parties was sufficiently precarious, Henry was at the moment in the worst position for carrying on an internecine combat. He could count very little on the support of his German subjects. Those who most feared the Pope were the self-seekers and the simoniacs, whose energy was small and whose loyalty less. The saints and the Zealots were all against him. The Saxons profited by his embarrassments to renew their revolt, and soon chased his garrisons out of their land. The secular nobles, who saw in his policy the beginnings of an attempt at despotism, held aloof from the court. It was to no purpose that Henry answered the anathemas of Gregory with denunciations equally unmeasured, and complained that Gregory had striven to unite in his hands both the spiritual and the temporal swords that God had kept asunder. Hermann, Bishop of Metz, the Pope's legate in Germany, ably united the forces against him. At last, the nobles and bishops of Germany gathered together on October 16, 1076, at Tribur, where the papal legates were treated with marked deference, though Henry took up his quarters

*Henry's
precarious
position.*

*Henry
forced to
submit.*

at Oppenheim, on the other bank of the Rhine, afraid to trust himself amid his disaffected subjects. Henry soon saw that he had no alternative but submission. The magnates were so suspicious of him that it needed the personal intercession of Hugh, Abbot of Cluny, to prevail upon them to make terms with him at all. Finally a provisional agreement was patched up, upon conditions excessively humiliating to Henry. The barons refused to obey him until he had obtained absolution from the Pope, who, moreover, had promised to go to Germany in person and hold a council in the succeeding February. Pending this, Henry was to remain at Speyer without kingly revenue, power, or dignity, and still shut off by his ex-communication from the offices of the Church. If Henry could not satisfy the Pope in February, he was to be regarded as deposed.

*His desper-
ate circum-
stances.*

Abandoned by Germany, Henry abode some two months at Speyer, gloomily anticipating the certain ruin to his cause that would follow the Pope's appearance in a German council. He realized that he could do nothing unless he reconciled himself to Gregory; and, hearing good news of his prospects in northern Italy, thought that his best course was to betake himself over the Alps, where the Pope might well prove less rigorous, if he found him at the head of a formidable band of Italian partisans. It was a winter of extraordinary severity, but any risks were better than inglorious inaction at Speyer. Accordingly, Henry broke his compact with his nobles,

and toward the end of December secretly set out on his journey southward. He was accompanied by Bertha and his little son, but only one German noble was included among his scanty following. He traversed Burgundy, and kept his miserable Christmas feast at Besançon. Thence crossing the Mont Cenis at the risk of his life, he appeared early in the new year amid his Lombard partisans at Pavia. But though urged to take up arms, Henry feared the risks of a new and doubtful struggle. Germany could only be won back by submission. He resolved to seek out the Pope and throw himself on his mercy.

Gregory was then some fifteen miles south of Reggio, at an impregnable mountain stronghold belonging to the Countess Matilda, called Canossa, which crowned one of the northern spurs of the Apennines, and overlooked the great plain. He had sought the protection of its walls as a safe refuge against the threatened Lombard attack which Henry, it was believed, had come over the Alps to arrange. The Countess Matilda and Hugh of Cluny, Henry's godfather, were with the Pope, and many of the simoniac bishops of Germany had already gone to Canossa and won absolution by submission. On January 21, 1077, Henry left his wife and followers at Reggio, and climbed the steep snow-clad road that led to the mountain fastness. Gregory refused to receive him, but he had interviews with Matilda and his godfather in a chapel at the foot of the castle-rock, and induced them

Henry resolves to ask the Pope's mercy.

Henry at Canossa.

*Henry's
humiliation.*

*The Pope's
terms.*

to intercede with the Pope on his behalf. Gregory would hear of nothing but complete and unconditional submission. "If he be truly penitent, let him surrender his crown and insignia of royalty into our hands, and confess himself unworthy of the name and honor of king." But the pressure of the countess and abbot at last prevailed upon him to be content with abject contrition without actual abandonment of his royal state. For three days Henry waited in the snow outside the inner gate of the castle-yard, barefoot, fasting, and in the garb of a penitent. On the fourth day the Pope consented to admit him into his presence. With the cry, "Holy father, spare me!" the King threw himself at the Pope's feet. Gregory raised him up, absolved him, entertained him at his table, and sent him away with much good advice and his blessing. But the terms of Henry's reconciliation were sufficiently hard. He was to promise to submit himself to the judgment of the German magnates, presided over by the Pope, with respect to the long catalogue of charges brought against him. Until that was done he was to abstain from the royal insignia and the royal functions. He was to be prepared to accept or reject his crown according to the judgment of the Pope as to his guilt or innocence. He was, if proved innocent, to obey the Pope in all things pertaining to the Church. If he broke any of these conditions, another king was to be forthwith elected.

RISE OF FEUDALISM

CHARLES H. PEARSON

THE origin of feudalism is as difficult to trace as the source of the Niger. The relation of chief and clansman among barbarians, the oath of Roman soldiers to the emperor, the civic responsibility of a father for his children, transferred to a lord for his dependants, are all elements in the system which overspread Europe in the Middle Ages. Men in those times commonly regarded it from the practical point of view, as service for reward. But it came to have a higher meaning to the state. The feudal baron was the representative of kingship on his domain; rendering justice, maintaining police, and seeing that military service was performed. As a viceroy, he was accountable for the just performance of these duties to the crown: above all, he was a link in the great chain that bound the lowest peasant and the successors of Charlemagne together. Roman imperialism had divided the world into master and slave. The juster theory of the Middle Ages, no doubt influenced by Christianity, regarded mankind as a great fam-

The feudal baron.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

ily, and sought to strengthen the bonds of union by engagements taken solemnly before man and God. The oath of homage was the most binding that could be taken; the love of a father to his son, the duty of a wife to her husband, were regarded as of less force.

*Definition
of homage.*

“Homage,” in the beautiful language of Littleton, “is the most honorable service, and most humble service of reverence that a frank tenant may do to his lord. For, when the tenant shall make homage to his lord, he shall be ungirt, and his head uncovered, and his lord shall sit, and the tenant shall kneel before him on both his knees, and hold his hands jointly together between the hands of his lord, and shall say thus: ‘I become your man from this day forward, of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and unto you shall be true and faithful, and bear to you faith for the tenements (M.N.) that I claim to hold of you; saving the faith that I owe unto our sovereign lord the king;’ and then the lord so sitting shall kiss him.” In order to avoid mistake, the tenements for which homage was paid were enumerated. The whole ceremony was performed before witnesses, and was a record of the lord’s title-deeds. . . . Where a fief was held by a married woman, her husband took her place toward the lord. But the exception in favor of single women was inconvenient; and in later times a modified form of oath was introduced, in which all mention of personal duty was omitted. Again, bishops elect did homage for their baronies, but, after consecration, they

*The
ceremony.*

RISE OF FEUDALISM

only took the oath of fealty. The clerical oath of homage (like that of the women) omitted the words "I become your man," on the ground that the priest had professed himself to be only the man of God. Lastly, homage was restricted to the holders of estates which they could bequeath to their heirs generally, or the heirs of their body.

The distinction of homage and fealty is important. Fealty was more sacred, because confirmed with an oath; less dignified, as it could be done by attorney; more general, as it extended to all freeholders and villeins; less personal, as it did not include the obligation to become the lord's man; and less binding, as, unlike those who held by homage, the tenant by fealty was not bound to sell or pledge everything for his lord's ransom. Hence, apparently, tenants for a term of life did fealty, but not homage. . . . The difference between fealty and the allegiance which every subject owed to the crown lay in the fact that fealty was done in respect of a tenure, implied a direct benefit enjoyed, and was legal evidence of the lord's rights.

*Distinction
between
homage
and fealty.*

*Feudal
tenure.*

Homage and fealty being the relations of service, the vassal's condition was determined by the nature of his tenure. Every tenure implied some service, either fixed, and then more or less honorable; or arbitrary, and so a mark of servitude. The Church taking precedence of the State, tenure in frank almoigne—that is, by the services of religion—came first. This was the tenure of lands that were given without the obligation of any secular service.

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

The Churchmen endowed were, however, bound to offer up prayers and masses for the soul of their benefactor, and he or his heirs might distrain on them if this duty were neglected. Tenure by homage ancestral was merely tenancy-in-chief by immemorial prescription in the family. It carried with it the ordinary feudal burdens to the tenant; but, in return, his lord was bound to warrant him the possession of his estate. Tenure by grand serjeantry implied the performance of some personal service to the king, to be his chamberlain or champion. Tenure by petty serjeantry was the yearly payment of some implement of war to the king. These were the tenures of tenants-in-chief; below them, scutage and socage tenures. The term scutage is now commonly used of the tax for which service of the shield was commuted. Originally, it meant the obligation to serve in arms forty days in the year, and was attached to every knight's fee. Fealty, with or without homage, and scutage, together made up knight's service. Fealty, with or without homage, and any other special service, below petty serjeantry, constituted the important class of socage tenures. The obligation to perform all services indiscriminately was villenage. In other words, the distinction between gentry and mere freedom lay in the service of arms; between freedom and servitude, in fixed instead of variable dues. The distinctions of socage tenure are numerous, as the word came to cover the service of the plow, rent for houses paid immediately to the crown (burgage tenure),

*Scutage
and socage.*

RISE OF FEUDALISM

or rent by various tenures, even one so debasing as doing the hangman's duty. Sometimes two or three conditions were united; it did not matter, so long as they were not variable. Beneath these middle classes came the large class of villeins. A villein might be *regardant*, attached to the soil; or *in gross*, attached to the person of his lord. A freeman might hold land in villenage, and be bound to do villein's service upon it. One of the things that most complicates the consideration of feudal England is the way in which a personality attached to corporations and lands. Every acre of soil, every institution, was animate, so to speak, with duties and privileges, which had attached to it from time immemorial, and could not be lost. *The villeins.*

The obligations of a feudal vassal were service in council, in the court of law, and in the field. . . . He was bound to sustain his lord in self-defence and to guard his castle during a certain number of days. . . . He was forced to contribute to redeem his lord from captivity, or when his lord's eldest daughter was married, or when the eldest son became knight. These reliefs, as they were called, were at first arbitrary and oppressive. Gradually they were fixed, by custom, at the rate of five pounds for the knight's fee of land, or four hides: this was "the reasonable relief" that is mentioned in Magna Charta. . . . In the case of tenants-in-chief, their heiresses were royal wards, whom the king might marry at pleasure. The abuse of this prerogative by mon- *Obligations of a feudal vassal.* *Royal wards.*

THE WORLD'S GREAT EVENTS

*barons
complain.*

archs, who gave the daughters of noblemen to unworthy favorites, was a grave grievance, of which the barons constantly complained, but which was never effectually redressed. The vassal could not transmit his inheritance to a leper. He lost life and land if he fled from his lord in battle through cowardice, and even his freehold escheated to the crown. Generally he forfeited his fief if he did not perform its duties, or if he made any attempt on the person or honor of his lord and his family. But these obligations were reciprocal. The lord was not even allowed to raise a stick upon his vassal. Insult, outrage, or the denial of aid or justice, entitled the vassal to withdraw his fief and declare war upon his superior, though it was at his peril in England if he violated the king's peace. In cases that did not come to this extremity, the vassal might appeal to a court of his peers, presided over, it is true, by his lord; but a further appeal lay from this to the suzerain. That injustice was often done is probable. But the institutions of these times are not chargeable with unfairness in their spirit. The great curse of the country was its over-legality, and the belief that it could root out abuses by multiplying systems and laws.

Appeal.

*Univer-
sality of
feudal
principles.*

The universality with which the principles of feudalism were applied can scarcely be exaggerated. In the ordinary life of society, the knight was invested with his order as with a fief, and the woman bound to her husband by a promise resembling the oath of homage. In religion, the great question at issue between Church and

RISE OF FEUDALISM

State was conceived under feudal aspects, and men debated whether Pope and Emperor were alike supreme in their own demesne, but each owing service to the other for some fief held of him; or one subject to the other; or both independent powers, holding only of Christ, their suzerain. In law, the theory that a monarchy was a fief, and the administration of justice one of its appurtenances, has stamped itself upon English legislation. In itself, it was no small change that the monarch should be called King of England instead of King of the Angles: it substituted the notion of proprietorship for that of headship of a clan. That peculiar feature of these ages which led them to express their abstract ideas in rigid symbols, to materialize and petrify what would otherwise have been fleeting and vague, contributed to invest legal fictions with an intense reality. Hence it was that the English towns, as soon as they became free and corporate, were treated as barons. Each of them was an organic life, so to speak, with many members but only one will, and with the responsibilities of an individual. The governing powers of a corporation, its mayor, aldermen, and common council, were the lord of the citizens. Naturally, therefore, they were held responsible for the actions of any one of their body. The cost of a criminal's offences was assessed on his fellow-citizens, and the debt owed by a single man to the exchequer might be recovered from his township: the act of a deputation was binding on those from whom it came. In these few facts

*Powers of
Pope and
Emperor.*

*Towns
and cor-
porations.*

lies the whole representative theory. Once grant that a city can be conceived as a person, and the great democratic problem of expressing every individual will is solved.

[In 1038, the Seljuk Turks conquered Persia and founded the dynasty of the Shepherd Kings. In 1055, Togrul, the new King, delivered the Caliph of Bagdad from a revolt of his Turkish and Arabian emirs and was appointed temporal lieutenant of the vicar of the prophet. In 1055, the Turks had already invaded the Roman Empire. In 1063, Alp Arslan, Togrul's successor, passed the Euphrates and entered the capital of Cappadocia. He next conquered Armenia and Georgia (1065-1068). In 1071, he utterly defeated the Greeks and their allies under the Emperor Romanus Diogenes. Asia Minor was next conquered by the Turks (1074-1084). The conquest of Syria and Jerusalem followed (1076). The tales of the treatment of the pilgrims by the infidels, which were brought back by the pilgrims, excited the millions of the West to undertake the relief of the Holy Land.]

*Turkish
conquests.*

THE FIRST CRUSADE

(A.D. 1096)

JULES MICHELET

APICARD, who was vulgarly called *Coucou Piètre*, or Peter the Hermit, is said to have powerfully contributed by his eloquence to this great movement. On his return from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he persuaded the French Pope, Urban II., to preach the crusade, first at Piacenza, then at Clermont (1095).

In Italy the call was unheeded; in France every one rushed to arms. At the council of Clermont, four hundred bishops or mitred abbots were present: it was the triumph of the Church and the people, and the condemnation of the greatest names on the earth, those of the Emperor and of the King of France, no less than of the Turks, and of the dispute, as well, concerning the right of investiture, which had got mixed up with the question of advance on Jerusalem. All mounted the red cross on their shoulders. Red stuffs and vestments of every kind were torn in pieces, yet were insufficient for the purpose.

*Council
of Cler-
mont, 1095.*

*Popular
enthusiasm.*

An extraordinary spectacle was then presented: the world seemed turned upside down. Men suddenly conceived a disgust for all they had before prized; and hastened to quit their proud castles, their wives, and children. There was no need of preaching; they preached to each other, says a contemporary, both by word and example.

*The rabble
expedition*

"There were some who at first had no desire to set out, and who laughed at those who parted with their property, foretelling them a miserable voyage, and more miserable return. The next day, these very mockers, by some sudden impulse, gave all they had for money, and set out with those whom they had just laughed at. Who can name the children and aged women who prepared for war; who count the virgins, and old men trembling under the weight of years? . . . You would have smiled to see the poor shoving their oxen like horses, dragging their slender stock of provisions and their little children in carts; and these little ones, at each town or castle they came to, asked in their simplicity—'Is not that the Jerusalem that we are going to?'"

The people set forth without waiting for anything, leaving the princes to deliberate, to arm, and to reckon; men of little faith! The little troubled themselves with nothing of the kind: they were certain of a miracle. Would God refuse one for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre? Peter the Hermit marched at their head, barefooted, and girt with a cord. Others followed a brave

and poor knight, whom they called Walter the Penniless. Among so many thousands of men there were not eight horses. Some Germans followed the example of the French, and set out under the guidance of a countryman of their own, named Gotteschalk. The whole descended the valley of the Danube—the route followed by Attila, the highway of mankind.

On their road they took, plundered, and indemnified themselves beforehand for their holy war. Every Jew they could lay hands upon they put to death with tortures; believing that they were bound to punish the murderers of Christ before delivering his tomb. In this guise, fierce, and dripping with blood, they reached Hungary and the Greek empire; where they inspired such horror, that the inhabitants set upon their traces, and hunted them down like wild beasts. The Emperor furnished vessels to the survivors, and transported them into Asia, trusting to the arrows of the Turks to do the rest; and the excellent Anna Comnena is happy in the belief that they left in the plain of Nicea mountains of bones which served for the building of the walls of a town.

*Outrages
on the
march.*

Meanwhile, the unwieldy armies of princes, barons, and knights, put themselves slowly into motion. No king took part in the crusade, but many lords more powerful than kings. Hugh of Vermandois, brother of the King of France, and son-in-law of the King of England, the wealthy Stephen of Blois, Robert Curt-Hose, William

*Baronial
leaders.*

the Conqueror's son, and the Count of Flanders, set out at the same time—all equal, none chief.

*Raymond
of Toulouse.* Raymond de Saint-Gille, Count of Toulouse, was, beyond comparison, the wealthiest of all who took the cross. He had sworn not to return, bore with him immense riches, and was followed by the whole of the South—by the lords of Orlange, Forez, Roussillon, Montpellier, Turenne, and Albret, besides the ecclesiastical head of the crusade, the Bishop of Puy, the Pope's legate, who was Raymond's subject.

*Bohemond and
Tancred.* The Normans of Italy were not the last to set forward to Jerusalem; and less wealthy than the Languedocians, they reckoned on turning the expedition to their advantage. However, the successors of Guiscard and Roger would not have quitted their conquest for this hazardous enterprise, had not one Bohemond, a natural son of Robert l'Avisé's, and not less *Wise* (crafty?) than his father, received no other inheritance than Tarentum and his sword. One Tancred, too, a Norman by the mother's side, but supposed to be a Piedmontese by the father's, likewise took up arms. Bohemond was laying siege to Amalfi, when the news of the march of the crusaders reached him. He informed himself minutely of their names, number, arms, and resources; and then, without saying a word, took the cross and left Amalfi.

However great the deeds of Bohemond, the voice of the people, which is that of God, has ascribed all the glory of the crusade to Godfrey, son of the Count of

Boulogne, Margrave of Antwerp, Duke of Bouillon and of Lothier, and King of Jerusalem. While yet a child, he had often said that he would go with an army to Jerusalem; and, as soon as the crusade was proclaimed, he sold his lands to the Bishop of Liège, and set out for the Holy Land, at the head of an army of ten thousand horsemen and seventy thousand foot, French, Lorrains, and Germans. Godfrey belonged to both nations, and spoke both tongues. He was not tall; his brother, Baldwin, was taller by the head; but his strength was prodigious. It is said that with one blow of his sword he "unseamed" a horseman from head to saddle; and with one back stroke would cut off an ox's or a camel's head. When in Asia, having one day lost his way, he found one of his companions in a cavern, engaged with a bear. He drew the beast's rage upon himself, and slew it; but the serious bites he received kept him long to his bed. This heroic man was of singular purity of mind: he never married, and died, without having known woman, at the age of thirty-eight.

*Godfrey de
Bouillon.*

*His purity
and heroism.*

The council of Clermont was held in November, 1095. On the 15th of August, 1096, Godfrey departed with the Lorrains and Belgians, and took the route through Germany and Hungary. In September, William the Conqueror's son, his son-in-law, the Count of Blois, brother of the King of France, and the Count of Flanders, set forth, taking the route through Italy as far as Apulia, where they separated, one party crossing to Durazzo,

The route. another turning Greece. In October, our Southern, under Raymond de St. Gille, marched by way of Lombardy, Friuli, and Dalmatia. Bohemond, with his Normans and Italians forced his way through the deserts of Bulgaria, which was the shortest and least dangerous passage, it being preferable to avoid the towns, and to encounter the Greeks in the open country only. The wild appearance of the first crusaders, led by Peter the Hermit, had alarmed the Byzantines, who bitterly repented their invitation to the Franks, but too late. They poured in, in countless numbers, through every valley and avenue of the Empire,—Constantinople being the place of rendezvous. Vain were the Emperor's cunning plans to cut them off by the way; the massy strength of the barbarians broke through every snare: Hugh of Vermandois was the only one who suffered himself to be entrapped: Alexis saw the army which he had made sure of destroying, arrive, division after division, at Constantinople, to salute their good friend, the Emperor. The poor Greeks, condemned to see this fearful review of the human race defile before them, could not believe that the torrent would pass without carrying them along with it; and there was enough to be alarmed at in the innumerable languages and strange costumes of these barbarians, whose very familiarity and coarse pleasantries disconcerted the Byzantines. While waiting until the whole army should be collected, they established themselves amicably in the Empire, did just as they did at home,

*Arrival
at Constantinople.*

and laid hands in their simplicity on whatever they fancied; for instance, on the lead of the roofs of the churches, which they sold back to the Greeks. The sacred palace was not a whit more respected; they felt no awe of its swarm of scribes and of eunuchs, and had neither taste nor imagination sufficient to be influenced by the overpowering pomp and theatrical display of Byzantine majesty. Alexis had a fine lion, which was both the ornament and the terror of the palace: they killed it by way of sport.

*Simplicity
of the Cru-
sades.*

Constantinople, with all its marvels, was a great temptation for such as had only seen the mud-built cities of our West. Its gilded domes, marble palaces, and the masterpieces of antique art, which had been accumulated in the capital in proportion as the limits of the Empire had been contracted, presented an astonishing and mysterious whole which overwhelmed them, and which they were utterly at a loss to understand. The very variety of the manufactures, and of the merchandise exhibited for sale, was to them an inexplicable problem. All they could comprehend was, that they longed for all they saw, and doubted whether the holy city was to be preferred to it. Our Normans and our Gascons would have been well content to finish the crusade here: they would willingly have said, like the little children of whom Guibert speaks—"Is not this Jerusalem?"

*Splendor
of Constantinople.*

Then came into their mind all the stratagems with which the Greeks had beset their march. They pre-

*Greek
treachery.*

tended that they had furnished them with unwholesome food, and had poisoned the fountains; and laid to their charge the epidemic diseases which had been produced in the army by alternate famine and intemperance. Bohemond and the Count of Toulouse argued that they should stand on no scruple with regard to these poisoners, and that by way of castigation they should take Constantinople—they might then conquer the Holy Land at their leisure. It would have been an easy matter, had they been all agreed, but the Norman was conscious that if he dethroned Alexis, this might only be to give the Empire to the Toulousan; besides, Godfrey declared that he had not come to make war on Christians. Bohemond supported his views, and found his virtue very profitable, since he got from the Emperor everything he wished.

*Address of
Alexis*

Such was the tact of Alexis, that he managed to persuade these conquerors, who could have crushed him, to do him homage, and to make their conquest a fief of the Empire beforehand. Hugh took the oath first, then Bohemond, then Godfrey. Godfrey bent the knee to the Greek, in whose hands he placed his own, and declared himself his vassal: an act which cost little to one of his meek disposition.

In point of fact, the crusaders could not do without Constantinople. Since it was not theirs, they behooed to have it at least as their ally and friend. About to plunge into the deserts of Asia, it was the Greeks alone who

could preserve them from ruin in case of reverse; and to get rid of them, the Greeks promised whatever was asked of them—provisions, auxiliary troops, and, especially, vessels to transport them as soon as possible across the Bosphorus.

Behold them in Asia, the Turkish cavalry before them. *Arrival in Asia.* The heavy mass advances, harassed upon the flanks. The crusaders first sit down before Nicea, for the Greeks, wishing to recover that city, led them there. Unskilled in the art of besieging fortified places, they might, with all their valor, have lingered there forever; but at any rate, they served to alarm the besieged, who entered into negotiations with Alexis, so that one morning the Franks saw the Emperor's banner floating over the walls, and they were bade from the ramparts to respect an imperial city.

They pursued, then, their route to the south, punctually escorted by the Turks, who cut off all loiterers; *Losses on the march.* but they suffered still more from their numbers. Notwithstanding the succors of the Greeks, sufficient provisions could not be got together for them, and water was every moment failing them on the arid hills they had to traverse. During one halt, five hundred persons died of thirst. "The dogs of chase belonging to the great lords, which were led in leash, died," says the chronicler, "by the way, and the falcons died on the wrists of those who bore them. The women's sufferings brought on untimely labor; and they remained all naked on the plain,

without bestowing a thought on their new-born children."

*Turkish
tactics.*

Light cavalry to oppose that of the Turks would have been of great advantage to them. The crusading army marched, imprisoned, so to speak, in a circle of turbans and of cimeters. Once only did the Turks endeavor to stop them, and offer them battle. It did not turn to their account. They felt what could be done by the weight of arms of those to whom they were so superior in desultory warfare and with missile weapons. Nevertheless, the loss of the crusaders was immense.

Thus harassed, they forced their way through Cilicia, and as far as Antioch. The army desired to press onward to Jerusalem; but their leaders insisted on stopping, for they were impatient to realize their ambitious dreams. Already they had disputed, sword in hand, whose Tarsus was to be, both Baldwin and Tancred claiming to have been the first to enter it; but the army, caring little for the private interests of the chiefs and not wishing to be delayed, demolished another city about which a similar dispute was on the point of breaking out.

*Capture of
Antioch.*

The great city of Antioch contained three hundred and sixty churches, and four hundred and fifty towers; and had been the metropolis of a hundred and fifty-three bishoprics,—a fine prize for the count of St. Gille and Bohemond, and its possession alone could console them for having missed Constantinople. Bohemond was the more able of the two, and opened a correspondence



(CRUSADERS ENTERING CONSTANTINOPLE (1099))

THE CRUSADERS

with the citizens. The crusaders, deceived here as they had been at Nicea, saw the red banner of the Normans streaming from the walls; but this did not hinder them from entering the city, or Count Raymond from throwing his followers into some of the towers, and fortifying himself there. The abundance of this great city proved fatal to them after such long deprivations, and an epidemic carried off the crusaders in crowds. Their waste soon exhausted the plenty before them, and they were again reduced to famine, when a vast army of Turks arrived to beleaguer them in their new conquest. Hugh of France, Stephen of Blois, and numbers besides, conceived the destruction of the army at hand, and, escaping, spread the news of the disastrous failure of the crusade. *Pestilence and famine.*

And, indeed, to such excess of prostration were those who remained reduced that Bohemond was obliged to have the houses fired to force them to leave the shelter where they lay cowering. Religion supplied a still more efficacious means. One of the common men, warned in a dream, announced to the chiefs that by digging in a certain spot they would find the Holy Lance which had pierced the side of our Lord. He deposed to the truth of his revelation by submitting to the ordeal of fire, and was burned; but, nevertheless, they shouted a miracle. Giving the horses all the forage that remained, and choosing the moment when the Turks were disporting and drinking, thinking themselves secure of their *Discovery of the Holy Lance.*

*The Turks
routed.*

famished prey, they sallied forth at every gate, and with the Holy Lance at their head. Their numbers seemed to them to be doubled by squadrons of angels; they broke through and scattered the innumerable army of the Turks, and became masters of the country round Antioch, and of the road to Jerusalem.

Antioch became Bohemond's, despite Raymond's efforts to keep possession of its towers. The Norman thus reaped the profit of the crusade; yet he could not escape accompanying the army and assisting at the siege of Jerusalem. That vast army had by this time been thinned down to five and twenty thousand men; but these were all knights and their immediate retainers. The common herd had found a tomb in Asia Minor and in Antioch.

*The
Fatimites
defend
Jerusalem.*

The Fatimites of Egypt, who, like the Greeks, had summoned the Franks against the Turks, in like manner repented. Having taken Jerusalem from the Turks, they essayed to keep it in their own hands, and are said to have assembled forty thousand men for its defence. The crusaders, who, in the first transports of enthusiasm into which they had been thrown at the sight of the Holy City, had felt assured of carrying it by assault, were repulsed by the besieged. They found themselves compelled to resort to the slow process of a siege, and to sit down before the city in this desolate region, alike destitute of trees and of water. It seemed as if the demon had blasted everything with his breath, at the approach of the army of Christ. Sorceresses appeared on the walls, who

*Difficulties
of the siege.*

hurled fatal words at the besiegers, but it was not by words that they were answered: and one of them, in the midst of her conjurations, was struck by a stone launched from the machines of the Christians, which had been made under the direction of the Viscount of Bearn, from the trees of the only wood which the neighborhood furnished, and which by his orders had been cut down by the Genoese and Gascons. Two movable towers were built, one for the Count of St. Gille, and the other for the Duke of Lorraine. Daily, for eight days, and barefooted, the crusaders had walked in procession round Jerusalem; which done, a general assault was made by the whole army, Godfrey's tower rolled to the walls, and on Friday, the 15th of July, 1099, at three o'clock, on the very day, and at the very hour of the Passion, Godfrey of Bouillon descended from his tower on the walls of Jerusalem. The city was taken, and a fearful massacre followed; for the crusaders, in their blind fury, not taking into account the distance of time, believed that in each infidel they slew in Jerusalem. they put to death one of the executioners of Jesus Christ.

*Massacre of
the Infidels.*

When it appeared to them that they had sufficiently avenged our Saviour, that is, when hardly an inhabitant was left alive in the city, they repaired with tears and groans, and beatings of the breast, to worship the Holy Tomb. The next question was, who was to be king of the conquest, who was to have the melancholy honor of defending Jerusalem. A court of inquiry was held on

*Court of
inquiry to
elect a king.*

each of the princes, in order to choose the worthiest; and to come at their secret vices, their servants were questioned. The choice would probably have fallen on the Count of St. Gille, the richest of the crusaders, had not his servants, in their fear of being kept by him at Jerusalem, made no scruple of blackening their master's character, and so sparing him the pains of sovereignty. When the Duke of Lorraine's servants were examined in their turn, they could find nothing to say against him, except that he remained too long in the churches, even beyond the hours of service, and stayed inquiring of the priests the stories represented in the sacred images and paintings, to the great discontent of his friends, who were thus kept waiting for their dinner. Godfrey resigned himself to the burden; but would not assume the kingly crown in a spot in which the Saviour had worn one of thorns. The only title he would accept was that of defender and baron of the Holy Sepulchre. To the patriarch's claim to Jerusalem and the whole kingdom, he made no objection, but freely surrendered all in presence of the people, and only reserved for himself the possession, that is to say, the defence, of the city. In the very first year of his reign, he had to fight an innumerable army of Egyptians, who had attacked the crusaders at Ascalon. He had, in short, a never-ending war on his hands, and found his conquest to be nothing but irremediable misery,—one long martyrdom. The Arabs infested his kingdom from the beginning, penetrating

*Godfrey
elected.*

His incessant wars.

to the very gates of his capital, so that it was hardly possible to till the land. Tancred was the only chief that remained with Godfrey, who could with difficulty detain three hundred knights to defend the Holy Land.

Yet was it a great thing for Christendom thus to occupy, in the very midst of the infidels, the cradle of their religion. A petty Asiatic Europe was formed here, in the likeness of the great; and feudality was organized even under a severer form than it had assumed in any western country. The hierarchical order, and all the details of feudal justice were regulated in the famous Assize of Jerusalem, by Godfrey and his barons; and there were present a Prince of Galilee, a Marquis of Jaffa, and a Baron of Sidon. The addition of these titles of the Middle Age to the most venerable names of biblical antiquity sounds like a burlesque; and, assuredly, Daniel had seen in no vision that a Duke of Lorraine would crown the fortress of David with battlements, or that a barbaric giant from the West, a Gaul—a fair head masked with iron—would call himself Marquis of Tyre.

[Doomsday Book is compiled and the Feudal System established in England (1080). In 1097, William Rufus quarrels with Archbishop Anselm over investitures, but the crown is finally worsted. Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, ratifies her donation to the Holy See of her possessions, in right of which the Church owned the greater part of its temporal dominions. The Crusaders capture

*The
Assize of
Jerusalem.*

*Doomsday
Book.*

A.D. 1104-
1171.

*Guelfs and
Ghibellines.*

Strongbow.

A.D. 1183-
1189.

Acre (1104), Tripoli (1109), Berytus and Sidon (1111). By the aid of the Doge of Venice, Tyre is taken (1124). The Order of St. John of Jerusalem (Hospitallers) is founded (1099) and the Templars (1118). The Emperor Henry IV. abdicates and dies; and Milan revolts and erects itself into a republic (1106). The Doge of Venice falls at Zara in defence of Dalmatia against the Hungarians. The Guelf and Ghibelline factions originate in 1138. Edessa is captured by the Turks in 1146, which event alarms Europe and gives rise to the Second Crusade, in which Conrad of Germany is defeated by the Sultan of Iconium (1146) and Louis VII. at Laodicea (1147). Nouredin defeats the Christians near the Orontes (1149). Berthold founds the Carmelites; and Granada is conquered by the Almohades (1156). The Knights of the Calatrava are founded (1158). Milan is captured and destroyed. All Italy submits to Frederic I. Pope Alexander III. flees to France. Notre Dame in Paris is founded. Turks first enter Egypt (1168). In 1170, Peter Waldo founds the Waldenses; Thomas à Becket is assassinated; and Waldemar I. of Denmark destroys Tomsberg, the greatest city in Europe and the last stronghold of Slavonic paganism. Strongbow conquers Ireland and Saladin becomes Sultan of Egypt in 1171. In 1183, the Peace of Constance restores independence of the Italian republics. In 1187, Saladin takes Jerusalem. In 1189, Jews in England are massacred.]

END OF VOLUME TWO